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THE

CHAMELEON.

Engraved by W. Miller

ROLANDSECK AND FRAUENWORTH.

The Rev Geo. Levy
from his friend

THE

CHAMELEON.

—— "UNTIE YOUR FOLDED THOUGHTS,
AND LET THEM DANGLE, LOOSE AS A BRIDE'S HAIR."
Webster's White Devil.

LONGMAN AND CO., LONDON;
OLIVER AND BOYD, EDIN.
ATKINSON AND CO. GLASGOW.
MDCCCXXXII.

"Few guests sit down to a varied table with an equal appetite for every dish. One has an elegant horror of a roasted pig; another holds a curry or a devil in utter abomination; a third cannot tolerate the ancient flavour of venison and wildfowl; and a fourth, with truly masculine stomach, looks with sovereign contempt on those knicknacks here and there dished up for the ladies. Thus each article is condemned in its turn; and yet, amidst the variety of appetites, seldom does a dish go away from the table without being tasted and relished by some one or other of the guests."

WASHINGTON IRVING.

CHAMELEONS feed on light and air:
Poet's food is love and fame:
If in this wide world of care
Poets could but find the same
With as little toil as they,
Would they ever change their hue
As the light chameleons do,
Suiting it to every ray
Twenty times a day?

Poets are on this cold earth,
As chameleons might be,
Hidden from their early birth
In a cave beneath the sea;
Where light is chameleons change;
Where love is not, poets do;
Love is fame disguised: if few
Find either, never think it strange
That poets range.

Yet dare not stain with wealth or power
A poet's free and heavenly mind:
If bright chameleons should devour
Any food but beams and wind,
They would grow as earthly soon
As their brother lizards are,
Children of a sunnier star,
Spirits from beyond the moon
O, refuse the boon!

SHELLEY.

Edward Khull, Printer, Glasgow.

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SEEKING A NAME.

"—— *Good name*, in man and woman, is the immediate jewel of their souls."
SHAKSPEARE.

THE search for a title has, on the part of statesmen and lawyers, been for ages a prevailing pursuit;—the seeking for a name has occupied the lives of half the artists, all the poets, and a considerable portion of the prosers of every generation, at least since the flood washed away the remembrance of antediluvian authors and of their ambition. It may, then, well engage me for an hour. Nay, truth to speak, it has absorbed my occasional attention for years, since for years have the contents of the following sheets been kept, like an unchristened babe, within doors, and under their nurse's care, till they should get a baptismal appellation. Never did a disappointed patriot, without Court influence, experience more difficulty in getting a peerage, or a poor poet in winning a name, though "who can tell how hard it is to climb," &c., than I have done in reaching to a title for my book. Like our good thoughts, the ancients have stolen all our best appellatives,—by ancients, meaning the publishers of volumes of miscellaneous matter, from twenty to thirty years ago; for if age is to be measured by comparison with any standard of

endurance, an author, or compiler of collections of "*Essays*" or "*Poems*," must be looked upon as of very venerable years, whose existence is remembered after the lapse of a quarter of a century. In vain, from time to time, did I exclaim to all my friends in succession, with Falstaff, "I would to God thou and I knew where a commodity of good names were to be bought!" I *could* "call them from the vasty deep," to be sure,—but they would not come "when I did call them;" and at length, in despair of finding one to please me while I lived, I bethought me of leaving my papers, as a BEQUEST, to some friend or other, and letting him get a "title" to the property of the deceased, both on his own behalf and that of the public, to whom THE LEGACY was jointly to be left,—though, like the work that was dedicated to posterity, it might, as has been the case with many a pacquet besides, never reach its destination, in spite of its address. To give it, notwithstanding, a chance, of moving on, I bethought me of calling it THE BOOKSELLER'S BEQUEST; thereby expecting to enlist, in an especial manner, *l'esprit de corps* of some one or other of these cunning rogues, who might thus be induced, like Blair's grave-digger, (*infelix allusio!*) to do for a buried brother "what he had done for thousands!" But then, perhaps, the worthy obstetrician of literature might find out that it was no bequest of a bookseller after all, but only that of a *very* different personage indeed,—a book-maker,—one of a class which is either his "bliss or bane." In this dilemma, and dismissing my testamentary intentions, it occurred to me that I might secure an interest with the general body of "The Trade," did I give my work a title complimentary to them, in the way that baptizing a child, as in New England, Perseverance or Faith—Tomkins or Williams—as the case may be, is looked upon as a homage to the cardinal virtues; and I would name it with admirable brevity

and comprehensiveness, THE BOOKSELLER!—a term which has been eloquently said, signifies "a race of men, who should never, for a moment, be confounded with any other class of shop-keepers or traffickers. Their merchandize is the noblest in the world; the wares to which they invite your attention are not fineries for the back, or luxuries for the belly—the inward man is what they aspire to clothe and feed, and the food and raiment they offer are tempting things. They have whole shelves loaded with wisdom; and if you want wit, they have drawers full of it at every corner. It is impossible that this noble traffick should not communicate something of its essential nobility to those continually engaged in it. Your bookseller, however ignorant he may be in many respects, always smells of the shop—and that which is a sarcasm, when said of any other man, is the highest of compliments when applied to him. What an air of intelligence is breathed upon this man, from the surface of the universe in which he moves! It is as impossible for a bookseller to be devoid of taste and knowledge—some flavour at least—as it is for a collier to have a white skin, or a miller to want one." *

Thus, something after the manner of the worthy curate who applied, I believe, to Mr. Strahan, to print a sermon for him, I argued that I should at once secure a large sale† for the work; since thus every bibliopole, fancying it would give him some new insight into his

* Peter's Letters, vol. 2.

† The story is told by the venerable and garrulous Nichols, I think, and runs thus:—On the occasion of a general fast, a country curate had felt himself peculiarly eloquent, and was quite convinced that he had *only* to get his sermon printed to ensure him a mitre. This, however, was a matter of some difficulty; but scraping a pound or two together, he forthwith journeyed to London, with the MS. in

craft, or, at least, in being the production of a member of it, that it must, like himself, of necessity be a complete cento of human accomplishments,—would secure one copy at the fewest, and thus some "ten thousand" would find a market. It then, however, occurred to me, that in reducing the title to the general level of a numerous body, I should lose the influence which aristocratic distinctions will always carry with them. The proverb of "too much familiarity, &c." though somewhat musty, did occur to me, and I then resolved upon taking my name from, and allying myself with, the higher "orders" of the republic of letters; and although "Publishers" would soon cease to be, were they not also "sellers," yet as all sellers cannot be publishers,—*argal*—the former are

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his pocket; and, determined to ensure Court favour, he must needs employ no one but the King's printer. Upon the patentee he waited, and gave his instructions. "How many copies shall I throw off?" was Mr. Strahan's question. "Why," replied the curate, "I think we cannot calculate on there being less than one copy required for each parish in the kingdom; and as there are about ten thousand parishes in England, I think that that ought to be the smallest amount of the impression." "Very well, Sir," concluded the printer. In a year after the Author waited on Mr. S. to pocket the proceeds—for the mitre was not yet upon his brow. An Account Sales was presented to him, in the following shape:—

Rev. Mr. ——— in account with the King's Printer:

Dr.		Cr.	
To printing and paper, 10,000 copies of your Sermon, .	£333 6 8	By received for 10 copies sold, .	£0 10 0
		Balance at your debit,	332 16 8

The poor curate was aghast—but the good-natured printer speedily relieved him, by telling him that he had ventured to disobey his orders, and had only printed 100, which he requested him to accept as a present.

more dignified than the latter. The Publisher was then the thing with which to catch the fancy of the "Trade." Seeing mention, however made of The Portfolio of some dismissed statesman having been transferred with great form to his successor, I resolved, like an ambassador, to assume a diplomatic dignity even for my "Pages;" and that they should be called, with a happiness of alliteration, to which the letter P is particularly partial, The Publisher's Portfolio! What secrets —to which even those of a cabinet minister were not worth unveiling—might not lurk in a repository so termed! What mysteries might its opening not reveal, what great "Great Unknowns" might it not discover, and what a budget of that pleasantest of all twaddle—literary gossip—might it not contain!

One difficulty—quite unlooked for—did, however, present itself at this stage:—I could not get a "Publisher" to adopt the child, or even to stand sponsor for it, under that name!—"It was, no doubt, an honour; but it would lead the public to suppose, that one of our House really was the writer, which might have an injurious influence—Brethren in trade—Business, reputation—Can't afford to have it supposed that we make verses,—or have time for even *reading* books, let alone *writing* them,—Would never do for the doctors to *father* the children they brought into the world.—He! he! he! &c. &c." Will it be believed, too, that still clinging to the pleasant alliteration, of —P. before—Portfolio, &c., and remembering Richardson, Franklin, Bulmer, Baskerville, *et hoc genus omne*, I found the present race of printers equally obstinate. Indeed, one sneering rascal among them, after looking over my MSS. suggested that there were still some taking titles unappropriated, and quite *new*—such as simply The Portfolio, leering at his own dirty black-leather Blade; or, if I *was*

resolved to affiliate my offspring upon any of the branches of the "Stationers' Company," I might safely call my work ERRORS OF THE PRESS, or PROOF SHEETS—nay, with some assistance from one of his "Readers," and a clever little "Devil" he had, I might, perhaps, venture to give it the more perfect name of REVISES!

In contempt for the taste and trade of this worthy, I had nearly resolved to apply to a Lithographer, or an Engraver, and through his assistance introduce a novelty in modern publication—by rendering my book a FAC SIMILE of my manuscript, as well as of my mind—till I recollected that the former was always as puzzling to others from its illegibility, as the latter has often been to myself from its contradictoriness. I then had almost resolved to go back, as it were, to the happier times—or, at least, in my case, renew them—when authors were not the mere slaves of creatures who sell printing paper and lamp black but when they employed COPYISTS instead of, as now being too often little else than that themselves. My book should, then, after all, have the name of the instrument of its propagation. It should be THE AMANUENSIS, or THE COPYING CLERK; or it should be spoken of as that which gave them a worthy occupation, too long like Othello's,—"gone!" TRANSCRIPTIONS was good—but TRANSCRIPTS was better, for it had a double meaning, and spoke of that intimate relation, between the felt emotion and the written line, which I trusted all the burning passages would exhibit. COPIES, however, was more simple, and recalled to memory those pleasant times when poets were caressed by the great, that they might give "copies" to some fair Exclusive, who made a world's wonder of them for a week; or the days when a St. John and a Halifax, men of infinite wit and talent, threw off splendid

things, as they said, almost impromptu, and carelessly called these diamond chips "Copies of Verses." But, then, *Copy* was an ominous word, which, in these captious and jealous times, might suggest some far-fetched piece of dull would-be witty churlishness, to a spiteful critic, notwithstanding the perfect and unquestionable originality of the ideas and style of the whole volume! Thus *posed*, I determined to resort to the advice of friends, and even to give away the proudest distinction of authorship—a name, to another. I consulted many; and many were the suggestions with which I was favoured. "What is the nature of your book?" said one and all.—"Is it of a miscellaneous, or single aim; with variety or unity of purpose—grave or gay; in prose or in verse?"—"It has every one of these distinguishing features," was my modest, but comprehensive reply. "Then it can resemble nothing so much as an ALBUM, and you can't give it a better name," remarked a gentleman, very *original* in his suggestions; but as I think I have seen or heard of some printed book with a title like that, suppose you call it, The Album, of some particular place or other, by way of distinction, such as PUDDINGSTONE-PLACE ALBUM, or THE ALBUM OF BALLYBROGUE HALL. This would, at all events, have been more novel than THE OLIO, which another suggested, or the OLLA-PODRIDA, that was proposed by a youth, fresh from the perusal of Gil Blas in Spanish. HODGE-PODGE said I, would be better understood, if not quite so sonorous—and even LE POT POURRI might be regarded as equally complimentary.—"What's that?" "THE ALTERNATE."—"Tush! Call it what it is, in the name of the deuce, said a testy friend, who had just laid down Banim's latest novel, (The Denounced,)—call it THE POSTPONED, as I can vouch for its being so, till I am sick of hearing about it and about it; or, if you wish for compre-

hensiveness and novelty, why don't you covertly shove the trouble of titling it on the public, giving the word of promise to the eye only, and call it ANYTHING? "Nay," was my response, I might as well do the Hibernian at once, and baptize it THE UNCHRISTENED; or name it THE NAMELESS; or, better still, boldly challenge public curiosity, and entitle it THE ÆNIGMA, or, in homelier English, THE GUESS;—"English?—American you mean, I guess," said a Yankee friend, but THE CONUNDRUM is much more the favourite of "The Age" than the old-fashioned ænigma, which is now banished from even "Poole's Pocket-Books for 18—," and "The Ladies' Diary." "Since you cannot, as I perceive, tell us very distinctly what it is," interposed a quiet observer, "perhaps we shall be able to help you if you can inform us what it is *not*—this NONDESCRIPT volume of yours?"—"Eureka!" exclaimed a young student, the son of a worthy Upholder, but who was a Politician, and aspired to be one day a Cabinet-maker.—"That's it—Comprehensive—New—Original—Fine—WHAT NOT!—It embraces every thing!" "Yes," said I,—"even dulness or indecency; and surely you,—&c. &c. Since you have, however, stumbled upon a term derived from home, and household matters, I confess I should like to find one that would give my book a truly domestic character."—"Make it an indispensable article of furniture, "in every well-regulated establishment," I suppose, Eh?"—"Precisely."—"Why, then, THE ———; but I had to stop old Testy's mouth, and joke at the same moment."—"Well, well, then, call it THE CHIFFONIERE,—there's a spick and span new furniture one for you;—it holds a collection of the thoughts of other people; or THE SCRUTOIRE, where one keeps the papers he most values—and no one but himself can read; or THE OAKWOOD CHEST,—but that is taken up by Captain Suth-

erland's powerful tale; or DESK DIVERSIONS, for I suppose they really were so to you; or THE LOCKED DRAWER, which might furnish a key to its own contents; or, at least, inspire women and servants, if nobody else, with curiosity to open it!"

"Why not name it THE BOUDOIR, Mr. Yorke," simpered Miss Angelica Evergreen.—"Because there is nothing useless in it," was my polished reply. "Nor elegant either, I presume," retorted the lady.—"It is, then, fitter for A PARLOUR BOOK, perhaps amiably," interposed a sweet little girl;—"and happy should I feel if such it became."—"Aye, or a servant's hall, or a POST CHAISE, or a STEAM BOAT, or a CIRCULATING LIBRARY, or a BOOK CLUB one, if you can sell it, I suppose," was shrewdly guessed by my friend—thus *testy* in more ways than one.

I no longer, as may be supposed, sought for a name among coteries of advisers, after they had at length declared on looking at my PAPERS, that they could find no better appellation for them in the winged state they were then to assume, than that which they had in their chrysalis condition, namely, The vulgar one of THE BUNDLE. I might as well have at once adopted the suggestion of a would-be wag, and called them, as they were still *without a title*, THE PLEBEIAN.—But, no,—I had some floating idea of title pages, at once elegant—poetical, and expressive of their contents—that, till piqued by their merriment, I had hardly ventured to sound in my own ears—they were so silken! THE ECHO of my own thoughts and feelings was one, or SHADOWS another. All very beautiful—thought I—"but meaningless," whispered a something voiced almost like old Testy himself, even when I whispered of the IRIS, or the plain RAINBOW. "FIRST LOVES—surely *that* would do—it was so true!—they were indeed my first

loves!"—"And First Follies too," said the aforesaid troublesome Eidolon. "Well, then, there was The Fugitives."—"Turned out to the world by their unnatural father, to seek shelter in a Trunk-maker's warehouse?" I seemed to hear; "Foundlings?"—"What, to be sent to the Poor's house disowned, even by the maker of 'em? Rather call them Natural Children at once!"—"Delightful!—they were indeed the natural children of my muse!"—"Eh?—Conceived in rapture, and with fire begot," as Savage coolly said of himself?—Made a jade of your muse, did you?—pretty compliment!" This troublesome shadow—this ghost of Common Sense, "would not away;" and although the things were Pets of their father, I had no right to libel the mother of My First Flock, bastardize The First Family, make the Slips (*Lapsus pennae*) of my Idlesse and Odd Hours—a source of laughter to the public.—"No fear of that happening, unless the public confound the distinction between *at* and *with*," a monitor again seemed to whisper.

At this juncture, I happened to meet with one of the most skilful and experienced of the publishers of the Capital of Scotland, then on a visit to its Western Highlands. On him I inflicted a recital of my difficulties. Enchanted with the beautiful scenery of Lochlomond, with enthusiasm exclaimed even the man of calculations—"Name your book after one of those lovely mansions, pointing to Sir James Colquhoun's and Mr. MacMurrich's; let the diversity of its habitants be assumed to account for the versatility you seem to pride yourself upon, in your volume, made up as it were of the contributions of a summer party there assembled, as in the old story of the Bath-Easton vase, and, by heavens! your success is sure!"—And so it would have been, if one of these paradises had had a name that was not as terrible as the sound of the Bag-

pipe. "I could not call my fair child by such an alarming combination of consonants, as every one of these places exhibited; and the difficulty of pronouncing it would have prevented me from ever experiencing the highest felicity young authors can know on this side of Elysium—hearing their works quoted by the lips of beauty! STOCKGOWN, though a heaven upon earth "hath but a rude name;" and that of its venerable and excellent owner, is still less musical to southern ears. Then, it would take a long introductory chapter to explain the reasons for adopting even so simple a title as A WEEK IN THE WEST; and, as is evident from this one, I hate long introductions, or else we might find in the GOWANS or HEATHER-BELLS, that grow around these spots—names sweeter than they themselves have; and, mayhap, more expressive of the wild and unassuming nature of the WEEDS, that are gathered together in my volume. Besides, even these sweet sounds would not express the feature you have adverted to—the variety, Sir—the variety; and of what use then would be these ready written, and, if you would listen, presently to be read,

PREFATORY REMARKS,

without which it is quite impossible I can allow my volume to go to press?—Here they are, Sir."

—"The classification of the pieces, or rather the total want of it in the following pages, may, perhaps, be objected to by some; and many may think, that the effect of each department of their contents is marred by being mingled with the other. The prose runs mad, it will probably be said, in the company of the verse; and the verse is infected with the unmeasured dulness of its prose neighbours. I have weighed these opinions, and, I think, have found them wanting in force what they may have in gravity. This is the age of variety, as well as of knowledge; and limited

leisure engenders a craving for the one, even while convinced of the abstract importance of the other. Besides, it will be obvious to every reader of the succeeding sheets, that they are the result of that very circumstance; and, of course, naturally and insensibly appeal to it. Scrap-books,—Albums,—Cabinets—*Melanges* of diversified literary matter, are the order of the day, and have frightened away heavier and more systematic volumes from the bookseller's counter to those limbo shelves, where stock, denominated 'Dead,' is inhumed. Who now buys a volume of 'Miscellaneous Verses?' Have not even the writers of established popularity been obliged to prefix a Narrative Poem to volumes of exquisite lyrics, that their title-page may end with

'———— and other Poems, by, &c.;'—

and did even the first charming verses of Moir, Landon, and Hemans, find a publisher in their collected shape, till a story was written to precede each of their volumes? Who would be mad enough to propose giving one of 'Miscellaneous Pieces, in verse,' by an unknown writer, to any body but a snuff-merchant? Surely, however, a Scrap-book of unpublished articles, but as diversified in the nature of its contents as the veriest *pot pourri* volume in existence;—a cabinet of *Original* specimens, whether of gems or pebbles;—an Album of pieces which have never before been transcribed, is not altogether so ridiculous a project. But its publication, perchance, aims at different, and, it may be, higher objects, than merely ministering to, or availing itself of, a not illaudable taste for light and varied reading. Would it not be at once curious and desirable to become familiar, by a proper use of the articles constructed there, with *the workshop of the mind, in a young and aspiring author;* to see the tools as they lay about in apparent confusion, and the materials in all the

different stages of manufacture and appropriation? Here, the craftsman engaged in twisting a lock of hair into a bracelet for his mistress;—there modelling a peaceful, though potent steam apparatus;—now firing off a squib to try his combustibles, and anon charging a carronade, or setting off a pilot-balloon to see how the wind sets. In the academies of music and painting, we are told, it is only after attaining a certain degree of knowledge of the art in general, and facility in several of its manual departments, that the superiors, judging from the various specimens of the pupil, decide whether he shall afterwards uprightly handle the light bow of the violin—sit down to the strings of its bulkier near name-fellow, or touch the keys of the piano; whether the artist shall grind his oil-colours, and spread his *canvass* to the wind of fame, or keep by chalk and drawing-paper. So may it be with the public, sitting in judgment upon the miscellaneous papers, which afford the best, because most complete portraiture of the mind, and measure of the capabilities of a young aspirant in authorship; and upon their decision may depend the direction which what little mental power he possesses may afterwards take, through the innumerable paths of literary occupation or amusement. Besides, may it not be with the man who digs into the mine of his own heart and understanding, as with him who sinks a shaft into the mineral riches of the earth, that he cannot go deeper until the heaps of loose rubbish, accumulated in his progress downwards, are removed; or cares not to waste more time in prosecuting his labours, until he has ascertained whether the nature of the materials, which form the upper strata, gives decided indications to the experienced in these examinations, of the existence of a vein of ore of some value below?"

"You see, Sir," I continued to the patient publisher as I do now to the patient public, "these are mere

PRELUDES: the whole volume being but THE PRELUDE, I trust, to something ——" "Better, I hope," was his reply. "Then why don't you call it, as you have already hinted, STRAWS, when you only throw it up to see how the wind blows; or THE PILOT BALLOON, mayhap, if THE EXPERIMENT be too simple a title, and THE TRIAL rather an ominous one; as is THE TOUCHSTONE, not exactly what, ten years after, you will wish applied to you?—ESSAYS, after all, since you wish these papers but to be viewed as your gropings about for the path which Nature meant you to follow, would best express their AIMS, if men now understood the term in its original sense, and would not confuse it with a collection of chill, didactic, college exercises on 'The Nature of Virtue,' 'The Love of Fame,' 'The Use of Ambition,' and other novel subjects. But, indeed, from what I have seen of your pieces, you might give them almost any title,—for every one who reads them will find a descriptive term to suit, according as is his humour, or your success in pleasing him. The volume, in fact, will take its complexion from the mood of the reader, and either—pardon my candour—appear trifling or sprightly, poetical or prosaic, according to the portions of it, and the spirit in which it is read. It seems, in fact, quite Chameleon like, and will be both conscientiously praised and blamed, and declared to be either black or blue—although, I trust, not unmercifully beaten or crushed till it be either or both." "My dear Sir, it is done!" I exclaimed; "you have hit it—THE CHAMELEON *is*, and shall be the thing! It is admirable; and since you have had the good fortune to find a name for the child, you deserve to be its godfather,—and must have the distinguished honour of publishing my volume, under the new, appropriate, and expressive title of

"THE CHAMELEON!"

THE WHITE ROSE IN MULL.

A TALE OF THE 14TH CENTURY.

Wilder than fiction's night-mare dreams themselves,
Are oft the changes memory records
As Truths—yet Truths that History but tells
To sneer at;—since, forsooth, they come not down
On musty parchment—but the living tongue!

THE TELL-TALE.

IT was in a stormy night of September, in the year 1398, that a gillie (or household man-servant) of Donald,—the potent and undisputed Lord of the Isles, as indeed he was virtual monarch of the Western Highlands of Scotland,—sought to steal out unperceived from a rude postern in the wall which surrounded a mass of buildings, imposing rather from their extent than from any other characteristic, which formed the castle, or habitation of the island Chief. It was placed on the north-west coast of Mull, in a situation protected in some degree from the violence of the prevailing winds, by the small island of Ulva, whose shores, though not lofty, formed a sort of breakwater to the inner channel, in which lay at anchor the galleys of Donald, whose warlike strength, as may be supposed from his title, was rather maritime than

chivalric. Angus, or Crochcan, as he was called, from the name of his father's farm, was, like many other young men of four and twenty,—over head and ears in love. He, to be sure, did not very well know whether it was with Flora, the fair-haired nurse in the family of Donald's brother, whose residence was a short way from the castle, or with Morag, who presided over the culinary details of the same community. Flora, he allowed, was the comelier of the two,—but, then, Flora was a *nurse*, and that without the priest's permission; and Morag had saved some certain silver crowns in the course of her longer period of service than Flora. Crochcan was, however, resolved upon seeing one or other of the rival queens of his affection that night, even at the hazard of the high displeasure of Donald himself, who had ordered the warders to take care that no one approached or departed from the castle, from dusk till dawn; such precaution being rendered necessary by certain rumours, that Robert the Third, of Scotland, or rather, that his more ambitious brother, Albany, the real governor of the Lowlands, was not altogether satisfied with Donald, for his not resting contented with the sovereignty of the Hebridean Archipelago,—but occasionally hinting the propriety of making settlements further inland than he had hitherto attempted. The warder, however, as in duty bound, having drank his master's health in usquebaugh, with the more fervour and frequency that there was some likelihood of danger to it from Lowland cross-bows,—was comfortably asleep in his plaid, which, by the way, was all the softer that it was as wet as a Mull mist could make it. We presume the same loyal devotion had made the seamen on board the galleys, if galleys they could be called,—many of them being but coracles of wicker-work, covered externally with raw hides,—be more easily lulled to rest

by the wind which, to ears unattuned to the stern elemental music of the Hebrides, would have appeared to blow a gale. As it was, not a living thing, save Crochcan and his dog, were astir,—unless, indeed, Morag and Flora could be said to be so, who were lying and tossing about their nether limbs, either from anxiety at the delay of Crochcan's visit, curiosity to learn for which of them it was really meant,—or the peculiarly populous condition of the colonies, that in these days were allowed to locate themselves on all woollen coverings, both north and south of the Spey. Crochcan, a little, light, active fellow, was stepping out with a very free and unencumbered gait,—the wind taking considerable and somewhat unjustifiable liberties with his kilt,—when, all of a sudden, his dog gave a growl, which he knew to be an infallible sign that something either with two legs or four was approaching. It was nothing, however, with legs at all, that was nearing them,—although it held those which had these needful aids to locomotion on *dry* land, we were about to say, till we remembered it was of Mull we were writing. Crochcan, in fact, was as near to the sea as, upon it, a boat was near to the shore, although, in the darkness of the tempest he had not discerned its approach. The growl of his dog, in despite of a "shuist!" or two, was speedily converted into an open bark, which threatened to awake even the warder, as the keel of a vessel of some size, and of a build superior to Hebridean architecture, touched the strand. Before Crochcan had time to wonder who the deuce had come so abruptly to interfere with his visit to Flora and Morag, four stout fellows leaped ashore, and pulled their boat high above the surf that was raging round them. There was now enough of light to show that they were not islesmen, even if the dog's violence had not given good reason to infer that they were strangers.

Crochcan was no coward,—but he was no sea king or yarl either;—so he thought it best to hold his tongue, though his dog would not. Presently the four seamen lifted out of the stern of the boat a figure, whose helplessness seemed increased by the very quantity of protections wrapped about it. Placed perpendicularly, and relieved from a mountain of moist coverings, Crochcan, for the first time, perceived that it was a human being,—but whether male or female he could not make out. He now thought it high time, however, to let the party know there was another looker-on besides the dog; and, accordingly, he advanced and hailed them. The reply of the mariners was in the Erse language, but in a dialect of it Crochcan could not very well comprehend. He knew, however, by its sound, that it was the Irish variety, and gathered enough of its meaning to discover that they asked for food and shelter, till morning would show them where they were, and how to proceed to the residence of Donald, Lord of the Isles. "You shall not need to go far in search of either," said Crochcan, big with the dignity of being the representative of his master, even before ambassadors so wild and weary. "But why does not the lady speak?" added he, turning to the muffled figure,—whose draperies were certainly somewhat feminine.—"She does not speak our language," said the elder of the four, and apparently the skipper of the barque. Although Crochcan had at first, in the dignity of the moment, announced food, shelter, and even Donald himself, as just at hand, a moment's consideration served to show him the danger of trying to awaken a drunken warder, and a fiery-tempered lord,—or, indeed, any of the inmates of the castle, who were very likely to fell to the ground the first man that roused them, by way of putting their hand in trim for the approach of the enemy. Morag and Flora, he knew, would be awake; and, even at the

risk of spoiling a night's courtship, he deemed it better to convey the strangers to the house of the master of these maidens, and also to appeal to their good offices for two-thirds of what he had promised, than run the risk of rousing any inmate of the castle,—and showing how very insignificant a personage he was when within it. A gleam of moonshine, it must be confessed, however, had previously shown to Crochcan's perfect satisfaction, that his attractions had nothing to fear by comparison with the external man of either of the four navigators. He did not know what wheedling tongues Irishmen had for the girls, even in the year 1398! To the house of Alister, Donald's younger brother, he accordingly marshalled the party—the muffled figure being almost carried along by their apparent leader. Crochcan was quite right: Flora and Morag were awake, and busy quarrelling with each other for being instrumental in tempting him out in such a night of wind and wet. His presence, in safety, however, soon put an end to the dispute, and the kind-heartedness of women, which is a species of cosmopolitanism, or a higher order of Freemasonry, that prevails in behalf of the forlorn stranger in every quarter of the world, was speedily at work to reconcile the rivals to the loss of a night's courtship, and to the labour of kindling a fire and preparing a meal. Before the crackling blaze of the one, and the exhilarating vapours of the other, the party were soon seated;—the now unmuffled stranger, however, being placed by the seamen quite aloof from themselves and their good-natured guide. With a shrug of needful acquiescence, the former swallowed the rude, but warming cordial which the skipper, in a tongue unknown to Crochcan, seemed to press upon him—or her. As the fire burned brighter, the person was assisted to disrobe still further, till at length Crochcan became satisfied that it was a man,

in spite of his long garments,—consisting of a tunic and mantle,—that had been passenger in the galley. The feminine aspect of the stranger might have excused a more prolonged hesitation. His hair was of that bright colour which is vulgarly called red, for want of a better name, although nothing can be more unlike the red of any other substance. Brighter and paler than gold—yet not golden,—it was neither yellow nor white, but of a hue produced apparently by the mixture of hairs of both tinges,—in short, such as all the Italian masters have chosen to paint our Saviour with. A brief beard, of the same colour, seemed so fair and soft, that it would hardly of itself have convinced Crochcan of its wearer's masculine character; and cheeks pale, and eyes blue and sad, completed the portraiture. While Crochcan was engaged in an examination of features so strange to him, Phaudrig, the younger of the seamen, had contrived, in despite of his Gaelic being different from that of Flora's, to ingratiate himself into her good graces, whilst Terence had made equal progress in those of Morag. So far, indeed, had they proceeded, that they seemed actually d'sposed to taste whether Mull lips were equal to those of the beauties of the coast of Antrim. Crochcan, however, could not stand this; but he found the Irishmen, even then, were as ready with buffets as with blarney. A regular battle was about to ensue, in spite of the imploring looks, and soft, but unintelligible language of the stranger. Morag and Flora were in despair—"The lady would hear them, and come down, &c."—And so the lady did. The wife of Alister was from the Low country; she had, indeed, been educated in England, and was a woman of courtly manners, although not above descending to see the occasion of uproar in her kitchen.

With a stately step she entered the gloomy den, so

called, which was lightened up at one end by the blazing of faggots thrown about in the scuffle by the feet of the struggling combatants and peace-makers. The picture was one which would have startled hearts less stout than that of "Maude Scrymgeour, now M'Donald,"—six men being at each others' throats, where she had only recently left her two female domestics with her infant, which, in these rude times, invariably shared in the humble accommodations of its nurse. "Flora, Flora, where is the babe?"—"Morag, what means this, in the name of our Lady!" exclaimed she, as she ran to the bed side, and ascertained that her child was in safety. At the sound of her voice, even the pugnacious and amorous Phaudrig left off both loving and fighting, and Crochcan was dumb; but Morag and Flora, each rendered the other unintelligible by the profusion and rapidity of their explanations. The lady, however, at a glance, intuitively comprehended the state of matters, and also the occasion of the quarrel. A single look afterwards was enough to convince her, that *one* of the party was no common sea-rover; and without addressing a word of either welcome or reproach to the seamen, she strode up to the again muffled stranger, who, leaning upon the wall of the recess, back to which the flaming embers were restored, wore indeed the air of at once proud but dejected humility and nobleness. "Fair Sir," said she in her own Lowland tongue—"that you are a stranger, I see—that you needed shelter, I can believe—that you found it, I am glad. I pray you, be not disconcerted at this rude brawl between your guides and the clansman of my lord and brother Donald, who has wisely, I see, brought you hither, rather than rouse the inmates of the castle. This is no meet place for you, however.—Morag, lift that branch and show the way to your master's chamber—it will be for him to inquire the title of the noble guest, who is honouring

his roof by seeking shelter beneath it." Morag lifted the blazing brand, while the stranger, with an agitated air and trembling hand, sought to draw the edge of his mantle over his brow, as he made an obeisance of knightly grace to the lady. It was too late, however. The light flashed upon a face remarkable at any time—but strikingly so among accessories so rude. "Jesu and our Lady!" exclaimed the mistress of the mansion;—"do I dream—Richard of Bourdeaux—Richard of England here—Richard the dethroned—the dead!—My lord, my lord, let me kneel to you as once before I did in York!—God of heaven can it be so!—Morag, stay,—till I call your master. My liege, I am lost in wonder—can it possibly be you?"

It was indeed Richard the Second of England, escaped from Pontefract Castle, where, it was given out, he starved himself to death, and now a refugee in Mull! From thence he shortly proceeded to the mainland of Scotland, where, for nineteen years, he was entertained in an honourable but secret captivity, similar to that afterwards suffered by James I. in England, with this difference, that it was in secret. Before he left the island, he had given Flora her marriage portion—added to Morag's store of crowns, and stood sponsor to Richard, the babe whose slumbers he had in so unlooked for a way disturbed.

THE HOURS.

Hours—minutes—moments are the smaller coin
That make the sum of even the richest life;
But yet there are no misers of their hoards,
Nor usance reckoned in the mart upon them;
Still they are priceless!—

Nay, Pallet, paint not thus the hours,—
Young urchins, weaving wreaths of flowers;
Hiding in the buds of roses,
Where the folding pink-leaf closes;
Peeping from the sunflower's stem,
Or a beauty's garment hem!
No!—rather Limner, make them lurk,
Busy at their blanching work,
Withering wrinkles in the cheek,—
Every hour before, more sleek;—
In the dimples—'neath the lid
Of the eye;—or show them slid
Sly among the auburn tresses,
Like a Falcon bound with jesses!
Turning them to silvery grey;
Scattering snow tints in their play!
Oh! the hours are crabbed creatures,
Still at war with beauty's features!

SKETCHES

FROM

SCOTTISH HISTORY.

No. I.

THE CONTRITE ONE.

" It is Music
To hear good deeds."

SHAKESPEARE.

" High actings sweeten histories of crime,
As what are records since the birth of Time,
Save tablets where are graved, the worst, most deep,
Acts that the good remember but to weep?"

THE MEDITATOR.

THE page of Greek or Roman story,
Believe me, my dear boy, doth not alone,
Possess the charms that tie thy young delight
So fixedly unto them.
True, they're writ
With matchless grace, and in such noble tongues,
That even virtue's self more lovely looks,
So clothed, than in its rude and natural beauty,
To more than thee.—But there have been such deeds
Done, even in this thy mountain birthland, boy,
In ages we call rude, (some customs so,)—
Tho' honour, generosity and worth
Are ever changeless; live from breast to breast,
And clime to clime, allying noble hearts

Of every land, and every byepast age
Into one glorious co-brotherhood,—
As dim not in the lustre they glance back
Upon the torch of inquiry, whose beams
The shrivelled Chronicler, lean Antiquary,
Or accidental wanderer thro' the past,
Like to myself—may carry to the lines,
Dusky and dim themselves, where they are writ,
Tho' placed beside the Sire of History's,
Or Livy's matchless page.

Boy, in that Tome,—
Tho' worm-eaten, and ungainly in its looks,—
There's writ in language which thou canst not yet
Relish, as I do, no more than thy tongue
Can smack delight at the old wine I drink,
The tale which, if thou'lt listen, I shall tell,
Now that thou'rt seated at thy grandsire's side.
'Twill shew thee, boy, that virtue's still the same,—
Collected in its rays to more intenseness,
In the clear focus of the public weal,—
As 'tis in the recesses of the heart,
Where it but waits for touch to call it forth.—
Remember this when scorners seek to shake
Thy faith, in honour, which they cannot feel;
And speak of man's soul as a something base,
Such in itself—but by collision made,
In the close compact of collective thought,
To breed a moral pestilence—an air
Where the pure flame of virtue cannot live.

My story's this:——
Mogaldus (such the name tradition gives,
That loves the sounds which fill its gaping mouth,)

Mogaldus was a king in Scotland, while
'Twas yet a land, its hills and storms kept hid
From other states; but had good laws, and those
Who fashioned and administered them.
At least it had the barriers tyrants ne'er
O'erleap tho' often at the bound—the sense
Of general wrong, which, when intolerable,
Works by wild stormings, or resistance calm,
Its remedy.

He, by his lusts and crimes,
Wrought up this fever to that height—and fell,
Prostrate before the whirlwind he had raised:
But while the blast pass'd o'er him, as he lay,
He gathered strength,—he thought—to stand again
Erect and proud, undreading its return.

The first bold breath of plaint had been a breeze
Healthful, to clear the stagnant air; the next
Was a sirocco, withering what it crossed.
He died—as hundreds he had made to die—
He, traitor to the million—they, to one;—
And the spent storm left scatheless all around
The monarch tree.

Cornarus was his son;
Eldest, and fittest, by his riper years,
To be, than offspring of a later union,
Crowned and care-worn,—ensceptered and enslaved.
He had not conned with care the lessons which,
Writ in his father's blood,—experience showed
Upon her storied leaf; but still his faults—
Crimes they had been in those who better knew,—
Were rather those of thoughtlessness than guilt;

'Twas plain he had been all too soon transplanted
From boyhood's soil, where leaves alone are looked for
To stronger earth, where fruit, or sweet or bitter,
Comes forth, and hath its harvest.

He was ta'en
From off the throne on which he reeling sat,
And placed securely on a height less towering,
Where, 'twixt the ground and seat, his boyish limbs
Could measure distance, keeping hold on both.
To top the dangerous pinnacle of power
One then was sought for by the people, who
By talents and by virtues in him married,
Should be the likeliest to give brood of deeds,
Each one a benefit, and all combining
Their family likenesses of feature, in
One whole of conduct, symmetry itself,
And separate beauty.

Such Argadus was,
Argyll's high thane,—(name oft in after times
A pledge for nobleness and patriot worth!)—
But power is poisonous. The soul that sleeps
Beneath its shade, and eats its glittering fruit,
Like the poor dreamer in the golden groves
Of Manchineel, grows feeble—then corrupts.
His port had been unbending when the storm
Pestilent—but *raging*, of corruption blew:
But when its odours *floated* round his head,
And played beneath his feet—he bent, and bowed.—
Prostrate he did not fall,—uprooted: No!

And,—it was beautiful!—
The very men whose virtue had up-grown

Beneath the shadow of his power, and sunn'd
By his example;—and the youths in whom
He sowed the seed and watched the rising germs.
These—these were they who then gave noblest proof
In the unseating him, that *he*, tho' now
Abased, was unforgotten, nor had lived
In vain unto his country.

Yet ere they
Regretful—not reluctant—sent away
The man they loved—the ruler they disliked,
Another Argyll in the Argyll's place,—
Their leader—weeping! (there be tears, my boy,
Fitting the cheek of man, as deeds his arm—
Or woman's softer drops their fairer channel.)
Argadus could remind of what he'd been,
Had been! not in the power conferred, now pass'd
But in *himself*.—The spell of pride was broke,
The wand of power had conjured up; nor came
It back when that again unstained returned
Unto the hand, now better taught to wield it.

Thou weepest too, my boy:—I'm glad of it!
Thy earliest tears were infant's;—these are men's,—
The first and proud ones—mind thou then their cause!

THE FOCUS.

No. I.

THE FOCUS.

"I had rather speak five words with my understanding, than ten thousand in an unknown tongue."

ST. PAUL.

"As 'tis a greater mystery in the art
Of painting to foreshorten any part
Than draw it out, so 'tis in writing chief
Of all perfections to be plain and brief."

BUTLER'S MISCELLANEOUS THOUGHTS.

IT often happens to a meditative mind that thoughts, utterly unconnected with the intended subjects of its musings, present themselves by stealth, and "come like shadows—so depart." They are as evanescent as they may occasionally be original; and, from the want of a suitable depositary, fail in acquiring "a local habitation and a name." If written down, however, they might become the foundation of much interesting discussion, and, by the power of association, be even instrumental in recalling or exciting lost or original conceptions in the minds of others.

They, in some degree, resemble the flickering and unsettled flame of a crackling fire; and, by the way, it is most generally "beside the ingle, bleezing kindly," that they present themselves. We have all, I doubt not, in

perusing any work, whether important or trivial, found unpremeditated ideas presenting themselves in rapid succession. Thought reproduces thought, in an almost endless series; and opinions are formed and conceptions generated, while the chin rests securely in the palm of the hand, and our untrimmed taper burns neglectedly, which we may in vain endeavour to recall when wanted—and that, if taken singly, might appear but of small importance; yet which would acquire an impressive power from their concentration. Like widely refracted sunbeams, when detached, they fall comparatively powerless, and are lost in the shadows of forgetfulness; but, collected into a *focus*, they may prove the means of kindling up dormant energies, or lighting the latent flame of observation and emulation in many a mind.—At all events the experiment is worth making.

In the following series it is attempted.

I. THE LIMITS OF POETICAL EXPRESSION.

Genuine poetry being but the harmonious expression of intense and highly wrought feeling, it follows that its language will be used indiscriminately as a vehicle for simply giving vent in ourselves, as well as for conveying to others, a perception of the joys and sorrows, the pleasures and the pains of those gifted with a poetical temperament. Accordingly, we find that persons of that description have often identified themselves with their written works, and moulded their fictitious incidents and personages in such a way, as to afford them opportunities for imparting a philosophical, or, I should rather say, a psychological and biographical, as well as abstractly, literary interest to their works. It may be well, at this point, to explain the import of the term, psychology, introduced into the nomenclature of metaphysics, by the illustrious brothers,

Schlegel, and some less eminent disciples of the Kantean school. It is derived from the Greek word Psyche,—a term for the soul, or purely mental essence, which we believe to animate and give intelligence to the physical organization of man. Its meaning, then, may be briefly expressed, as being the knowledge of the soul. In which case it is the most sublime of all human studies—the noblest of mundane pursuits. But to return:—The writings of many of our greatest poets, deceased and living, are psychological studies of almost inestimable worth, if they can be depended upon for as much of the accuracy of detail supposed to characterise prose, as they excel that in vividness and effect. But powerful as is this species of poetical anatomy and delineation, as an instrument of conveying to others an adequate perception of all the feelings and emotions which in turn possess the breast of him who seeks to lay it open to public gaze, I hold it to be inadequately so, inasmuch as I also believe that the most highly wrought expressions of *written* language are incapable of conveying a clear or complete idea of the intensity or power of the more elevated class of mental excitements;—of the most transient, but exquisite happiness, or of the deepest and most thrilling agony. The miseries of the sons of Phœbus have often been adequately sung by the dying swans of Pindus; but the horrors of their sorrows, and the beatific exhilarations of their raptures, are alike beyond the power of the language their emotions must stoop to clothe themselves in, and even the grasp of that *thought* their *imaginations* so much transcend.

II. THE NOVELISTS OF THE 18TH CENTURY.

Richardson's portraits are fancy pieces: Fielding's are real likenesses. Richardson, like the Greek sculptor who selected every perfection from the beauties of Attica, to

form a goddess, unites qualities, in themselves beautiful, but in their combination inharmonious. Fielding's models are faithfully imitated, and his copies have all the freshness, and vigour, and *gusto* of life and reality. In them, "nothing is extenuated, nor aught set down in malice." Smollet, coarse as his pictures are, deserves similar praise. Tom Jones and Roderick Random are not gratuitously wicked. Their occasional aberrations arise out of the warmth of their dispositions, and not from the inherent want of virtue or principle in their bosoms; as it is that soil that produces the richest crop to the husbandman, which, from its peculiar power, if neglected, also produces the rankest harvest of weeds. Their faults spring from the same source, from which, at an after period, their virtues would have arisen. In short, Richardson's fictions are the views of the interior of a cottage fitted up in the style of a drawing-room; Fielding's and Smollet's an actual delineation of a labourer's homely dwelling.

III. PHILOSOPHY OF CHEERS.

Among all the various methods of expressing satisfaction and enthusiasm, there is none more universally resorted to in Great Britain, by at least one half (the male one) of the inhabitants, than cheers by lots of three, and its squares and cubes. Is a speech made, or a health drunk at a dinner, "three times three," or "nine times nine," demonstrates the "magic of the name," or the power of the oration? Cheering is the thermometer of British feeling. It never is heard but when the "mercury is up." Have news of a victory arrived, cheers herald the progress of the Mail—three cheers welcome its arrival, and rounds of cheers echo the triumphant conclusion of every sentence of the "cheering" details. Critics, citizens, and even *Dandies* and the gods, cheer when the king visits

the playhouse; of cheers soldiers give three, the mystical number, when they are led to battle; and sailors,—why sailors cheer at every thing! They have no other possible method of demonstrating their joy, whencever its cause, and whatever its complexion. Joy and gladness are said to have a section of looks and language peculiar to themselves, and which can express no other emotion. With Sailors, three cheers supply the place of these on every emergency. Dancing is the action of exuberant animal spirits,—Singing is their melody; but cheering is with us, their unmodulated, but more vivid indication;—unsophisticated and thrilling, natural and unaffected. It generally comes from the heart's core, and that core I deem honest in its deepest recesses, which most warmly prompts, and most feelingly echoes them. Yet, there are even exceptions to this. I remember at a public dinner given to some Statesman or other, of a man proverbially a rapscallion, who was so exuberant in his cheers, that he amazed even a company of four hundred half-drunk political partisans!

IV. NATIONAL ENTERPRISE.

Enterprise frequently leads to more splendid achievements, than either learning or genius. United with industry, it is impossible to set limits to its power. It is often remarked, that the Scotch, as a people, are remarkable for a spirit of enterprise; and the fact of individuals of that nation being to be found in every country on the face of the globe, is brought forward as a proof of the accuracy of the statement. I am not inclined to accede to the inference drawn from this circumstance; in fact, I believe Scotsmen to be rather remarkable, speaking of them in regard to their *natural* dispositions, as being in general distinguished by nearly a total want of enterprise, and the

possession of an extreme spirit of caution—if the word spirit is not misapplied in speaking of that negative quality. "Thousands of Scotsmen have made fortunes by Commerce,"—true—and so have millions of Englismen. But Scotsmen have kept theirs—Englishmen have never been remarkable for their merely saving propensities. An Englishman makes or loses a fortune by fearless and often noble daring. What is won by the exercise of any merely mental power, is less prized because not so laboriously obtained, as that which is gained by corporeal exertion—earned by the "sweat of the brow." Enterprise has more of the former than of the latter in its nature. What is accumulated through its agency appears of less value, and, consequently, is more readily dissipated, than what is heaped up by industry, preserved by caution, or hoarded by avarice. Englishmen and Irishmen may have won more money in foreign climes than Scotsmen; but they have not so well preserved it.

V. GENIUS, INGENUITY, AND INDUSTRY.

Genius, in its developement and exercise, often excites less wonder than learning and industry, or that bastard slip of itself—ingenuity. Its province is to delight and to instruct; to please rather than astonish. Admiration is the motion it excites; pure lofty—admiration. The achievements of men famous for prodigious industry and research, do not so frequently excite that feeling. One judges of the fatigue which must have been experienced in prosecuting their labours; and few are anxious to win that which only a world of toil can obtain. We seldom wish to be called patient, industrious, &c., when, at the same time, an implied opinion that we are *only so*, and destitute of the higher qualities of genius and originality, is conveyed in the "faint praise" of the concession. Who

would not rather be called clever than laborious? Who would not rather possess genius, however coupled with idle and erratic habits, than be a "clodhopper," a commonplace man of mere industry? It were well in this, as in many other cases, if the two qualities could be united; if the extremes could be brought to meet and enclose within their circle the perfection of mind, and the triumph of physical application. But this has seldom been done. Examples of the union, however, are not altogether wanting, although they have been of rare occurrence. Erasmus was, as Brougham is, a giant in both respects. We admire original speculations and ingenious arguments; but we *wonder* at amazing learning, erudition, and industry, as in the case of the two Scaligers. This feeling is universal, and holds good in all cases: we wonder at the shapeless monuments of misplaced industry, called Pyramids; but we admire the delicate sculptures and paintings, which have been found entombed within some of these piles. Poole's Synopsis Criticorum is an amazing monument of human industry, yet who talks of it with admiration, or mentions it with pleasure?

VI. REASON AND INSTINCT.

In reading such works as Huber on Ants, Huish on Bees, &c. an uncomfortable feeling of wonder often possesses the mind; uncomfortable, because difficult to be rationally, or, at least, very satisfactorily explained. To think of armies of insects, hardly perceptible to the eye, making regular campaigns, and besieging each others' strong holds; headed by leaders, and in a state of disciplined regularity, amazes and staggers. We ask ourselves, whence this order and arrangement. Can such effects be produced without mental guidance? Is not the possession of soul, or that unknown and impalpable, spiri-

tual essence which we believe lives in, but dies not with us, as visibly indicated in the daily habits of life in these tiny tribes as in those of man, confessedly an animal, but of "a larger growth?" It is painful and humiliating to say aye, to that question; but yet it must be, if we but look superficially through it, be too often the answer.

Instinct is their guide, but instinct cannot vary. True; but it can preserve its nature, while it moulds itself to circumstance. Reason is eccentric instinct; by which I mean, it is wider in its range, and not subjected to such invariable laws. But will reason impel us to the achievement of any thing positively opposed to the physical and established laws of Nature? Can we argue ourselves into a flight to the moon? Instinct is but the display of nature's workings. Reason becomes a *primum mobile* to these, but cannot overstep them. Instinct keeps in the same path, but not in the same routine. Reason, then, is chiefly distinguished from it by constantly impelling nature, or the will, to the discovery of what is new, and the attainment of what was before unknown.

FIVE SONGS.

"Such is saide to be the powerre of sweette music, that even the rude stones and silente shrubbes doe trye to take up its notes, and ringe them o'er agenne."

DISCOURSE—"TRADITION TEACHETH TRUTHE."

O CAULD TO ME.

O CAULD to me,—O cauld to me,
Is now that heart o' thine, Mary!
Gin it had e'er been tauld to me
That thou wad'st ne'er be mine, Mary,
Tho' prophet tongues, wi' angel's truth,
The bitter words had spoken,
I hadna then believed them sooth,—
But now I've mony a token!

O cauld to me,—O cauld to me,
That ee's now haughty glancin',
As if my arms ne'er faulded thee
In love's ain hour entrancin',
Close to this honest bosom's core,
Where thou wert mistress only:
Shall they encircle thee no more?
"No more," cries echo, lonely!

O cauld to me,—O cauld to me,
The mournfu' breezes sweep, Mary!
Frae aff the shore, now wall'd to me
By ocean braid and deep, Mary!

Its waves and winds they waft me far
O'er leagues o' stranger sea, Mary:
Tho' saut and dark its waters are,
There's bitterer i' my ee, Mary!

FOR ONE FOND HOUR WITH THEE!

I'm here, my love, tho' late the hour,
Tho' weary, long the way;
I'm at the window of thy bower,
Come down—'tis almost day!
I've crossed the moor, I've swam the ford,
Tho' raging like the sea,
And all to meet with thee, adored,—
For one fond hour with thee!
For one fond hour with thee, adored,
For one fond hour with thee!

Oh! fleetly sped my gallant grey,
Like wild bird o'er the hill;—
Full well it knew the love-ward way,
And guessed its master's will!
With swifter pace my wishings flew,
My heart leaped yet more free;—
It well the priceless value knew
Of one fond hour with thee!
Of one fond hour with thee, my love,
Of one fond hour with thee!

I know that wakeful eyes will mark
The time that I return,

With loveless looks and welcome dark,
As lights that weary burn;
But let them, sweet—since now thou'rt here,
And morn yet far may be,—
Altho' a night—a month—a year,
Seems but an hour with thee!
Seems but an hour with thee, my sweet,
Seems but an hour with thee!

THE MINSTREL'S ROUNDELAY.

You bid me sing!—the notes are rude,
That I could e'er attune;
Yet ruder far were sure the mood
That could refuse such boon!
Then let me touch again the string,
Neglected many a day;
—'Tis beauty teaches men to sing
The Minstrel's Roundelay!

If e'er it turns to other themes,
Fame, glory—war or wine,
'Tis but by fits it thrills, and seems,
Then only *half* divine:
Of love and beauty when it speaks
We own like their's *its* sway;—
Their smiles alone for guerdon seeks,
The Minstrel's Roundelay!

—But, ah! the meed I once could woo,
With all a lover's fire,

No more my heart—my hopes pursue,
Since grief unstrung my lyre!
—Yet still some notes, like echos lone,
At times will o'er it stray;
Then's heard, at Friendship's call alone,
The Wanderer's Roundelay!

DRINKING SONG.

Placed round the bowl—Joy on the wing,
And soaring round our hall of pleasure;
Care, steeped in wine, hath lost its sting,
Then, who the speed of time would measure?
Thro' day's dull hours he *creeps* 'tis true,
But mends his speed in scenes like this:
Drench, then, his wing with purple dew—
That only stays his flight o'er bliss!

Joy of the past!—ours you have been,
The future's hid, but what care we;—
We have not time to lift its screen,
'Rapt in the ecstatic hours that be!
Fill, fill the bowl—pledge we, each man,
Those we have loved: was that a tear?
Well, well, its pearl, like Egypt's one,
Makes even this goblet's lip more dear!

IN TEARS MY LOVE.

" As I have heard, there is a hot red wine,
In which if you but drop, before you quaff,
One crystal tear—'tis mellowed into sweetness,
And hath a passing healthfulness within it."

THE CHASTENER.

In tears, my love—in tears, my love,
With many bitter tears we parted;
Shall we e'er meet in joy, my love,
When both—aye both, are broken-hearted?

Ah! no—our love was nursed in woe,
Joy's gaudy sunshine never cheered it;
Yet every pang, yet every throe
Hath but the more to us endeared it!

A Summer, love, there is, whose glow
But warms the breast in hours of gladness;
Our thrilling love, my girl, you know,
Would pine in aught but such sweet sadness!

The dews of heaven refresh the flower,
Not when the solar rays are beaming;
They gently fall at twilight hour,
Or when the orb of night is gleaming.

The blaze of day may warm and cheer,
But night falls soft as mother's kisses;
The joys of love may smile a year,
Its tranquil chastening ever blesses!

THE LAUGHYNGE MADRYGALLE.

STANZAS FOUND WRITTEN IN A BLANK LEAF OF LOVE-GAUD'S PLAY,—"THE MAIDE WHO NEVER MADE A VOWE."

> "If laughing be, as sure it is, no crime,
> Pray, why have Poets never laughed in rhyme?"
>
> THE LILTER.

Ha! ha! a looke, a looke of scorne,
A loftye miene to me,
Upone the face wheare smyles were worne,
That I theire grace mighte see!—
An eye—an eye that kindled once
With passioune to mye looke,
But yielde one dul and hawghtye glance,
And this for *mee* to brooke!
Another time that gaze!—but pshawe!—
Its ansuere bee one lowde Ha! ha!

Ha! ha! lowde, lowde, but deepe-toned, laughes
The voyce of kindlede ire;
The gurgle of the soule that quaffes
A draughte of vengeaunce dire!
Fill up! fill up!—'tis att youre wil—
The cup of sterne resolve:
Looke—and one drop I will not spil,
But pitye's pearle dissolve,
And draine the dregges—to hate!—hurrah!
To hate in hearte's blood dyede—Ha! ha!

Ha! ha!—'tis deepe—'tis deepe that hate
Whiche comes to fill the space
Where Love kepte once his palmey state,
If Friendship seekes noe place!—
One pang—one pang mye lonely hearte
Endured,—when came, to fill
The bleedynge gap, and soothe the smarte,
Esteeme, wyth sobered Wil.
Prowde one!—these from my breaste I drawe,
And thus throwe off!—Ha! ha!—Ha! ha!

Ha! ha!—thy looke—thy looke of pryde,
Thy everye smile of love—
Thy arte, that coulde these showe or hyde,
Shall—by yond heavenes above!—
Shall live—shall live in burnynge wordes.
Ranke thou hast *boughte;* but fame—
The fame that passioned verse affordes—
I'll *give* thy worshypped name;
Iff but agayn the looke I sawe
Shoulde rowse mee to Hate's lowde Ha! ha!

THE MOTHER AT THE CRADLE OF HER ONLY CHILD.

"Blessed child,
Altho' thou can'st not speak, yet dost thou cry
Unto thy mother."
HYMEN'S TRIUMPH, BY DANIEL.

The clammy damps of withering pain
Are on thy pallid brow, my child;
Dimly thy once bright eyeballs strain
On vacancy, with glancings wild.

Thy temples throb,—thy bosom heaves;
Thy wan, wan cheek, with hectic flush'd,
More thus than in its paleness grieves;
And oh! thy murmuring joy is hush'd!

Hush'd, too, thy healthful cry, which, clear
And shrill, thy wants and wishes told;
Which ask'd thy mother's care, when near,
(Thy right,) in accents brave and bold!

Thine, my proud boy, was not the plaint
Of sickly tempered pining,—No!
The look was such as limners paint
Young heroes with—as princes show.

But now!—upon thine eyelid sits
Dull languor, throned in leaden gloom;
The gems beneath beam but by fits,
Like meteors o'er some desert tomb.

Shrunk now thy firm and ruddy arm,
And palsied all its playful waves;
Thy balmy breath is dank and warm
As stagnant airs o'er yew-hid graves!

Yet there's a beauty in thy form,
Disease hath touched but to improve;
As gleams of sunshine in a storm
Make bright some spots with partial love!

The lacing veins, heaven's own deep blue,
That up thy temples wind, and round
Thy little breast twine, in their hue
Leave all of earthly mould behind;

Thine eye, when calmly upward cast,
In the brief intervals of pain,
Beams brightly sad, like joys long past,
Thro' memory's haze seen once again.—

Thus oft decay will doubting pause,
Ere it o'erwhelm what 'neath it pines;
Smile on the wreck—itself its cause,
As sunlight upon frostwork shines

All I have lov'd, ere from me torn,
More lovely grew, as if to steep
Regret in bitterer dregs!—I've worn
Loves in my heart but just to weep

For their uprooting, ere they bloomed;
And *here* my last hope fades away:
Sunshine may be with him entombed,
For, to the hopeless, what is day?

How beautiful he grows!—But, oh!
Such fatal charms no pleasure bring;
The heavy eye—the breathing slow
Were better—for I *saw* their sting!

—But this is impious!—it may be
Heaven thus renews the source of life;
That lambent smile which now I see,
Be symbol of a vanquished strife!

Oh! Thou who gavest me my boy!
Grant this lone prayer:—May he live,
Till, with a mother's silent joy,
I teach *his* lips *my* thanks to give! *

THE CLANSMEN'S CHEER.

" Last of a line—thy clansmen wait to bid their chief
farewell:
" Thy steed is saddled at the gate—'tis time your looks
would tell,
" To give a mother back one kiss, for thousands she hath
given:
" Go, then, my boy, thou wilt return—if not, we'll meet
in heaven!"

* If the allusions in the foregoing piece should appear too elaborate to be natural, the writer has only to assure the reader that they are literally copied from the expressions of a fond mother, as overheard by him: they may, however, have lost much of their natural simplicity in being woven into connexion and verse.

The mother spake no more; the boy dried fast the starting tear
As he heard his clansmen of the hill give forth their parting cheer.

The stripling sped to other lands to seek a field of fame;
The laurel round his bonnet twined with the symbol* of his name.
He won it, where the loftier plumes of many lowly vailed;
He wore it too, where even the star of fortune's favourites paled:
And when the onset's stormy clang gave forth its music dear,
The boldest notes the foeman heard were still his clansmen's cheer!

A hundred fields he victor fought, where frontward scars he won,
And with them too a knightly crest:—but never on her son
The mother gazed again!—he fell as warriors should fall,
Where his arm was one that saved the land; his breast its bulwark wall!
And the voice of triumph came more sweet to even his closing ear,
That, mingling with its lofty notes, he heard his clansmen's cheer!

* Branches of trees—feathers of wild-fowl, or sprigs of heather, formed the distinctive badges of the Scottish clans.

SKETCHES FROM SCOTTISH HISTORY.

No. II.

THE ANSWER OF UMFRAVILLE.

"In the midst of this scene of national humiliation, one Scottish baron stood forward, and behaved worthy of his country. The Earl of Angus, Gilbert de Umfraville, who commanded the important strengths of Dundee and Forfar, declared, that as he had received these, not from England, but from the Estates of Scotland, he would not surrender them to Edward."

TYTLER'S SCOTLAND, Vol. I. p. 85.

Sir knight!—be this the sole reply
  Ye bear your master back;
And speed ye—lest my answer fly
  Before you on your track!
I know not here even England's king
  And Aquitaine's high lord;
Nor scarce as knight, whoe'er may bring
  From him such haughty word.
Tell—thus says Gilbert Umfraville:
He serves no single master's will!

No!—from the noble of the land
  Of royal line and blood;
From knights that wear no maiden brand,—
  The sacred and the good;

Where Scotland's high estates were all
  Ranged round its empty throne,
Within the abbey's holy wall
  This charge was made my own;
And while one blood-drop's left to spill,
It passeth not from Umfraville!

What boots it that the mitred pair,*
  With Comyn have forgot,
And Stewart,—tho' I heard them swear!
  The name and faith of Scot;
MacDuff and Buchan, did they live,
  Would spurn the recreant four,
As must the Prince to whom they give
  Their trusting country o'er.—
One nook shall hold for Scotland still,
Beneath the shield of Umfraville!

Go—till my trust be rendered back
  To them that trust who gave;
At least I shall not live to lack
  Room for a freeman's grave!
My merry men of Angus here
  Will hold themselves Scot free,
Till Edward bring us Southern cheer
  As far as guid Dundee!—
Now haste, Sir Knight, put yon broad hill
'Twixt you and Gilbert Umfraville!

* The Bishops of St. Andrew and Glasgow.

THE SORROWS OF SLEEPINESS.

A PROSAIC EPIGRAM.

I DO not deny, my dearest Jane," said the blooming, sentimental, and, in spite of herself, buxom Eliza, "that I seem to enjoy all I could wish—money—society, and if I can believe those wicked creatures, the men—some beauty, and more than three devoted lovers. Yet—I take high heaven to witness—(Eliza's half-stifled sobs were here audible)—I am supremely miserable!" "And wherefore so, my Eliza?" responded Jane.—"Oh! my dear girl," replied Eliza, "I am such a horrid creature—have such a milk-maid constitution, from the father's side of our family, that I sleep soundly every night, do what I will! It is this unfortunate circumstance which prevents my obtaining that elegant languidity, that inexpressibly interesting absence of red in one's cheek,—that heroine-like complexion, upon which I doat to distraction. I am as healthy as if I had no feeling! I read the most delightful novels; and, though my mind is occupied with the distresses of the hero or heroine, I sleep as soundly, —(can you believe it?)—as if I did not at all sympathize

with either! Nay, I even fell asleep last night at twelve o'clock, though I had only two volumes remaining, out of the eleven, to peruse of Clara St. Clair's 'Woes of the Soul, or the Sorrows of Satisfaction.' So inveterate is my propensity, that when Henry laughed, and behaved so cruelly to me the other day, though I wept sincerely about it, yet that very crying set me asleep like a child; and then my Aunt, who knows my infirmity, rallied me so upon it!" "I did not think she would have done a thing so cruel," observed Jane. "It was cruel, indeed," replied Eliza; "but she tells me a hundred times, that though I try as much as I please, I shall never resemble any of my favourite heroines, so long as I have good health—an appetite for food—ruddy cheeks, and sound sleep. Now, I am determined to part with all these, if she be in the right,—as I almost think she is. Heaven knows, my mind is well stored with all the virtues of romances. I constantly fancy myself as being run off with,—persecuted,—or in some one or other of these interesting situations; yet I can't, for the life of me, keep my eyes open five minutes, after laying my head on my pillow!

"To be sure"—at this juncture, simpered the blue-eyed and pale-faced Angelina Miranda Drippingsip, who had kept a half pitying, and half scornful silence, during the former part of the conversation, which took place in the saloon of Mr. Bull's library—"to be sure, there is something vastly interesting and romantic in that high souled sensitiveness and delicacy of feeling, which keeps the eyes wide open, through the whole of a long winter's night; which damps the downy pillow with tears; strews the feather couch with thorns, and deprives its possessor of the vulgar oblivion of seamstress-like sound sleep!"—"Ah! my dearest Angelina," replied Eliza, "with what

elegance and feeling you express yourself! I dare say you are not oppressed with this noctural invader as I am!" —"No," answered Angelina Miranda Drippingsip; "I rarely sleep above an hour during any night, and that only at intervals."—"Oh!" exclaimed the outrivalled Eliza, "how provoking! This is the way with every body but me;—yet, I am sure, it is not for want of feeling, for, at this moment, I could shed tears by pailfuls!—Pray how did you conquer vulgar sleep so far as you have done, my Angelina; and how shall I be able to do so also, and so become worthy of your lofty friendship?" Miss Drippingsip replied,—"I drink strong tea—have a nervous habit—and sleep all the forenoon!"

ADDRESS TO A LOCK OF MY MISTRESS'S HAIR ENCLOSED IN A GOLDEN CASE.

"He's an idolater I can be sworn!
I've heard him muttering both at noon and night
To some strange mockery of our holy faith
He ties beneath his doublet!"

THE ABBEY OF CROSSRAGUEL.

Close to my heart thou glittering toy!—
Near to its core for once I fold
The pallid miser's yellow joy,
The dross, which avarice names Gold!

But not, for all thy worth, poor dust,
For all the carvings, rich and rare,
Around thee wreathed, would I intrust
Earth's dust a place of hiding there,

Where every throb that heaves the breast
Hath in it part of scorn for pelf;
Nor should the richest gem be prest
Thus, fondly thus, for all itself.

'Tis that, enshrined within thy round,
Like soul within its mortal frame,
A treasure, dearer far, is found;
Emblem of her I will not name!

Pledge of a love—deep as its dye,
Yet almost hopeless as its hue;
Badge, knighthood's baubles to outvie,
But won, like them, in peril too!

—That this one glossy silken tress,
Should mesh my soul, and chain my will,—
Each hair a heart string!—Let me press
The links of bondage closer still!

Thou symbol, in thy curling twine,
Of endless, dim eternity,
Thou figur'st well this faith of mine,
This soul-like love, which cannot die!

Thy jet, in wreathing her pale brow,
Perchance prefigured both our lots;
Which may show hence, as they do now
Dark circumstance, but radiant thoughts.

Well—well! if only mine the woe,
With future pining years I'll buy
Their summ'd up joys, in one wild throe
Extatic, if my ——'s nigh!

Come to my lips, for she is far
Whose lip I press'd, when thou wert given;
Gladden mine eyes—thou radiant star,
Thou givest me back an hour of heaven!

That hour, when, trembling with the bliss,
I panting clasp'd the half-robb'd boon,
And, from the morning of a kiss
Looked on to rapture's coming noon.

Be thou my leading star! Whene'er
The glittering and the gay I see,
My Talisman! be thou too there,
And, ——, I'll be true to thee!

And when I leave a world which you
Alone have linked me to, again
Be yours the relic—homage due,
What most I prize;—but not till then!

Close to my heart! thou glittering toy,
Near to its core for once I press
The pallid miser's yellow joy,
Made precious by my ——'s tress!

THE PRICE OF A QUADRILLE.

Proud of her latest lesson, how to wheel
Thro' the soft mazes of a new Quadrille,
Myrrha for six long hours untiring dances
With any fool who trumps the game of chances.
Smiles cost her nothing;—but she paid more dear
For the last set I saw her in, I fear;
Tho' after all perhaps 'twas cheaply bought,
Nay, like her favour, almost given for nought;
For at the most she did but *one* offend,
And a Quadrille is dirt-cheap at—a friend.

ENIGMA.

Hell holds it dear, yet precious 'tis in Heaven;
Light ne'er beheld it, nor to night is't given;
In water, fire, and earth, its force is found;
Yet 'twill not live in air, nor in the ground;
And, though each being breathes in it alone,
Yet both to soul and body 'tis unknown.
In immortality it hath no part,
Nor yet is mortal, though within the heart—
The human heart enshrined, it loves to dwell,
Aye, and is found in every silent cell!
Without it, what were health, or wealth, or fame?
—Yet in the world it hath nor part nor name!

ON A GOOD COMPOSER, BUT HIDEOUS SINGER OF MUSIC.

So sweet's your Music when another sings,
We think you've stolen Dan Apollo's strings;
So harsh it seems when by yourself 'tis bawled,
We wonder how the deuce 'twas Music called!

SONNETS.

I.

TO IDEAL BEAUTY.

"There always exists in the mind a confused idea of an excellence, beyond every model, of something better,—something greater than ourselves. This is what we denominate Ideal Beauty."

PREFACE TO MADAME DE STAEL'S DELPHINE.

BEAUTY, as yet unseen in fleshly guise!
Spirit of all ideal loveliness,
Which in a form half earthly oft I dress,
When others deem on vacancy mine eyes
Look, thro' the dewy moisture, which, not tears,
Is yet their fountain!—Shall it ever be
My longing gaze may rest itself on thee,
While I enclasp thee in a pure embrace,
Exhaling in one hour the bliss of years?
Oh! could I say to wide expanded Space,
Be nothing!—and to far outstretching Time,
Shrink up into a moment!—if beyond
Their horizon *Thou* dwelt for me! The bond
Of earthly loves to Thine, what are they, Thou Sublime!

II.

BERIGONIUM.

This then is Berigonium* where I stand;
A mass of rock with turf half covered o'er,
And brow that is with many tempests hoar,
While kindred hills look down from either strand.
That it is beautiful, it needs no more
Than but to turn and gaze on every hand,
Or look upon the blue sea stretched before,
Girdling with love and lustre round the land!
Of what it was tradition's lofty dreams,
Shaping the clouds of far past time to forms,
Would picture here a citadel of storms
And halls of high debate on lofty themes.
My faith's perchance as baseless—built on air;
It paints thee, as thou'rt now—for ever bright and fair!

III.

TO ———

"Thus would he rave, poor dreamer!"

How oft I seem to gaze with fixed eye
On what to others seemeth but to be
The unpeopled solitudes of vacancy!
They deem not that my glance is bent on THEE:
They cannot follow Fancy roaming free,

* Berigonium—the name given to a large rocky mound near to Oban, having the appearance of those relics of the power of fire, called Vitrified Forts, which abound on the north-west Coasts of Scotland. Tradition loves to describe it as having been the site of the Capital of a great Celtic kingdom—Heaven knows in what age!

That, swifter than the viewless winds of Heaven,
When the world's leaden bonds unlace their hold,
But for the brief space such winged thoughts demand,
Boundeth to thee—to thee!—and then is given
Again to me thy bright eye to behold;
Again to touch—to press thy gentle hand!
They hear no music in the listening air;
But unto me thy voice re-echoes there;—
My spirit drinks delight;—I see thee near me stand!

IV.

WRITTEN ON SEEING A CHALK DRAWING OF THE HEAD OF HAZLITT.

"Look on this picture, and on this."

Thus Hazlitt looked! There's life in every line!
Soul,—Language,—Fire mere colour could not give.
See! on that brow how pale-robed thought divine,
In an embodied radiance seems to live!
Ah! in the gaze of that entranced eye,
Humid, yet burning, there beams Passion's flame,
Lighting the cheek, and quivering through the frame;
While round the lips, the odour of a sigh
Yet seems to hover; and its shadow sits
Beneath the channel of the glowing thought
And fire-clothed eloquence,—which come in fits
Like Pythian inspiration!——Bewick, taught
By thee, in vain doth Slander's venom'd dart
Do its foul work 'gainst him. This head *must* own a heart!

V.

WRITTEN AT THE BASE OF BEN-LOMOND.

Monarch of many mountains! at thy feet
  A lover of the hills, I sit me down,
  To gaze upon the more than regal crown
Of clouds that gird thy brow, whose very frown
  Hath in it less of terrible than sweet!
Mine is an homage not the less complete
  That I do not with incense bid thee hail
  As "loftiest, frowning over every vale;"
And thus the height of many another cheat.
  No—for thy beauty is thy noble form:
Thy perfect station in its pride of place
  And front serene—unscathed by many a storm!
—And thus not greatness—but befitting grace
Shall most my spirit sway to men, whate'er their race!

JEAN PREVOST;

OR,

THE ARM OF THE DEVIL.

" Which fill their Master's house with violence and deceit."

ZEPHANIAH, i. 9

—— " Ho! Signor Devil—
This your Sign Manual is—but mine the mark;
I'faith the cross is better than the signature!"

THE PACTION.

JEAN PREVOST;

OR, THE ARM OF THE DEVIL.

It is of little importance, gentle and judicious reader, whether thou ever wert across the channel of the waters, which flow betwixt the chalky cliffs of Dover, and the sandy beach of Calais:—I mean in so far as regardeth thy capacity to understand my tale; seeing that it formeth no part of my intention to quote French phrases, or hinge the interest of my narration on customs exclusively Gallic; although I must, as a faithful historian, apprize thee that the circumstances I shall relate, took place in the commune of Beauvais, in the department of Brest, in the kingdom of France, in the year of Grace one thousand eight hundred and seventeen.

Jean Prevost was as honest a man, and his family of children and grand-children, who all dwelt under his roof, were as well provided for, as any in the whole parish. He had the best cured bacon, and the finest flavoured cheeses, in the district, and, on holidays, he could indulge himself and his guests, with a rasher of the one, and dressed lentils; a slice of the other, and, to wash all over, a draught of wine, superior to the small beer sort of stuff, the poorer folks swallowed, under the fine name of *vin du pays*.

But Jean was old:—"he had been a soldier in his youth," and that did not make him a whit younger, for a soldier's life is a rough one, and wears a man sadly. But, though old, he was as brave in spirit as he had ever been; and, except when the weather changed, and his old wounds, barometer-like, felt it, he was vastly good-natured and happy. And so he might—for he was above want, and in comfort himself, and knew that he had wherewithal to make those he cared for equally so; for he owed no man anything, and was the owner of a snug little corner of land which he had bought from the Commissionaires of confiscated domains six and twenty years before, with a little money he had saved when quartered for two years in the house of one rich widow in the Fauxbourg, St. Antoine, in Paris, and twelve months and a half with another in the Rue de Provence in Lyons, for, though now bent and weak, he was once tall, comely and strong. He also received a pension from the State for the wounds he had gotten in its service.

At the time my tale begins Jean *was* old, however, and even ill. He had caught a cold after dancing at the wedding of his eldest grandson. The Apothecary of a neighbouring village in passing, having heard that Jean was sick, called to see him, and brought from out his saddle bags a goodly store of gallipots and pill boxes, papers of brickdust, and other medicines; but Jean, who had never been so ill before, said he would have none of them, and told the man of Glysters to go "*au diable.*" Whether he took this advice or not I cannot, for a certainty, state; though I deem it improbable that he did, seeing that he left the house muttering "*Mon Dieu*"—not a very likely way of talking, when about making a call on the Devil.

Jean ate, or tried to eat, fat bacon, and drank, or tried

to drink, some of his best wine—but all would not do. When honest Jean Prevost, sometime ploughboy, and cultivator at the farm of Clos-Giraud, next grenadier in Biron's Chasseurs, and lastly *proprietaire* in the department of Brest,—was born, it was decreed that sixty-eight years should be the term of his lease of life;—and Nature had fulfilled the contract. Now the time of expiry had arrived, and Jean *felt*, and his children *saw*, that he was dying. The veteran had always been a good Catholic, and had not missed hearing mass, and keeping lent and fast days, as strictly as his love of bacon, when cured after his own fashion, would let him,—at least for the last dozen years. But his old friend, the Curate, who had visited, and married, and buried, and eaten with every family in the parish in turn, had died lately of a surfeit, from disposing of the greater part of a young pig, the half of a turkey, and six "*omelettes a la Fermière*," at a merrymaking, on the marriage of the young woman whom *he* called his niece, and the *world* called his daughter; and he had been succeeded by some zealous lenten-faced, soupmaigre eating, but plotting and avaricious Jesuits, called in modern parlance Missionaries, who settled themselves in an old monastery, and undertook the cure of all the souls in the parish.

Jean had a mortal dislike to these fellows, who were always preaching about the lost property of the church,—the propriety of refunding it, and the blessedness of tithe-paying. But how could the old fellow act, when he saw himself dying? No other priest was to be had, and what good Catholic would die sans absolution? So he even sent for one of these lean-faced gentry, on purpose to receive his certificate of discharge from the army of this world, that he might the more readily get admission into one of the standing regiments of heaven. A mem-

ber of the scarecrow tribe soon arrived, for they knew Jean to be a man who could pay, and proceeded without delay to his bedside. He was fast approaching to the grave, but the friar would not let him get quietly into it, by easing his soul, and by giving him extreme unction, till he confessed and did penance. Did penance—why old Jean could not turn on his side!—yet he was obliged to own that he had flirted with the widows—had liked wine too well, and had eaten too much bacon in his lifetime—even on Fridays. "Now," thinks he, "he'll surely dismiss me;"—but no:—Jean Prevost was told he could not have absolution till he restored to the church the lands which had once been its property, but which he had fairly bought and paid for! At this startling proposition, Prevost, weak as he was, raised himself up and stared—as well he might. He then, by looks, declined to acquiesce in this modest demand.—It was reiterated with threats.—Jean recovered speech—cursed the old Monk—made signs to his son to kick him down stairs—was eagerly obeyed—shook hands with his children—blessed their offspring—said an ave—and gave his spirit to its Giver. The priest, with an aching breech, hastened to communicate this bad success to his brethren, and they swore to be revenged. This, they thought they would do by sending word to Jean's family, that they would not permit him Christian burial, "even if he came to the churchyard—which he would never do;"—(true, dead men don't walk far,) "for," said they, "the Devil, and three of his servants, would carry him to hell the same night."

Jean's friends were dreadfully frightened at all this; but an old fellow-soldier of his, who happened to be a guest in the house at the time, smelt the rat beneath the cassock, and answered them that "his old friend's bones would lie in the churchyard, and devil a bit of the Devil

would touch them, *till they got there.*"—"How shall we secure them?" they inquired.—"Leave that to me," answered the old boy—"Give me a bottle of brandy—a slice of your bacon—leave your doors on the latch, and I'll dare all the devils that come, to touch the coffin of Jean Prevost, my old and worthy comrade!" Night arrived—Jean's friends crept fearfully to bed—the old soldier had his brandy and bacon; and, having primed himself with a dose of both, and sharpened a massy hanger which hung at his side, he sat down by his friend's corpse and sang old songs, and smoked from old pipes, till twelve o'clock. A few minutes after that hour, strange noises were audible without, screams were echoed by howls, and grunts by groans;—footsteps were heard on the ground floor of Prevost's cottage, and, above all, a strong smell of sulphur was perceptible. Pierre Jaquemont—that was the old Soldier's name—began to feel queerish at the sulphur; but, recollecting it was used in manufacturing gunpowder, he took another *petite verre* of brandy, and was quite ready for the nocturnal visitors, who soon floundered into the dead man's chamber, and began to unscrew his coffin. "What d'ye want with my old friend, you rogues?" cried Pierre,—but he got no answer. They began to lift the body—"Come, come," said he, "let him alone, will ye?" No reply. "Then have at ye you old humbugs!" bawled Pierre, and with one swing of his hanger he cut off the hand of the most forward devil of the party. If devils don't feel pain, they at least cry when they appear to be hurt, for this one roared unmercifully. He was, however, carried off; Jean Prevost was replaced in his coffin—next day was quietly buried in it—his friend Pierre Jaquemont got well paid for his sentinelship; and it was remarked for ever afterwards that the Prior of the neighbouring Monastery

held his Missal during service in his left hand, and kept his right, if he had one, under the sleeve of his Cassock!*

* This story was written nine years ago. From the following extract from the Foreign Quarterly Review, (No. XII. pp. 428-9.) it would appear that such tricks as it describes are not unusual—or the writer must have had the gift of second-sight! Which is the more probable conclusion, is left to the sagacious reader to decide.

"In the month of June, 1824, in a small village called Artes, near Hostalrich, about twelve leagues from Barcelona, a Constitutionalist being at the point of death, his brother called on the curate, requesting him to come and administer the sacraments. The curate refused, saying, 'Your brother is a Constitutionalist, that is to say, a villain, an impious wretch, an enemy to God and man—he is damned without mercy, and it is therefore useless for me to confess him.' 'But who told you that my brother was damned?' 'God himself told me during the sacrifice of the mass, that your brother is damned to all the devils.' It was in vain that the brother reiterated his entreaties, the curate was inexorable. A few days after the individual died, when his brother demanded for the body the rites of sepulture. The curate refused, alleging, 'the soul of your brother is now burning in hell, as I told you before. It would be in vain for me to take any trouble about interring his body, for during the night the devils will come and carry it away; and in forty days you yourself will meet the same fate.' The Spaniard, not giving implicit credit to this diabolical visit, watched during the night by the body of his brother, and with his pistols loaded. Between twelve and one o'clock a knock was heard at the door, and a voice exclaimed, 'I command you to open in the name of the living God; open, if not, your instant ruin is at hand.' The Spaniard refused to open, and shortly after he saw enter by the window, three able-bodied devils, covered with skins of wild beasts, having the usual quantity of horns, claws, and spiked tails, who set about carrying the coffin containing the body; upon this the guardian fired and shot one devil dead, the others took to flight, he fired after them and wounded both, one of whom died in a few minutes, the other escaped. In the morning, when the people went to church, there was no curate to officiate, and it was shortly after discovered, on examining the two defunct devils, that the one was the curate and the other the vicar; the wounded devil was the sacristan, who confessed

STANZAS.

"There is more loftiness in wrong repented of,
Than all the port of never-faltering worth."

RIZZIO, A TRAGEDY.

I come to breathe one sad farewell,
One precious hour to pass beside thee;
For Fate's dim page alone can tell,
When next that pleasure may betide me!

I come to print one burning kiss,
From lips disease leaves yet untainted;
And in that moment think of bliss,
My raptured visions oft have painted.

I come—my last calm hour is thine,
The last high throb of fading spirits;—
To-morrow sees me sickly pine,
Beneath the pangs that Guilt inherits;

Yes, Guilt:—the thrills of fiery pain,
The pulse with fever wildly beating;
This dizzy aching of the brain,
This panic of the heart retreating

---

the whole diabolical proceeding. The case was brought before the tribunal of Barcelona."

Within its very self with fear
Of some unknown but coming danger;
These wild regrets the heart that tear,
Had all been still to me a stranger,

Had Fate and Thou been only kind;
But frowning darkly both upon me,
Is't wonder that I—headlong—blind,
Rushed in where prudence would disown me?

Is't wonder that, my heart on fire,
My blood should share the madding fever;
That Love, and love-born pure desire
Thou to be mine—I thine for ever,

Quench'd by a frown—chill'd by a fate,
—A frown from thee—a fate that parts us,—
Should rouse me to that reckless state
Where even our self-respect deserts us?

Quench'd did I say? The snow-showers fall
On Hecla's ever-blazing crater:
It thunders when they meet—but all
Their chill dims not that torch of Nature!

—So even the coldness of thy mien,
The icy damp thy frown throws o'er me,
Can never quench the fire unseen
That glows in me.—I *must* adore thee!

But ever as these o'er it come,
In all their withering—wintry sadness,
The pent up strife, in one wild sum,
Breaks out—and then I'm driven to madness!

Aye! then the haunts of mirthless din
I seek, and vex the night with riot,
Or drench with wine the flame within,
And mortgage years of future quiet.

—But I'll not press thy taintless lip
While I'm unworthy thee—No—Never!
Repentance, dregs 'tis mine to sip,
—Then Thine—and Virtue's, I'm—for ever!

SKETCHES FROM SCOTTISH HISTORY.

No. III.

THE CORONATION OF THE BRUCE.

"From Glasgow, Bruce rode to Scone, and there was solemnly crowned, on Friday, the 27th of March. Edward had carried off the ancient regalia of the kingdom, and the famous stone chair, in which, according to ancient custom, the Scottish kings were inaugurated. But the ready care of Wisheart, Bishop of Glasgow, supplied from his own wardrobe the robes in which Robert appeared at his coronation, and a slight coronet of gold, probably borrowed by the Abbot of Scone from some of the saints or kings which adorned his abbey, was employed instead of the hereditary crown. A banner, wrought with the arms of Baliol, was delivered by the Bishop of Glasgow to the new king, and Robert received beneath it the homage of the earls and knights who attended the ceremony. On the second day after the coronation, and before Bruce and his friends had left Scone, they were surprised by the sudden arrival of Isabella, Countess of Buchan, sister of the Earl of Fife, who immediately claimed the right of crowning the king. It was a right which had undoubtedly belonged to the Earls of Fife from the days of Malcolm Canmore; and as the Earl of Fife was at this time of the English party, the Countess, a romantic and high-spirited woman, absconding from her husband, joined Bruce at Scone, bringing with her the war-horses of her lord. The new king was not in a condition to think lightly of anything of this nature. To have refused Isabella's request, might give to his enemies some colour for alleging, that an essential part of ancient custom and solemnity had been omitted in his coronation. The English historians would have us believe that this enterprising woman was influenced by tenderer feelings than ambition or policy, but this is extremely doubtful. It is certain, that on the 29th of March, the crown was a second time placed on the head of Robert by the hands of the Countess, who afterwards suffered severely for her alleged presumption."

TYTLER'S HISTORY OF SCOTLAND, vol. i. p. 232.

THERE's the tramp of armed warriors—the tread of mitred priests,—
There are plaided gillies in the hall, and the hangers on at feasts;

And more—bright scarfs and brighter eyes again are
where they've shone,
For the ladies of the land are come to see the pomp at
Scone!

And what hath filled its stately halls with all this gallant
throng—
Halls that have slept in emptiness and silence for so
long?
O! know ye not that on this day, without or leave or
truce
From English Edward, Scotland wills to make a king of
Bruce!

There's cheer for Scotland yet, for see the noon-tide sun
appears,
In spite of all the morning's clouds and March's angry
tears;
It lights the hall, and on each face its rays of gladness
shine,—
It leads thee to the empty throne—King Robert, make
it thine!

The tyrant stole the sacred chair, where sat a hundred
kings,—
For where 'tis placed is Scotland's throne,—so old tradi-
tion sings:
He read but half the omen, tho', for if it come not back,
We yet may send a Prince to fill't, triumphant in its track!

And he will wear that diadem, which we most deeply
vow,
Shall never, but as stolen gear, be seen on Edward's
brow;

For from the loins of him who now kneels down—to rise
a king,
—Plantagenet!—when thine hath passed, a monarch race
shall spring.

What, tho' that golden band be all the crown we have to place
Upon his head—who in each look leal love to death may trace;
It needs no gems—for where be these in lustre that can vie
With the fire that flashes out in pride from the Lady
Buchan's eye!

'Tis her's, by right—the Scottish king—by love—the
man, to crown,
For this from craven Fife, her lord, the gallant one came
boun'!
Ah, Bruce! thou wilt be king, indeed, to Scotland's
farthest parts,
When thou shalt rule the land as much as now the ladies'
hearts!

But see, where Wisheart's withered hands in blessing
him grow young!
There is no tremor in his frame, no falter on his tongue;
He turns with humbleness, but hope, with the King of
kings to plead,
That *He* vouchsafe to ratify, in Heaven, this holy deed!

And now the bravest of the land, with hearts and wea-
pons free,
To guard its rights—to guard its prince, swear upon
bended knee;
And even tongues fear once made mute, in brav'ry now
break loose;
And a thousand voices shout as one, "God save King
Robert Bruce!"

IANTHE;

OR, THE DEATHBED OF BEAUTY.

> " O thou soft natural death!—thou art joint twin
> To sweetest slumber!—No rough bearded comet
> Stares on thy mild departure; the dull owl
> Beats not against thy casement; the hoarse wolf
> Scents not thy carrion.—Pity winds thy corse."
>
> WEBSTER'S WHITE DEVIL.

—— I SAW her die,
I marked the spiritual beaming of her eye;
It was not dimmed—it never looked decay,
Nor did its lustre slowly wane away,
But flashed in beauty on my tranced soul,
Brighter and brighter as her's neared its goal.
It was not sunken in its arch'd recess,
But full looked out from 'neath the jetty tress
Of long and silken hair, whose glossy wave
As slow she turned, a sybil wildness gave
To all her mien;—that wandered o'er her brow
Half shading, and half showing it; and now,
Reposed on its calm polish'd front, like clouds
Such as the Day orb's radiance sometimes shrouds.

There was a hectic glow upon her cheek
That spoke not passion, for her soul was meek;—
'Twas but the effort, struggling life's last toil
To free the Spirit from its gentle coil;
Or—(yes! 'twas so—for oh! that Spirit flew
Not in a pang—but like absorbed dew,

Noiseless and balmy!)—'twas the lamp of life
That gave one flush of triumph in the strife
That then had end.

O! ere her gentle Spirit fled to Heaven,
It lingered fondly like some Peasant driven
From his loved home;—oft backward on the cell
Of mortal mould, where it had loved to dwell,
In parting grief it seemed to glance, and say,
"And shall this frame of beauty know decay?"

Long on her lip, when all around was dead,
It lingering dwelt in smiles that lustre shed,
Even on the marble stillness of that face
Which once beamed o'er with light, and love, and grace;—
Still on these lips, till earth in earth was laid,
It life-like sat,—still fondly round them played!

She seemed in death to sleep and calmly dream
Of joys long strange, and the unclouded beam
Of fortune's Sun, which cheered her infant days;
—Alas! that e'er to her were quenched its rays!—
Yet not alas;—for had she never known
Woe undeserved—she ne'er as Saint had shone
In the bright calendar of sinless minds—
That living chain, which Man to Angels binds!
Her name—her image, as in death she lay
Had ne'er possessed a talismanic sway,
Embalmed in memory, to guard the Will
From aught unholy:—Passion *must* be still
When she's remembered.—Rear no marble tomb
Near her green grave—her record be the bloom,
That never fades, of virtues which her name
And memory nourish—What is nobler Fame?

ALAS, I CANNOT LOVE!

A BALLAD.

" 'Tis easy weeping with no cause for woe:
Across the plain the streams most smoothly flow."

SWEET lady, there was nought in me to win a heart like thine;
No stamp of honoured ancestry, that spoke a noble line;
Nor wealth, that could that want repay, had I to lure thine eye,
When all but thee and thine, still pass'd the boy-bard coldly bye.

Can I forget the blushing hour, when by thee led to dance,
Amid the proud, who on me lower'd with many a haughty glance?
A radiant smile there was to me—to them a lofty look,
Which graced my very bashfulness, and gave their scorn rebuke!

Beside thee, in thy kinsman's hall, amid the banquet throng,
For me was kept the place of pride—from me was sought the song!
What had I done—what can I do—my title to approve?
Alas! this lay is all my thanks—my heart is dead to love!

It is not that that heart is cold—nor yet is vowed away;
But that, amid the spring of youth, it feels itself decay.
The withered bloom of early hopes, and darings hope above,
Encrust it now, and dim its shine:—alas I cannot love!

They tell me that my broken lute once wrought on thee its spell,
They whisper that my voice, now mute, in speech could please thee well;
Pale brow, blue eye, and Saxon locks, they say, thy heart could move,
More than red cheek or raven curls—yet ah! I cannot love!

It may be—as I trust it is—that in my willing ear
They poured the dew of flattery, and that thou, lady, ne'er
Had'st thoughts that friendship would not own, for souls like thine can prove
How much of kindred warmth may glow without a spark of Love!

One only passion now will cure this palsy of the heart:—
Ambition's spell, if aught, will lure; but whatsoe'er the part,
In after life I do or dree—the praise shall all be thine,
And all the fame I e'er may win be offered at thy Shrine!

APRIL MEMORIES.

1

Joyous month, spring's non-age past,
Art thou come in smiles at last,
Laughing with the new-found glee
Of youth become maturity?
—Yes—thy cheek in dimpled blushes
Flushes many a one with hopes:
Mine hath wrinkles, down which gushes
Midnight-Memory's weary drops!

2

Thou dost come with flowery charms,
Floating soft in Zephyr's arms
Round the bower where she is now,
Whose step's as light as even her vow!
—Thou comest slow and silent, sailing
On the twilight's chill to me,
All thy music turn'd to wailing—
Pealed thro' the vaults of memory!

3

On thy brightest day of bloom
All the love that had not room
In *one* deep heart, in words ran o'er:—
The drops seemed treasured like rich ore!

Alas—they were not coin! tho' token
Of wealth to which were poor Peru:
The heart that uttered them is broken—
The vows that paid them are so too!

THE FOCUS.

No. II.

I. BELZONI'S CHARACTER.

ENTERPRISE, I have before said, often performs prodigies; but it frequently owes much of its triumph to the assistance of chance; at least it always calculates on, and hopes for its aid.—Those who live by professions where chance or fortune more frequently than their own efforts, decide their success,—as players, artists, &c., whose displays, however meritorious, may be totally unrewarded and neglected but for some concurrence of circumstances over which they do not possess the slightest control, are generally remarkable for their enterprise.—Life is often with them a game of hazard, where, however, skill is neither unnecessary nor cumbersome.

I am old enough to recollect the celebrated Belzoni, the Egyptian traveller, as an itinerant posture-master, living by his *shifts*.—His discoveries have astonished Europe: but they have been the result of enterprise, not of learning; for he was not deeply versed in classical or

Egyptian literature.—May not the being inured to the privations and disappointments, all of his former profession often meet with, have enabled him to endure hardships from which cleverer men would have shrunk? May not the risks which a public performer runs in calculating on popular favour, have tended to make him fearless and confident? Would not that attention to the most variable of all possible subjects which are worthy of observation, the human countenance, which he who lives on the smiles of crowds must unceasingly pay, accustom him to note the most trifling appearances and indications, which few, not so prepared, would have been likely to observe, and fewer regard; and from that habit is it not probable that that perspicacity had its rise which enabled him to discover the chambers of the pyramid, and the tomb of Psammis? His merit lay in the possession of a secret. That secret was the power of minute observation and skilful concatenation. To his former profession he probably owed both.

II. UTILITY OF DULNESS.

Dull, timid and weak men are, as it were, the cement of society. The mortar which serves to connect and bind together the more valuable parts of the great fabric. They are, like their supposed prototype, an indispensable part of a superstructure; a sort of trifling negative series of particles, which, however worthless in themselves, cannot be done without.—They are the seasoning of society —somewhat liberally sprinkled to be sure. They give a *gout* and flavour to the social circle, which even attic salt cannot impart. Paradoxical as it may appear, they are the finest possible breaks in the continuity of mere liveliness, and converse would actually become *tame* without them.—A dull uniformity would prevail and we all know by experience, that nothing palls so much as unvaried

sprightliness, unshaded mirth and unrelieved brilliancy. Deathlike dulness itself is not so tiresome and fatiguing. When a boy, I have often made fireworks:—once in compounding a set of squibs I forgot to mix up with the positives of saltpetre and gunpowder the negative of pounded charcoal; and in firing them off, each consisted of but one explosion, bright no doubt, but transient also and dangerous withal; while the squibs which were rightly mixed up were both bright, sparkling too, and much more lasting;—besides they did not scorch me. Dull men are, then, to Society what charcoal is to squibs.

III. DORMANT PROPENSITIES.

The riches of the mineral world are hid, while those of the animal and vegetable kingdoms challenge remark and observation. It will not, however, be denied, that the concealed stores of the earth are as useful and ornamental for all the purposes of life as the more obvious productions of nature, though they are not revealed but by some physical convulsion, extraordinary occurrence, or the skill and experience of the geologist or practical miner. An analogy obtains between certain qualities and properties of the human mind, and the inferences I would draw from the experience of men, on the admitted physical facts above stated.—The energies of the soul are unknown to its possessor, till circumstances call them into action. The dispositions of mankind are equally veiled, under the smooth covering of every-day occurrences.—Propensities, whether to good or evil actions, may sleep dormant for years; nay, they may never in the career of this life be displayed, and yet their existence may be as real as though they were in a state of hourly development.

No man knows that he has not within him the will and the impetus to commit crimes, as atrocious as those, at

the bare recital of which he shudders; nor the most abandoned and heartless criminal, that the "milk of human kindness" circulates not in his bosom, though it hath never flowed forth in one genial drop of tenderness or affection. Circumstances are the midwives of deeds. Men are acted upon differently by the same circumstances and vicissitudes; and crime may spring through one mind from causes which might have generated in another the highest moral virtues.—This belief is at the bottom of true charity.

IV. INDOLENCE OF GENIUS.

Idleness and indolence, for they are not equivalents, are, to the man of genius, what rust is to the polished metal. It is lamentable to think on the ravages they have made in the finest minds, eating so deeply into them that they have at last become, as it were, incorporated with their very essence: often too that species of indolence is nourished and even has its rise from the self same source as the noblest of mental peculiarities. To indulge in contemplation, for *itself* only, is one of the most alluring of pleasures.—The bright and beautiful ideas which present themselves to a mind so engaged, give as much delight to the individual to whom they are suggested. even though they perish at the moment of their birth to make room for the embryo creations which crowd after them in quick succession, as though they were chronicled on tablets of brass, or the ever-during monument of a nation's memory.—I speak of the delight felt at the moment of their creation, not of the permanent and strengthening pleasure received from their reiteration when preserved, or the applause of crowds when popular.—Some laborious writers instantly seize these evanescent wanderers, and, with patient industry, pin them on paper, as

a butterfly collector does his specimens; but they are not, nor do they in general deserve to be, the authors whose memories are cherished with the deepest love, and whose works are graven on the fleshly tablets of a thousand congenial hearts.—In reading their works we think they have rendered us all they could give, and left us nothing to regret; that they have drawn their wine to the lees, and spun their airy web while a single particle of material remained. There is in this, wherever displayed, a sordidness, even where no pecuniary profits could be reaped, which revolts us. It is an ambition distinct from, and grovelling below that noble thirst for fame which has caused the transcription, at least of mighty works, though, some will hold, the *composition* of none. An author of this description resembles a painter who would admit of no shading in his pictures, but filled every corner of his canvass with gaudy lights and glaring figures,—on the ground that he could not afford room for what was in *itself* without expression. These considerations may serve to reconcile us to the imputed indolence of many living and deceased writers. There is now no want of authors, nor of books: let then poets enjoy their solitary thoughts unmolested; the world is already rich enough in their productions!

SKETCHES FROM SCOTTISH HISTORY.

No. IV.

" A severe fate awaited the Countess of Buchan, who had dared to place the crown on the head of Bruce, and who was soon after taken. In one of the outer turrets of the castle of Berwick, was constructed a cage, latticed and cross-barred with wood, and secured with iron, in which this unfortunate lady was immured. No person was permitted to speak with her except the women who brought her food, and it was carefully stipulated that these should be of English extraction. Confined in this rigorous manner, and gazed at by all who passed by, she remained for four years shut up in her turreted cage upon the top of the walls of Berwick, till she was released from her misery, and subjected to a milder imprisonment."

TYTLER'S HISTORY OF SCOTLAND, v. I. pp. 245, 6.

O! EDWARD King of England!—is this your knightly fame,
That you upon a lady thus should put such mark of shame!
Have you not prisons many, that be strong enough to hold
A woman 'gainst her will and in despite of smiles or gold?

What! in the open eye of day to don my woman's gear;
Before each gazer to let fall the captive's frequent tear!
For shame!—there's not a lady at your court but will cry fie!
Nor a belted knight but turns to you with scorning in his eye!

But hoist me—Monarch, if you will, as high as eagles flee,
At least the land I love so well I then shall better see;

And tho' like a wild bird you seek to cage me as your thrall,
Your heart is more a slave than I'm—within its trembling wall!

Altho' your bars were closer far than stone was ever piled,
Think you my soul is with my frame, in durance and exiled?
No!—on the wings of every wind my Spirit boundeth loose,
And my voice as fetterless as it, finds music still in "BRUCE!"

Why chain you not my feeble hands, for they 'twas did the deed;
They placed on Royal Robert's brow the crown that was his meed;
But you, proud Prince! with all your gold, are yet too poor to buy
Bonds for the hands of all who then would have done as did I!

And if your wealth, Plantagenet, were ten times told, 'twere vain,
It could not price what more than hands that deed would do again;
That which you cannot manacle,—nor cage with all your arts,
Imprison women as you may,—A HUNDRED THOUSAND HEARTS!

THE HA' AND THE COT.

In a gowden band my lady's hair
Is plaited up wi' meikle care;
She laces her waist in to a span,
An' saft's the touch o' her lily han'!

A hame-spun snood mak's Jenny braw,
The yellow curls on her bosom fa';
Her waistban' heaves as she's glad or wae;
An' her hans work meikle mair than they play.

There's gloom an' there's grief in yonder ha';
The gloom is my lord's, and the grief's 'mang them a';
For lady Ann's bridal pearls are big tears,
For her love far awa', and the carle that she fears.

There's mirth at the Cottar's ingle side;—
The lad she lo'es has made Jenny a bride;
Thro' life they'll gang cheery, ay han' in han':—
Wha's happier—Jenny or Lady Ann?

THE WRECK OF THE COMET RAISED.

" The Comet Steam Boat, on her passage from Inverness to Glasgow, had reached the Point of Kempoch, just below Gourock, at nearly two o'clock on the morning of Friday, 21st October, when she was met by the Ayr Steamer, which was on her way to that port from Greenock. The two boats going with considerable velocity, were very near each other before mutually observed. As soon as perceived, the person on the look-out on board the Comet, cried to the pilot to put the helm a-starboard, which order the pilot of the Ayr understood to be meant as instructions to him :—both vessels were in consequence directed towards each other, and before the unfortunate mistake could be remedied, they came in contact with such violence, as to stave in the starboard bow of the Comet, which vessel in a few minutes went down, and, melancholy to relate, the whole of the passengers with the exception of seven, and the master and five of the vessel's crew were drowned !"

MR. MENNONS' NARRATIVE OF THE LOSS OF THE COMET STEAM BOAT.

The shattered barque was afterwards raised to the surface, and presented a striking spectacle, which occasioned the following lines.

WRECKED by no hurricane,
Whelmed by no billow;
Sunk, when, upon the main,
Peace made its pillow;
But shattered and broken,
Down, down fathoms ten
That thou plungedst, we've token,
Though afloat now again
And the Port which thou steered for too almost in view!
But where is thy helmsman, barque, where be thy crew?
Thou risest again to the bless'd light of day:—
Give back those that trusted thee !—Say where are they?

—Sleeping as sound as when,
Dreamless of danger;
Reckless of fear or pain,—
Doubt even a stranger,

They lay, whilst destruction strode
Forth to embrace them :—
—'Tis but the trump of God
Now that will raise them !
Ye ask for the lading ?—go count yon turf graves ;
Would ye more ? Look beneath then the shroud of the waves ;
Lack ye number ? Then reckon these remnants * of dust.
This, this was the lading—these, these were my trust !

Thus the confiding heart,
On through life sailing ;
Wrecked at some smooth-like part,
Asks, wildly wailing,
" Where be its proud and young
Hopes, loves and darings ?"
Buried :—or, rent and wrung,
Pined to despairings !
O ! then the torn frame-work the fond freight that bore,
Like thee, shattered hulk, may decay on the shore,—
—No flag waves above thee—no sail's on thy mast ;
And thy name's but remembered with errors bye-past !

* Some fragments of human bodies were found on board the wreck when it was raised.

TWO BLACKS

DON'T MAKE

A WHITE.

AN ACTED PROVERB.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

Tom Black—A Young fellow of the North and "West end" of the Island,—on his travels in search of a Mistress.

William Black—A name fellow and acquaintance,—in search of a Sister.

Mr. Duffield—A polished Bibliopole and Librarian of Bath and Cheltenham,—in search of Subscribers.

The Landlord of the Plough—In search of Water and Wine Drinkers.

Rub, Brush, and Scrub—His Waiters,—in search of perquisites.

Jeehup—A Coachman,—sometimes in search of his road.

Mrs. Black—An elderly lady, in search of a husband to

Miss Mary Black—In search of one for herself.

Maria—In one situation,—but in search of another.

Time—A day. Scene—Cheltenham.

SCENE I.

THE PLOUGH INN, CHELTENHAM.

THE TRAVELLER'S ROOM.

Enter TOM BLACK, RUB, *and* JEEHUP, *with a Portmanteau.*

TOM BLACK, (*to the* COACHMAN, *who continues to hold out his hand.*)

O no, Jarvey!—A crown for the seat—four alehouse stoppages on the road, and an hour and three quarters to drive the nine miles is not like the Stage Coaching of Scotland, let alone of Glo'stershire, with its roads like bowling greens, and its Coachmen like beef-eaters.

JEEHUP.

You knows, as how I gave you the ribbands when we stopt.

TOM.

Yes,—and you think the honour of sitting on the box beside you, and holding the reins of your government when you unbent yourself from its cares—like every thing else in England—must be paid for. Well, then, there.—(*Gives money.*)

JEEHUP, (*as he puts forth his hand.*)

And we always gets more from Gem'men at the Cheltenham, than the Glo'ster end of the short stage.

TOM.

O!—as we approach the temples of Fashion, we must make haste to throw away the more vulgar monies, I perceive.—(*Exit. Jeehup.*)—The circulating coins are like the stationary countenances here,—yellow, I suppose—Eh, waiter?

RUB.

O, Sir, our waters are a sovereign remedy for the Yellows.

TOM.

Have an affinity for the colour of Gold, I presume—but, judging from what I see,—(*looks hard at* Rub,)—don't impair the lustre of Brass?

RUB.

Your're right, Sir. Our Belles take on the gilding the better that they're first *watered.*—(*Bell Rings.*)—But I'm wanted.—Coming!—*Exit.*

TOM, (*to* RUB, *as he goes out.*)

Come back instantly—I shall want you.—The servants here are not above the cast off wit of their masters, though they scorn to wear their clothes.—(*Sits down.*)—Well, here I am in Cheltenham, while my worthy father thinks I am studying Irish character and Malthus on Population, on the borders of the Bog of Allen, or political consistency and temperate discussion near the Corn Exchange of Dublin. But it was no wonder I got wearied of Ire-

land. The magnificence of architecture in the buildings of the *State* in Dublin, afforded but a heightening to my disgust at the misery of those of the *people*. A few shops with plate glass windows made no amends in my view for thousands of hovels without windows at all; and I cared not, in the provinces, to look any longer on a land, where the very bogs were fertile, and the mind of man alone was waste;—where the rich wheat stalk grew so tall as to have its brown ear above the head of the poor peasant, whose food was like himself—trampled in the soil.—(*Rises.*)—But, what the deuce has become of the waiter!—(*Rings.*)—(*Reseated.*)—It was not surprising, then, that the blue mountains which I saw rise upon the opposite shore, from the expanding waters of the bay of Dublin, tempted me, by their resemblance to those of my country, to cross into Wales. I am sure nothing short of my passion for the beauties of nature, could have led me over to Milford and then to Tenby. The mere fact of my fair townswoman, Miss White, being with her London relations on a visit to that watering place, I am confident, did not materially weigh with me as an inducement to visit it, though I confess had I been in time to have met with her before she left, it would have heightened my relish for the beauties of the vales of Towey and the banks of the Wye.—(*Rises.*)—Nay, faith, rather perhaps prevented thee Tom from seeing either; since, but for learning from herself that immediately after leaving Tenby, the party purposed passing some time in Cheltenham, there would have been as little likelihood of thy sitting in the Plough inn here as of holding the plough shafts in Connaught.

Enter RUB.

RUB.

You called, Sir?

TOM.

I did.—(*Aside,*)—Must be civil to this fellow.—You're head waiter here?

RUB.

No, Sir.—There are six of us. I'm fifth in order.

TOM.

Six!—Why that's an army.—What is your name?

RUB.

My name, Sir, is Willoughby Malwa Westonford,—my godfather was an old Indian, Sir,—but it's too long for use here, Sir, where every minute has its motion. I'm called Rub, Sir. The bells have short numbers and the waiters short names in this house. The head one is called Bow—the next, Pop—the third, Brush—the fourth, Wipe—and my nearest neighbour, Scrub.

TOM.

You'll make a pretty neat thing of it here in a twelvemonth?

RUB.

Why, Sir, Bow in a good season clears five hundred, which pays his situation fine; and then he has all the rest of the year to himself.

TOM.

Season,—Five hundred,—Situation fine,—What do these words mean, man?

RUB.

(*Aside.*)—Raw!—The first, Sir, four months; the

next, Pounds sterling; and the last the sum each of us pay the landlord for the privilege of answering the questions of his lodgers.

TOM.

I perceive.—A crown as a retainer.—(*Gives money.*)

(RUB *looks at the money, but does not pocket it.*)

TOM.

Put it in your pocket, Rub.—I shall need to ask some more questions.

RUB.

O, Sir, I have not my silver pockets in these breeches. I never wear the silver-pocket namelessnesses after dinner.

TOM.

Indeed,—well, well, as you must get me some information, I care not though I give gold for it. Half a sovereign has got back a crown before now.—(*Takes and gives money.*)

RUB.

O, Sir, thank you—though I am a great friend to unanimity.

TOM.

How? Unanimity?

RUB.

Why, Sir,—I think it a great pity that States or Sovereigns are ever divided.

TOM.

Rub, I'll make it a whole Sovereign, if you tell me

how I shall find out whether a young lady has yet arrived in Cheltenham, and where she stays.

RUB.

I shall, Sir.—(*Holds out his hand.*)

TOM.

O, no—enough of earnest—performance now, if you please.

RUB.

Why, Sir, if you are so gay as to dislike earnest—you will not quarrel with a joke. You will see the arrival-book at Duffield and Weller's Library—and you *may* find the name you want when you seek it there!

TOM.

O you're a wag, Rub.—Well, as we were talking of a Sovereign, you know, the old joke of taking the externals from Majesty will serve me in turning it into a jest.—But as you've got the half in gold, and the other half in promise, you have really what makes up the whole of many monarchs.

RUB.

Sir,—We're quits.

TOM.

The library is ——?

RUB.

A dozen doors to the right.—This way, Sir.—(*Exeunt.*)

SCENE II.

DUFFIELD AND WELLER'S LIBRARY.

DUFFIELD. (*Across the Shop to a young girl, who acts as Librarian.*)

Maria!—Will you hand me the Library Book, till I look over the List of Outstanding Works.

MARIA.

In a moment Sir.—I am just removing some stains from Sketches of Character, and then I shall blot out a Human Life, just returned, and give it to you.

DUFFIELD.

(*Writing.*)—How many Albums shall bye and bye have been filled from these Scotch "Scrap Books," and "Cabinets," and "Casquets," of which I must have yet another fifty. Why, I believe there's not a young lady in Cheltenham, but has bought a copy of these works, and said "it was unnecessary to send it home, as her Reticule could hold the volumes; and Mr. D. need'nt mention to whom he sold it." I shall go halves with the Publishers in printing a 4to. Copy in Scrip type, like Trussler's Sermons, and dispose in a confidential manner of a thousand ready filled Albums.

MARIA.

Here, Sir, is the list of "OUTS," and a note of the "STRAYS,"

DUFFIELD.

O!—Why, there are a great many of these latter.—(*Reads.*)—Maria Darlington—2d. Edition. That matters little.—It was a pretty volume—but done up imper-

feet. It once showed the author's likeness, but seems to have had his Superscription rubbed out.—(*Reading.*)—Um—Um—What!—are two Marriages off, and is Adam Blair again amissing? I declare, I will not have another Inheritance, or I shall be ruined.

MARIA.

I rather think, Sir, Captain O'Callaghan has one, and has sent it over to Ireland, that his Correspondent's letters from Tipperary in which it is noticed, may be shown to Miss Stubblechin.

DUFFIELD.

What, he who has already bespoke the Treatise on Draining Waste Lands, and the Marriage Laws, and returned Rejected Addresses in a high passion?

MARIA.

The same, Sir.

DUFFIELD.

Let me see what is out.—(*Reads.*)—Miss Toupeetime—Advice to the Teens. Lady Sarah Sterileton—Taylor's Guide to Mothers. Mr. Winwife—The Sextuple Alliance. Mrs. Ramsbotham—Sayings and Doings, both Series. Mr. M'Adam—Highways and Byeways. Mr. Rainy—A Tour through Wales.

Enter TOM BLACK.

TOM, (*Gazing about.*)

By Jupiter, I must be wrong.—This cannot be a Circulating Library.—It must be the Assembly Card Room, or a Private Club House. I crave your pardon, Sir.—I was in search of Duffield's Library.

DUFFIELD.

Then, Sir, you have found it.—Can I be of any service to you?

TOM.

What, is this elegant saloon a circulating library and bookseller's shop?

DUFFIELD.

It is both, Sir.—I perceive you wonder that a liberal profession,—and ours I conceive to be as much so as any of the three who would monopolize the title,—should exhibit liberality in the details of its prosecution. May I ask if you are from town?

TOM.

O, Sir, I am, as you may perceive, a Scotsman.

DUFFIELD.

Should you wish to have your name entered in the book of arrivals?

TOM, (*addressing* MARIA.)

I think, madam, I should become very studious were my librarian, with every volume he took from the shelves, to bring a blush like that along with it.—I beg your pardon, Sir, but you recall me to the purpose for which I sought to find out your establishment.—May I be permitted to peruse the book of which you speak?

DUFFIELD.

Undoubtedly, Sir. Here it is.

TOM, (*glancing on the pages.*)

Will—Atkinson—Reach—Fortune—Tims—Grey—

Brown — Black — White — White ! White !—where ?— Mrs. Black—My own Inn ! I have found it, Sir.— Pray, Sir, which way do I take to get back to the Plough ?—Arrived yesterday !—Then I am just in time. —Is this your hand-writing, Sir, or the lady's ?

DUFFIELD, (*looking at the book.*)

Permit me, Sir, to solicit your address before I answer these questions.

TOM.

O, certainly. Here is my Card, Sir.—I am at the Plough.—Mr. Thomas Black, Sir,—from Glasgow.— Was Miss White fair or dark, Sir.—It must be she !

DUFFIELD.

Is it to this line, Sir, you allude ?

TOM.

The same.

DUFFIELD.

The hand-writing is mine, Sir.—An English lady called yesterday. Mrs. Black was on her Card. She subscribed for a month to the Saloon, but mentioned that her friend was only to be in Cheltenham for a week. I had just done entering the address, and was about to insert that of the young lady—but paused to listen to her speaking the real Scotch of the Waverley Novels,—(I had been curious to hear it pronounced, Sir,)—when she enquired "if her friend had put their names down—Black and White"—which saved me the necessity of requesting her Card, and perhaps putting a stop to the language I was glad to hear spoken by a well bred woman.

TOM.

I cannot doubt that it is She!—Sir, I am highly obliged to you.—I shall have the pleasure of seeing you again—when I have paid my respects to these ladies.

DUFFIELD.

O, Sir, This is just the hour the lady-subscribers most usually visit the Saloon.—You may chance to see them here.

TOM.

Well, Sir, I shall gladly take my chance of a rencontre. Miss White has some book at present from the Library, I presume?

MARIA.

Yes, Sir,—She has "West Country Sketches, or Recollections of the Clyde."

TOM.

Another proof!—She remembers me fondly yet—my very birth-place is hallowed to her!

MARIA.

—But she was very desirous to have "Changes," or even "The Agreeable Surprise."

TOM.

By Jupiter, she shall soon have that!—But here comes a bevy of fair ones—I must seem to read.—(*A group of Ladies—young and old—pass on to the Saloon and take up Newspapers, &c.*)

TOM, (*to* DUFFIELD.)

Your Ladies at Cheltenham take liberties with the Sun,

I perceive, in the afternoon, for the freedoms it may have enjoyed with their faces in the morning!

DUFFIELD.

You are facetious, Sir—Have already the air of the place!—Drank the waters this morning, I presume?

TOM.

Yes—and repartee follows of course.

DUFFIELD.

Indeed—from what Spa, Sir?

TOM.

Oh! the Quakers' to be sure!—How the Times are disturbed by that near sighted old lady! She tumbles them about oddly.

DUFFIELD.

The Times, Sir, are too hard for old women. That lady is a terrible destroyer of Posts.—Nay, she generally dispatches two Couriers of a morning.

TOM.

The Devil!—Well it seems odd to Scotsmen the custom of ladies mingling in all the amusements of the place precisely as men do—and yet, there is no good reason why they should not gratify their taste for seeing the novelties of Literature, as well as we things with breeches on. But how do you keep them silent?

DUFFIELD.

Nothing more easy, Sir.—There is now no restriction in the Reading Room against speaking; and since that was the case, they never open their mouths—wider than to show the good effects of this admirable Dentifrice.

TOM.

Of which I shall buy a box—(*Aside,*)—to shut *your* mouth—if it opens theirs. But my Black Swan is resolved still to be a "*rara avis.*"—So I shall take wing. I think she is not one of this feather indeed—and "*Fools* of &c."—as we pronounce it in Scotland.—You remember the rest of the Proverb? Good morning, Sir.—*Exit.*

DUFFIELD.

Good morning. A blade this, that is somewhat blunt—but a few visits here will give him an edge—at least, if *rubs* will do it—for he is likely to meet with some.—Enter him as a Subscriber, Maria—and send him "The New Chesterfield."—*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

THE PLOUGH INN.

LANDLORD, TOM, BRUSH, *and* SCRUB.

LANDLORD.

Shall you dine in the house, Sir?

TOM.

Why—yes;—at least I think so.

LANDLORD, (*to Brush.*)

Dinner. No. 33.

BRUSH.

Yes, Sir.

LANDLORD.

Real Turtle to-day, Sir.

TOM.

Turtle!—Turtle Doves, I hope.—I certainly *am* in love and must pop the question.—You have an elderly lady here?

BRUSH.

Five and twenty, Sir, are at this, the Plough Inn, and thirty two over the way at the Boarding-house.

LANDLORD.

Brush!—You're called.—(*Exit.* Brush.)—A wag that, Sir. The fact is, Sir, your question is like the efficacy of our waters—a delicate matter. We have no ladies so elderly, Sir, but, like a good soil, the Plough will restore their fertility.—Ha, ha!

TOM.

Landlord—your wit is quite Harrowing to me.—You really run the Rig too much.—Ha, ha!—Why, you will Furrow my cheeks with laughter, Sir.—Ha, ha!

SCRUB, (*Aside.*)

This Scotsman greases our Boniface's boots.

LANDLORD.

You are too much for me, Sir.—But to business.—You asked a question?

TOM.

Half a one—when you interrupted me.—You have an elderly lady with a young one under her charge in your hotel—havn't you?

LANDLORD.

More than one, Sir.—Do you know their names?

SCRUB.

It must be the Scotch lady that he's after.

TOM.

The Matron's is Mrs. Black.

LANDLORD.

Oh! Parlour No. 17, Scrub—Scotch of course. Yes, we have, Sir—civil people—few callers—young lady that speaks like Guy Mannering, with her—must be the same! —shall I say you'll dine at 4 with them?

TOM.

Mr. ——— hem—I have not the pleasure of knowing Mrs. B., but am a friend of her fair charge.—Do me the favour to send up my Card, and say I request to be allowed to pay my respects.

LANDLORD.

Scrub.—Place this card on a silver waiter, and ——

SCRUB.

Done!—*Exit.*

TOM.

Smart waiters here, Sir, as well as Silver ones.—They anticipate one's wishes.

LANDLORD.

They had need;—for if they waited till they were born, they could not be off till they had seen them die, let alone be decently buried.

TOM.

Pray, what is the distinction in Cheltenham between an Inn where we can Board, and those houses whose boards tell us we can be taken in?

LANDLORD.

Why, Sir,—In this house you fancy you have the pleasure of taking yourself away at an hour's notice.—In the other, the delight of paying for imprisonment by the week. Eating here, Sir, is Piece Work—there, mastication is a duty you owe to distributive and retributive justice. Here, you *may* lose your appetite on a rare occasion—there you never find it on any.—But here comes Brush.

BRUSH.

Sir, Mrs. Black, although she does not know how to distinguish you from her other friends of the name, desires to see you.—(*Aside.*)—Darkness visible!

TOM.

I only waited her summons!—*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.

A PARLOUR.

MRS. BLACK, (*Seated.*)

It is a misfortune to have a common name,—or to be intimate with any who have. Here is the card of a gentleman called Black,—and as I have about fifty of the same distinguished title on my visiting list, I cannot guess

whether he may be from May Fair or Aldermanbury!—But I shall soon see.

Enter SCRUB.

SCRUB.

Mr. Black, Madam!

(MR. BLACK *enters with a profound congée.*)

MRS. BLACK, (*Aside.*)

An absolute stranger!

TOM.

Madam, I have to apologise for intrusion; but learning that a fair friend of mine was honoured with your *chaperonage* at Cheltenham, I ventured to express the wish to pay my respects both to her and to her guardian. But,—(*looking around,*)—I did not think I should have required to introduce myself.

MRS. BLACK.

My friend and yours, Mr. Black, is at this moment abroad,—but I expect her immediate return.—Pray, be seated, Sir.

TOM.

(*Aside.*) Devilish queer this!—What shall I find to talk about?—(*Aloud.*)—You have, I perceive, Ma'am, the latest news from your friend's native country with you.—(*lifting newspapers.*) I have not seen a Scotch journal for an age.—The very sight of one is refreshing.

MRS. BLACK, (*Aside.*)

It must be the gentleman from India,—but he is

young—and not yellow!—(*Aloud.*)—I am happy to be able to offer you any amusement, Sir; for I fear my company, when you anticipated that of a *young* lady, must be rather tiresome.

TOM, (*laying down the papers.*)

By no means, Madam, I assure you.—Yet I confess I could not resist my curiosity to look into the state of Scots Times, and had still a great fondness for a Free Press.

MRS. BLACK.

It was natural, Sir. I had just been dipping into your Chronicle although not *la chronique scandaleuse*, and regretting although the news *were*, news indeed to me with all a woman's love for novelty even in name, that the Courier had travelled slowly to us, and without a Herald of its approach. The good folks of the West have been gay of late.—They have had a bonfire on a large scale in their theatre and a masquerade in consequence.

TOM.

The one would be worth the looking at,—the other not. No one would go to so large a playhouse but to see it burned; and as for a *fancy* ball in Glasgow, we might as well expect a pyrotechnic display at the bottom of a tan pit. Indeed in the one there would not be even *barking*, which we are sure of in the other—and a great deal more of sole would come out of it too!

MRS. BLACK.

You can only refer to the male part of the masqueraders, Mr. Black, surely!

TOM.

True.—The ladies would be only dull—the gentlemen stupid.

MRS. BLACK.

Your opinion of the ladies of Glasgow appears to be rather slight.—But they may have greatly changed since you left home.

TOM.

O no, ma'am. It is solid as themselves, and little change I think can be since I saw them. But I make exceptions, ma'am—Miss White is one.

MRS. BLACK.

(*Aside.*)—And who may Miss White be? This spark is vastly complimentary to my friend and her townswomen!—(*Aloud.*)—Appropos, are there many of our name in your city?

TOM.

A considerable number, but none I can except from my remarks.—I am never misled by names, ma'am.

MRS. BLACK.

Indeed, Sir! You are to be envied for your firmness.—But I hear your *friend's* bell ring, which tells me she must have come home.—I shall let her know your high opinion of her—(*aside*)—and of yourself.

TOM, (*bowing.*)

You will do me much honour, Madam, and a friend's service.

Exit MRS. BLACK, *courtesying profoundly.*

TOM, *solus.*

Eh—hem!—Was'nt there a sort of civil sneer in that last look. What does it mean?—I can't have committed

any blunder? Oh no!—It is but that d—d impertinent sort of superiority the best bred of these English put on to us Beotians of the North.—How Mary will be delighted!—She'll be here in a second on the wings of rapture.—It is needless to sit down—(*taking up a newspaper*)—or to read. Hem—a—see who's got married since I left home—or buried.—(*Reads.*)—So! Hunks is dead at last, "beloved and regretted by all who *knew* him"—which means nobody, for he was as deep as the Straits of Gibraltar as well as being as narrow. Married,—Bessy Bell!—Aye, she's off;—I might have had her—but she was vulgar—positively patronised Coolbreath in silks and sarsnets! So Jemmy's gone to pot, I see—Married a stationer's daughter.—He may wear the Fools' cap for me!—Nobody at the door yet.—It can't have been Mary—or her "wings" are confoundedly clipped. I may as well sit down though,—as a June matrimonial list is somewhat fatiguing. Agnes is gone too—(*Reads.*)—She was in a deuce of a hurry—might have got some one worthy of her, if she could have waited. Every hook has its bait, however. Some women, like fish, are caught by red rags and feathers—others by mere worms and reptiles—or any gaudy rubbish of more bulk—I have heard of one that bit at a fine Pier Glass or Side Board, I forget which! —Here they come—(*Rises*)—No!—The deuce, is Mary lame, or only lazy?—(*Re-seated.*)—Who's next. Eh—what!—the devil!—No!—It can't be—what an ass!—Let me read again—(*Goes to the window*)—"*Married on the* 14*th instant, at Shap, Mr. Jerome Higgleswick, Commercial Agent for the house of Dip, Drop, Gutter and Brothers, Kensington, to Miss Mary White, daughter of William White, Esq. Glasgow.*" Mary White married—married—to—to—the—Bagman of a Candlemaker!—to a tall seller of short sixes!—Heaven and earth!—am I in

my senses.—It is impossible!—Yet—the place—half-way on her road home; the time,—a week ago;—the sneer of this d—d civil namesake of mine—all seem to confirm it.—Shall I blow my brains out?—Ass!—Where are the bells in this stupid house.—I'll make short work of it—(*Rings the bell.*)

Enter SCRUB.

SCRUB.

Sir, I ——

TOM.

Tell me have you ——

SCRUB.

Oh, Sir, I was just on my way to tell you, that Mrs. Black and the young lady will be here in an instant.—*Exit.*

TOM.

"And the young lady."—Then I myself have been making a fool of myself, and Mrs. Black has not! Why did I not remember that there are twenty Wm. White, Esqnires, with daughters called Mary, in Glasgow,—and that Duffield told me she was in his Reading-Room here yesterday! Let me compose my ruffled pinions—and adjust my cravat—(*Turns to the glass. While he is busy with his toilet*)

Enter MRS. *and* MISS BLACK.

MISS BLACK, (*to* MRS. BLACK.)

He must have thought us rude in our delay, yet from your description I hesitate to believe it can be my old persecutor returned from the Ganges.

MRS. BLACK.

He seems busy in studying to put the best face on matters, and has not even heard us enter.

TOM, (*at the glass.*)

Nobody ties *la nœud gordien* like myself. But that white drapery can't be my neckcloth.—I know the very wave of Mary White's muslin. She thinks to steal a march on me.—At her old romps—She wants to blindfold me! I'll turn round and astonish her with a Scotch salutation. —That tie sits at last.

(*As he speaks* MRS. BLACK *advances slowly to announce herself. He turns suddenly round and clasps her in his arms, exclaiming*—)

Nay, I shall be first with you, dear Mary.

MRS. BLACK, (*extricating herself, and adjusting her dress.*)

Upon my word, Sir, you have made more than one mistake, I trust,—for even *Miss* Black is not to be treated with so much familiarity.

TOM—(*bewildered, and seeing that* MISS BLACK *is not* MISS WHITE.)

Miss Black!—Mrs. Black—Madam I—I—You are not Miss White then—and I—upon my soul I do not know what to say for myself!

MISS BLACK (*to* MRS. BLACK.)

My dear Madam let us leave the gentleman to recover his senses,—for I assure you I never saw him before—if I retain mine.

MRS. BLACK.

Mr. Black, my love, will see at once the propriety of

withdrawing till he unravels his mistake; and when he comes properly introduced, we shall do every justice to the apology which he must no doubt feel called upon to make.

TOM, (*recovering himself,*)

Madam!—I feel myself truly an intruder, but crave permission to explain all at some future time.—(*Exeunt severally.*)

SCENE V.

A PARLOUR.

MRS. BLACK *and* MISS BLACK.

MISS BLACK.

Ha! ha! you did amuse me, my dear Madam, by your description of my "*friend.*"—But after all, that he's not the yellow youth from Calcutta, who can he be! He seems, you say, on speaking terms with himself?

MRS. BLACK.

A self-assured muttering puppy; but not with so much of the Cheltenham complexion—had you seen him before he blushed—(although I did not expect that at his face!)—as you imagine.

MISS BLACK.

O, Madam, I positively do not imagine any thing very hideous about him. The fellow was really more than passable.—To be sure he stammered sadly for the confident personage you thought him.

MRS. BLACK.

I fear I may have been unjust; vivacity sometimes seems assurance till it be tried by some unexpected standard.—But we are pretty sure of hearing something more of him.

MISS BLACK.

—And seeing him too, I suppose—(*aside.*)—The deuce take the fellow! he won't keep out of my ——

MRS. BLACK.

Out with it Mary.—Hopes was the thought, and ought to be the word.—He has made an impression, I see.—He never named the place nor time, though.

MISS BLACK.

O, were he a true Scottish Lover, he would not forget either to set tryst or keep it.

MRS. BLACK.

I declare, Mary, you are getting sentimental on the occasion.—Come, come—there's your piano, sing me that song in earnest, which ironically you often applied to your Indian admirer, who has doubled Cape Hope with you, I fear, as well as Cape five and forty with himself.

MISS BLACK.

Ah, he is in the Pacific now, my dear Madam, for I suppose his love—like his love letters—has burnt out.—But I will sing you the song in sober sadness.

(*Seats herself at the piano, and sings:*)

THE TRYSTING TREE.

(Set to Music by J. Macfadyen.)

Thou bonny hawthorn trystin' tree,
What blythesome hours I've spent near thee;

For whar does time so lightly flee,
As 'neath the weel kenn'd trystin' tree?
The spring's first gowans round thee blaw;
The balmiest dews upon thee fa';
Green, green's the knowe aneath thy shade,
Whar aft he happ'd me wi' his plaid!
Thou bonny hawthorn, &c.

The Norlan blast though e'er sae bauld,
At gloamin, near thee's never cauld;
Or else the hearts are warm and leal
O' them at e'en, wha to thee steal.
Thou bonny hawthorn, &c.

Sae Jamie's was! an' surely mine,
—At least I hope sae, is as kin';
For though he's far awa' frae me,
Anither's mine shall never be.
Thou weel kenn'd weel lo'ed trystin' tree,
What hours beside thee now I dree!—
The mair I sigh or dowie be
The mair thou'rt dear, thou trystin' tree.

I ne'er shall hae anither jo;
Though ye forget me, Jamie, No!
But ye'll come back frae o'er the sea
An meet me at the trystin' tree!
Thou ne'er forgotten trystin' tree,
A heart was lost, an' won near thee;
The lave can 'bout ye naething see,
But mem'ry maks ye dear to me!

MRS. BLACK.

Ah, Mary!—you are more than half in love now, I see, for you sung that song with what you call *birr*, in Scotland—feeling, here—and gusto, in Italy.

Enter SCRUB.

SCRUB.

Ladies—a gentleman waits.

MRS. BLACK *and* MISS BLACK—(*at once.*)

What.—He—already!

Enter WILLIAM BLACK.

WILLIAM BLACK.

Oh!—did you expect me?

MISS BLACK, (*in a pettish tone.*)

My brother!

MRS. BLACK.

Mr. *William* Black.

WILLIAM BLACK.

Why—you look mightily rejoiced to see me ladies.—'Pon my word, what with meeting a devilish *warm* friend in the lobby, and two marvellously cold ones here, I am driven from the Torrid Zone to the Pole in double quick time.

MISS BLACK.

Oh, dear William—pardon our surprise. We had been led to expect a call from a strange gentleman of our own name.

WILLIAM BLACK.

From Tom Black, I dare be sworn.—Why, I just have had an explanation with him in entering the Inn here. There has been a whole chapter of blunders I learn. But he is a good fellow, and I have asked him to dine with us—even before I consulted you, Mary.—Any offence in that?

MISS BLACK.

None, dear brother.

MRS. BLACK.

None assuredly—for with a long evening before us, all mistakes will be explained, good humour restored——

WILLIAM BLACK.

——And perhaps something better than even good humour fostered.—Eh, Mary?

MISS BLACK.

Oh, William!—but I must to dress. *Exeunt.*

SCENE VI.

DINING ROOM.

MRS. *and* MISS BLACK, MR. WILLIAM *and* TOM BLACK, *seated at table.*

WILLIAM BLACK.

It was rather a lucky thing for you, and for Mary too, I hope Tom, that I came to Cheltenham so opportunely last night to convey my sister home, and saw you in the lobby at the lucky moment. At all events, it saved you writing a terribly long and apologetical or even, faith, penitential letter.

TOM.

It did indeed—for, though amid my confusion, I recognised the family likeness, which Miss Black has in common with you, notwithstanding that I had never before seen her, yet it would have been a tedious matter to explain how I had the pleasure of once being a fellow member of our

Literary and Commercial Society, as well as still a namesake and friend of her brother.

MISS BLACK.

Why, we really must have sent you off to-day to London or Glasgow for credentials, had you not had the fortune to meet William—and the sense to tell him all about your sins. It was more than I could have expected of you.

TOM.

Indeed, Ma'am!—But then allow for Duffield's blunder of thinking your permission to put your name on "Black and White," when you talked Scotch to please him, meant that you were a Miss White with a Mrs. Black.—How could I but fall into error?

MRS. BLACK.

It was not unnatural in either Duffield or you,—although it has led to results dramatic enough to be improbable.

WILLIAM BLACK.

As they really were,—for who would have believed a month ago that Mary Black would have melted on the top of Shap Fells before the ardour of a tallow chandler. O! Tom, Tom, your impressions have not been on spring made composition, let alone on wax or spermaceti!

TOM.

"No more of that Hal, an' you love me."—My grief you see has not lasted even the length of the wick! I was not sufficiently sentimental for her, you say?

WILLIAM BLACK.

No; you were "albeit unused to the melting mood"—ha! ha!

TOM.

But, my good fellow, it was fortunate for me that my dear Mary was not so hardhearted as you would lead her to believe I am; for I may now tell Mrs. Black and yourself what I see you both already half suspect, that this game of cross-purposes has turned up a trump card for me—these contretemps a combination of lucky incidents; and if I have lost a mistress, I believe, in a month I shall be able to say that I have found a wife.—Eh!—my dear Mary?

MRS. BLACK.

Ah! Mr. Black.—Marriages, as the proverb says, must surely be made in Heaven—though this one appears very like one got up in Cheltenham;—for it is very sudden, and you set off to-morrow for Scotland!

MISS BLACK.

Where we shall be truly happy to see you—although I fear my husband will always be regretting the truth of the proverb, that had such confirmation yesterday—that "Two Blacks don't make a White."

WILLIAM BLACK, (*aside to* TOM.)

There's another proverb I remember; you must needs overturn the one, since you have confirmed the other,—"One and One can never make Three."

TOM.

I shall show, that in our case that may even be done with-

out the usual matrimonial exchange of a name. For (*to* MISS BLACK,) I so love you that I never wish you to wear another.—And, (*to the Audience.*) I trust you are equally well pleased with Two Blacks, as I am with one,—even although they do not make a White!—(*Exeunt.*)

THE SILENCE OF THE GRAVE.

THERE'S quiet where the dead are laid,
  There's silence where *they* sleep:
No matter where a grave be made,
  There Peace will vigil keep,
And spread o'er that small stride of earth
  A canopy of gloom;
And noiseless is the tramp of mirth
  Above the tomb!

The bay'net-scooped and slender grave,
  Filled ere the battle's o'er;
The corse-gorged, dark and yeasty wave
  That heaves with sullen roar,—
Round these, may rave earth's wildest din,
  Yet Silence droops its head;—
It is enough they hold within
  The voiceless dead!

Yon churchyard, in the noisy street,
  With many a lie paved o'er;
Hath it a quiet, sad—but sweet?
  Oh! no, but it hath more—
A silence horrid as the gap
  Between each fitful sigh
That guilt expires, when in the lap
  Of agony!

Then, where the flowers their odours throw,
  All noiseless in the air,

Where, without voice, the lilies grow
—O, be my last rest there!
For wearied of the world's wild strife
I fain would quiet be;
And Peace were cheaply bought with life
To one like me!

THE GOBLET.

WRITTEN ON A DRINKING CUP MADE OUT OF WOOD, ONCE PART OF THE RAFTERS OF ALLOWAY KIRK.

A RELIC that Time had made precious—aye more,
That Genius had hallowed with flame-written spell,—
Fond friendship away to Art's handmaidens bore,
And said, "Let its fashion its history tell!"

Transformed to a goblet, with silver girt rim,
Too small to hold aught but some essence divine.
"Behold!" as it sparkled with such to the brim,
Said the giver, "the goblet—the emblem are thine."

"May thy pleasures, like it, owe the half of their charm
That with Friendship and Song they are closely allied;
But something intrinsic too cannot do harm,
Like this rim—and the spirit that flows o'er its side!"

THE ANNIVERSARY VISIT.

"Notched in the kalendar of doom."

O ARE ye come!—what now awaits
My lone and weary heart,
That thus I see you at my gates
Ye twain, and well may start?
Remember ye, remember ye
The tidings last ye brought to me?

'Twas on a day as calm as this,—
A Sabbath Sun rose bland,
And hallowed, by its rays of bliss,
A week-toiled, weary land,
Seeming, as it does now, to shine,
As 'twill do where no sad ones pine;

Light, life and beauty were abroad,
And all the joy of calm;
My spirit knelt before its God,
My breath was one glad Psalm.
Till my soul, dragged to earth again
Felt that its passions were its chain!

For, ye revealed what frightened speech,
Far from my palsied tongue,
And uttered sounds—the briefest which
Had Fate upon it hung.
Oh! that one hour of agony,—
To suffer it, and *not* to die!

I've lived—I live to see the day,
The day and *you* return.—
What, come ye as of old, they say,
Around the funeral urn
Friends met,—where kindred ashes slept,
And were—as now I am—be-wept?

Away!—there's but one pang that Fate
Can add to what I've borne,
Since ye came last in two-fold state
As now, to The Forlorn:
'Tis pity—salve for skin-deep sores—
Canker for wounded bosom's cores!—

Or come ye, annual visitants,
Freighted with one vast ill?—
Another as the last!—it wants
No more to quickly kill.
Another! ah! there's but one Hell,—
One woe, such as 'twas yours to tell!

But ye are welcome!—come, behold
The work your words have done;
Look on my frame,—my blood is doled
In droppings, one by one;
These bones are crumbling into dust—
My heart is broken with my trust!—

You I reproach not—far less hate
Such were ungrateful—No!
Ye were but as the tongues of Fate,
Wind that bore to and fro
Its shaft; and even ye tried to still
The swelling waves:—'twas past your skill!

EPISTLE

FROM A LOVER TO HIS MISTRESS, ON HER TREATING HIM WITH FRIVOLITY.

THERE was a sunshine —— on your face
When last we parted, which, if not a grace,
Was yet, as all thou art is, its near kin;—
So near indeed it seemed its sister-twin.—
Yet trust me —— I had rather seen
Thy frowns—and frown thou canst,—than marked thy mien
Touch, as it did, upon the bounding line
'Twixt all I hate—and all I hold divine.
"What!" you exclaim,—perhaps with that chill'd fire,
To love more killing than mere vulgar ire,—
"What! shall my looks in thoughtless, artless mood,
"Or with design so guiltless, that 'tis good,
"Even in the motive, as 'tis in the end,
"Risk a cold lover, or offend a friend?
"If such my fate, nor love nor friendship sought,
"—Alone—if but uncriticised—my lot
"Would happier be, than thus to tacit yield,
"A woman's privilege—a woman's shield,—
"The power to look, without Deceit's foul spot
"The thought she feels not—and the thing she's not!"
Good!—'Tis your sex's privilege, I'll allow—
Would you ask more? to your demand I bow;

But laying all *my* claims against its use
From you to me aside, 'tis its abuse
Alone I'll speak of:—Power's first, best ingredient
Is a small sprinkling, love—of the *expedient*.—
If you deem't prudent to conserve your rule,
By showing how you love to play the fool;
Think there's a grace in triflings gaudiest guise,
Forbid it heaven I e'er should wish you wise!
If you believe that rattling a slave's chains
With scornful mirth, that jests while it disdains,
Full in his face, doth bind the links more close
Around the Thrall then I am at no loss
To see a motive for what else to me
Seemed but a very aimless tyranny.—
—But think again—imperious woman, think,
Ere you rush headlong to the dizzy brink,
Where yawns below the gulf of wild regret;—
Where friends have parted as they ne'er had met;
While one plunged in, without a nobler aim,
But that the other, maddened, might the same.
'Tis vain the thought—if e'er 'twas dreamt of me:—
—Thou canst not, wildly as I worship thee,—
Thou canst not tempt me more to venture where
There's but one leap from rapture to despair;
Where thou would'st with me climb love's loftiest
steep
That thou might'st, if thou willed it, plunge more
deep
Into its opposite!—No! ——— No!—
So far as fond allegiance I will go
—Yea to that furthest love's most outward bound,
Where still one sentinel of Pride is found;—
Yea, far—so far as self-esteem's pale shade

Will haunt the sunshine which thy love has made;
But never, woman! where its vertic ray
Steals, in that shadow,* half myself away.—
But I have done. Enough has now been said
If Love still live in thee—too much of it be dead!

* The impossibility of an extended shadow in tropical climates, is a well known and obvious fact.

THE CIGAR;

BEING

THE INTRODUCTION TO A FRAGMENT,

OF

HENRY PORSON.

A TALE.

" When I drink this tobacco, straitewayes mie fancie becomethe as lighte as the vapoure which I puffe forthe, and mie thoughtes as odorifferous. Songes have beene made on the bowle, whereby men meant the wine cuppe; but the bowle of a pype is the truest Care killer."

NOE PUFFE ON PUFFEING.

" Leaves!"—there be many sorts—the autumn sears
And scatters thousands o'er the yellow plain;
There are too, those, the taking which doth wrench
The heart from what it clings to; and there are
The Sybil leaves of Passion, and of Fate;
Where, writ in tears or blood—that quenches not
The burning thought they tell—love's story's penn'd,
—And these are of them!"—

THE DARKE CONCEITE.

THE CIGAR.

Nothing once united the appearance of fashion, and the possession of actual comfort so much, as the smoking of a cigar. It gave one, when seen with it in his mouth, the appearance of having been beyond the boundaries of his native country; of having even crossed the line, or served, first volunteer, and next capitano in the ranks of some continental Sovereign, or State. Twenty or thirty years ago it might almost have been sworn, that one who smoked the real Havannah, in an evening walk, had returned from the Czar of Muscovy's dominions, or had retired on a pension from the Scotch Company of the Prussian guards, or the Caledonian Legion of his most Christian Majesty.*

It is impossible to catch cold, even in this raw climate, while smoking a cigar. Now, I should like to know what other employment, or amusement either, can be named with the same recommendation.—Does one ride? He is frozen or ducked. Does he walk? He is, however fortified by cork soles, or copper health-preservers, sure to catch damp feet, catarrh's nearest kin', and a gentleman usher to the bedchamber.—Even talking is fraught with

* It is scarcely necessary to remark that this was written before every boy had presumed to puff away his pocket money.

risk; besides, every day talk, we all know, is a thing of smoke and fog, heavy, but unsubstantial; so it is surely better to prevent catching cold by puffing fragrant wreaths of smoke, than to send *out* what is as thin and flighty, and at the same time, draw *in* a dose of hoar frost, or raw fog to the manifest detriment of the surface of the larynx.

In short, ten years ago had a young fashionable asked me what single accomplishment would serve most to communicate to him, that airy nonchalance which travelled gentlemen, members of the continental club, and others, alone possess, I should unhesitatingly have recommended him to consume a box of the real Cuba growth, with or without straw mouth pieces. The thing is now vulgar however since lawyers' apprentices have taken to it. I still get my supplies of these delicious, but like pleasure, a moralist would say, self-consuming tubes notwithstanding from Hardham of Pall Mall. One evening, lately, however, my mahogany box, (with *paper* joints, none else exclude the damp,) was unexpectedly found empty, and I was obliged to procure some from an adjoining Tobacconist. They were pretty tolerable, but had Scotch Straws, which, every body knows, are not so stiff or smooth as those of England,—Somersetshire, I might say, *par eminence*. The servant brought them in, neatly rolled up in a somewhat larger sized piece of paper than tradesmen are accustomed to dole out to their customers, in the shape of wrappers and coverings. It was after dinner, but I love of all things, to have a solitary or social smoke, I care not which, in the twilight hour, or as they picturesquely call it in Scotland "The Gloamin;" so the candles were not yet lighted. I stooped down to set fire to a piece of the paper in which the packet had been wrapped, when, by the reflection of the flame from the bars of the grate, I discovered that it was closely written over in a small neat Italian

hand. This attracted my attention, and I paused before I committed it to the tender mercies of live sea coal. I had sometimes seen fragments of Bankrupts' or deceased tradesmen's account books employed for similar purposes with the present slip; but never had I observed before a handwriting so peculiar, and even elegant, on any of these torn leaves of Debtor and Creditor formality. I felt so much interested in the explanation of this somewhat uncommon circumstance, that I gave my curiosity precedence of my custom, and, before I took a single whiff from my tube, nay, before I had even lighted it, I ordered candles into my room. The untouched cigar was laid on the table beside my spectacle case; and the contents of the latter were placed in their most fitting situation, when I began to stretch out the rumpled creases of the larger piece of paper. This being done I joined it to the fragment that had been separated from it as a succedaneum for a taper. When this was achieved, a work of some nicety and tediousness, I eagerly set myself to decipher the whole contents of what I now found to be a leaf of a very large sized MS.—It appeared to have belonged to a work of considerable extent, for the numbers expressed upon the corner of the two pages were respectively 106 and 107.—What the nature or purpose of the volume had been, I could not, from the perusal of this very small portion of it, and some more leaves which I sent to secure from the Tobacconist, easily make out.—However it ran as follows, and was headed—

HENRY PORSON,

A TALE.

* * * * * * * * *

" The only resource I had, to ease the perpetual feverish throbbing of my blighted heart, was to plunge with, if possible, deeper eagerness, into the study of the most revolting and mysterious branches of the science more intimately connected with that which necessity had now determined me upon making my profession.—I was unknown and unfriended in G———, to the University of which I had resorted, from motives of necessary economy, in preference to other schools of greater reputation though not perhaps of superior excellence—hence pleasurable society was denied to me; and, although I had possessed the means of frequenting public places of amusement, there were none sufficiently attractive to a cultivated mind encouraged in that vast, and, in its taste and manners, truly suburban city, as would at all have tempted me.—A profound knowledge of anatomy, I felt convinced, was the true foundation, on which to rear a superstructure of eminence, in the profession of Medicine and Surgery. This study, then, I pursued, with an ardour and enthusiasm nearly akin to madness. Ambition was ever a ruling passion in my bosom, only second in its sway over me to that of love. I was determined to excel in whatever I attempted, and I felt my constant devotion to

study, to a certain extent, supersede the bitter remembrances which, in every unemployed moment, I felt crowding, with overwhelming force, upon my soul.—Shall I confess it too?—in the misanthropy of my blasted hopes and expectations, I loathed the living man, and looked with bitter scorn on the mental powers of which he so proudly boasts the possession, yet so miserably perverts the use, to the purposes of deceit, oppression and selfishness.—The hand of Omnipotence, however crooked and distorted man may contrive to shape his own heart and dispositions, has given mechanical perfection to his corporeal frame. There every thing is perfect: symmetry, and arrangement the most consummate, are every where seen displayed; nought is incomplete, nought is wanting, nothing is superfluous. The complications, and most minute portions of this wonderful machine, in my unruffled moments, it was my delight to study, with a deep and holy sense of reverence and wonder; but there were hours, and nights, yes, times, in the deathlike silence of the midnight noon, when all around me were buried in slumber, during which, with a fiendish delight, that on recollection I shudder at with unspeakable horror, I would gloat over the mangled limbs of some noble, lovely or manly form.—The inanimate remains of strength and beauty, were often prostrate before me, and as my dissecting knife sunk into the firm or the already corrupting flesh, I felt a horrid thrill of triumph in the thought, that, however loveliness in woman's shape had scorned, deserted and betrayed me, or subtlety and strength triumphed over me, or mere outward form mocked me in its triumphant rivalry, "To this complexion it should come at last."

One night—it was in December,—the storm had increased to a hurricane, and the wind howled drearily through the deserted streets of the large and crowded

city, when two fellow students and myself sallied forth from our nocturnal studies, with the design of proceeding to a room, where a few of us met, for prosecuting private dissections, and where was a subject, which the resurrectionman, in our employment, had previously informed us he had procured from one who supplied him with corpses from Ireland. The hours of midnight were the only ones which we could devote to these unhallowed pursuits, when the surrounding neighbourhood was hushed to rest; for the repugnance of the lower ranks to anatomical investigation, as it is generally conducted, is greater in Scotland than, perhaps, in any other part of the world.—They look with a holy horror on the violator of Sepulchres, and regard him who disturbs the repose of one in his narrow bed, (however humble may have been his station,) in nearly the same light as they would a murderer. I was never superstitious, but I have often, when, in the silent hours of midnight, I was engaged in examining the organic structure of some inanimate form stretched before me, felt, as the wintry winds sighed mournfully among the alleys and chimney tops, a sensation of fear, deep and painful, but not cowardly.—I never shrunk, although I often trembled; thus proving, what I have long believed, that there is a courage in connection with fear; and that they are cowards, in comparison, who have never known terror, to those who have—but have also conquered and surmounted it.—The wretch whom we were forced to employ as our procurer, was too much stupified, by his evening potations, to have prepared the room, for our reception, where we were accustomed to meet.—It was cheerless, cold and gloomy.—The Subject was not, as was customary, ready laid out for our inspection; and no candles could be procured. The lanthorn of Grimsby, such was our drunken porter's name, was our only

guide through the palpable obscure of our garret, the darkness of which, it faintly, and fearfully illuminated. My fellow students, in these circumstances, declined entering upon their investigation for that night; but I was forced to persevere, from being engaged in the composition of an essay on the diseases of the heart, (alas! how well calculated was I, from experience, to dilate on a certain class of these diseases, which are beyond the physician's art or inquiries!) The time allowed for the finishing of my paper required, that not a moment's delay should take place in prosecuting some of the researches, upon which its conclusions were to be founded. I therefore determined upon remaining, though alone, and ill accommodated; and when the others had departed, after trimming, as well as I could, the miserable glimmering lamp in Grimsby's lanthorn, he lying asleep in the lobby leading to the apartment, I untied the sack, which lay in a corner, and there found the corpse of a female, of more than ordinary stature. It was closely wrapped up in the habiliments of the grave; and, after the fashion of foreign countries, had a wreath of artificial flowers twined around the brow. This struck me as remarkable, for it had been brought over from Ireland by Grimsby, who arrived in G——— on the morning of that very day. As I lifted it up the hand was uncovered.—It was a model of form, and seemed as if it had been framed of alabaster by Chantrey's matchless chisel.—It was thin, but not emaciated—and though slender, yet *uniformly* small.—It told of the youth and beauty of her, who had once ruled its motion. Never had I seen the hand of any but *one*, that could at all equal it in graceful beauty.—"That one," said I to myself, "made the bounties of her charity, like blessings from the Deity, by the very manner in which her lovely hand dispensed them. Often, when it has ac-

cidentally touched me, has it thrilled my frame with exquisite sensations. That hand—it has been pressed in mine, but it shall be so no more;—it has been sealed with the warm kisses of a love that *must* wax cold.—That hand—but ere this it is, I fear,—I almost frantically hope—another's—and for ever!"

After I had finished this monologue, still too deeply absorbed in the memories to which these words gave rise, and the thoughts they expressed, to attend to what I was engaged in—I unconsciously proceeded to uncover the face of the corpse, which I had stretched on the table before me.—This done, I paused, whilst my hand rested upon the cold features of the female form, and internally revolved in my memory the wild and agonizing, yet still cherished reflections, which the train of thought I had fallen into, had revived, in all the freshness of recency. I pictured out to myself, in vivid colours, my home—my native home—my boyish haunts, and her, who was the sun of these, that threw radiance and beauty round them. —I lived again on that balmy eve in June, when on the banks of the softly flowing ———, I knelt, and vowed, and told my passion to Louisa, and hung with rapturous and impatient ardour on the half stifled words that escaped her lips, which told, more eloquently than if they had been pronounced with studied grace, that I had won her heart in losing my own. All the anguish of hope deferred —all the agony of disappointment were now forgotten. To me it was, at this moment, as if slander had never spit its venom on my fame; as if fortune had never deserted me; as if Louisa still lived, and lived for me, in mine own green isle of the ocean; as if she had never been forced—but half reluctantly, alas!—deceived and doubting—away to her native Switzerland, to be the wife of Fabier.—She stood and smiled before me—smiled as she

was wont to do, while her auburn tresses hung o'er her swanlike neck, and marble bosom, in all the yellow lustre of a saintly halo.—She smiled again upon me—approvingly, and with more of mirth than was her custom, light-hearted though she was.—I stretched out my arms to clasp her to my panting bosom, into which she seemed ready to drop.—My hand was removed from the face of the corpse, but my eye unconsciously wandered towards it.—The dream was broken; the vision had passed away! —Wild—senseless—breathless, horror seized upon me—Oh God! who chastenest thy sinful children, what did I ever do to deserve aught—aught like that!—Edward! —it was Louisa that lay dead before me!—The form I had essayed to clasp, was lifeless clay,—the smile that cheered me in vision, was changed to the silent composure of real death!

I again looked, doubtingly—and hopingly:—a moment's glance convinced me of the dreadful reality.—Too—too deeply were these features (lovely,—how lovely even in death!) engraven on my memory,—too much were they separated from every recollection and association, save their own, to admit of a moment's mistake.—I was speechless with wonder—every nerve vibrated—every limb of my body trembled in convulsive agitation. The big drops of moisture which exuded, from every pore of my frame, as if I had been crushed to pieces, poured down my breast and brow in cold and clammy streams. I felt within as if my mental parts became material and were dragged from my bosom, while my heart-strings were strained and cracked, by legions of fiends, to whom my imagination assigned no shape, but left in airy and awful indefiniteness. The hoarse growl of Grimsby's disturbed slumbers, and the wild sepulchral moan of the wind, and rattling of the rain, as if on grave stones, gave a voice to

the silent horrors of the scene.—Nature sunk beneath the struggle, and I fainted away.

What time elapsed, while I was in this state, I never knew. On recovering sensibility, I doubted the reality of what had taken place, and fancied it, as I lay on the floor, to have been some frightful dream. The glimmering and expiring lamp, and the hard boards on which I lay, however, told me where I was.—I started up with frenzied haste to resolve my doubts. Louisa still lay before me in sweet and unruffled—beautiful repose. I *now* believed 'twas she, as I printed warm—feverish kisses on her clay cold lips, which yet showed no symptoms of decay:—the worm, less remorseless than death, his provider, had refrained, as yet, from banqueting on such beauty! Horror had now given place to grief, and the comparative tranquillity of the latter emotion, suggested and permitted the asking of myself, how this catastrophe had happened—how—where—and (smile not at the thought) —*why* had Louisa died! It must have been in peace;—no agonies had left their wrinkles on her brow, and fixed features; no loathsome or violent disease had impaired their beauty. Again, and again I questioned myself where had she died, whom I believed that moment in France. —How here?—by what mysterious chain of circumstances has this taken place? Increasing,—aggravated,—despairing agony, was the only response to which these questions gave birth.—My agitation every moment increased; my brain throbbed, and my breast heaved with intolerable pain. —Oh! how I longed that they would burst, and make me happy, as the quiet corse before me—because, like it, insensible! I threw myself on the body of Louisa—She was *mine*, though but in death; and while I pillowed my head upon her cold, cold bosom, I groaned defiance at the fate which had dared to separate us.—The garments of

the grave were turned aside from her breast, by my convulsive agitation, and thus revealed, tied closely to her left side—to her heart, her once warm beating heart—a picture. I knew it well—it had been mine—it was the likeness of myself! What volumes of unspeakable meaning this discovery laid open to me! What thoughts then flashed upon my soul!—Louisa, in her latest hour, had loved me.—In the pangs of death, the pictured image of one, who doated on her, had cheered—had soothed—had consoled her!—The current of her affections had returned to their early channel.—The mist of doubt and of slander had passed from before her gaze—I tasted—I quaffed at that moment the *joy of despair!* My hoarded love gushed out, from the heart's core, with overwhelming and resistless force.—It carried reason and recollection before it, and I clasped Louisa's senseless form to my palpitating bosom, wildly exclaiming "Mine,—now for ever mine, Louisa!"

* * * * * * * * *

A blank occupies the space which should record the two succeeding years of my life—a fearful void occurs in that, as well as in my memory.

* * * * * * * * *

I have since learned that, on the return of day, I was discovered sitting, in vacant wildness of mien, upon the floor of the apartment, clasping Louisa's body to my heart and supporting her stiffened frame. It was found nearly impossible to separate us.—My grasp was convulsive, and the only words I uttered were "Mine—now for ever mine, Louisa!" The portrait, bound with devoted love near her heart, told in part our story to those who took

an interest in my fate. The likeness had been correct and striking.—We—yes *we*, (how I yet wildly doat on the plurality of that word, and the conjunction which it speaks of, that in spite of death took place betwixt Louisa and him who had vowed never to be another's) *we* were sent to my friends in Ireland, and it required the force of many men to tear me away from her coffin on our arrival there, and after the process of corruption, which had so long, more tender than her parents, delayed in pity its destructive march, would pause no longer.

I was placed in a receptacle for lunatics, where, I am told my rage and despair were frightfully ungovernable when I found that I was *alone*. A straw bundle became my companion, and the repository of the rivers of tears which I would often shed. They were frequently tears of joy, as I strained the yielding but inanimate heap, which I pictured to myself as Louisa, to my bosom, incessantly exclaiming, "Mine, now for ever mine!"—I was restored to reason by overhearing a relative repeat in my presence the soothing story of Louisa's death and love. She had detected the treachery of Fabier; had probed his calumnies to the bottom, and had endeavoured to show him, to her credulous parents, in his true and native colours. They doubted—disbelieved her assertions, and forced on the preparation for her nuptials with him. She gently smiled at their determined haste. She knew that before even the period they accelerated she would be the bride of death—a sponse less fearful to her than was Fabier.—Her physicians soon found it needful for the recovery of her health, to prescribe her return to the moist climate of Ireland, where she had been reared in her infancy. She expressed her happiness on learning the purpose of her parents of proceeding thither, rejoicing that she would sleep in the Green Isle, the birth-place of

her Henry, and of her love. She never hoped to see him; for it had been cruelly told her, that he was obliged to fly from the vengeance of his country's laws,—yet she now doubted not his perfect innocence.

Scarcely had her parents arrived at their old residence, when the spirit of hope and expectation, that had cheered and strengthened her on her journey, withdrew its pleasing support.—She had arrived at her destination—at the scene of the nativity of her love—the home of her heart, —and she was contented.

Her last request was, to be suffered to keep my picture near her eye in the hour of death, and to have it, as her companion, next her heart, during her slumber in her grave, which she wished should be on the very spot, where first I revealed my passion. Her wishes were granted, and, spite of the sacrilegious hands that disinterred her, she there rests again—and for ever, while the earth treasures in its bosom its weary children. There is room made in her sepulchre for me.—I ordered it so.—Oh! when shall Heaven permit me to become its tenant!"

"I DID NOT WEEP."

"For Pride did scorch,
And wither up the fountain of his tears:
There be no streams on Etna's blazing breast!"

I DID not weep when I was told
Thy bridal day was near;
But ah! the words dropped icy cold
Upon my anguished ear.
Like "dust to dust" upon a bier,
The sounds sepulchral fell,
And my faint heart shrunk back in fear
At this its hopes' sad knell.

I met thee—on my marble brow
There wrinkled no fierce ire;
I touched thee—thou wast changed, and now
The thrill had nought of fire!
I smiled—my pride did that demand;
And thou hadst taught how well
Deep thoughts may wear a guise all bland,
Yea smiled a cold Farewell!

THE FIRST OF OCTOBER.

> " Life's journey's but a circuit, ever turning
> Within its bounded circumscription;—thus
> The goal is now the starting place,—that point
> The winning post anon; and for the milestones,
> Why, every Anniversary is one!"
>
> THE GREEN GOSSIP.

AGAIN thou comest, with stealthy tread,
Thou unforgotten day,
That roused me from my boyish bed,
While yet thy brow was gray,
To don the weeds of weary toil,
And wear a bondsman's name!
—Then fled the light and laughing smile
That never backward came
And bent to earth,—it *could* not break,—
The Spirit fettered to the stake.
Of many a bitter day the first,
Yet will I hold thee not accurst:—

Tho' that thou chained me to the oar,
With but an urchin's arm,
Since I have struggled to the shore,
Men think with little harm.—
They wot not of the vigils kept;
They know not of the rust,
That round my soul hath, stealthy, crept,
And now its shine encrust!
They see but the toil-hardened palm,
That tugged me thro' the strife and calm;

—The hand is shrunk—it cannot clasp
The laurel—if 'twere in its grasp!—
They cannot mete the passion-tears
Rained in the stream of Fifteen Years!

—But, if that day you rudely tore
The climbing hopes, till then,
That nestled in my bosom's core;—
But ne'er were mine again;
(Not for ignoble wealth nor ease,
Not for the joys of sense,
Bear witness, Heaven! No! not for these,
But with a thirst intense
For the pure streams of classic truth
For food for my soul's famished Youth!)
—Thou led'st me sternly on the way,
Where, since, I've won for every day
Its morsel, with the toil that wears
Deep furrows, even in Fifteen Years!

Since then, my second natal day,
The first in aught but date,—
For mere existence often may
Be but the slave of Fate;
The stuff of Time-wove destiny
Be second to th' imparted hue,—
Few flowers have bloomed beside my way—
My gleams of sunshine been more few;
Nor was one day of leisure given
Save that the gift, the debt of Heaven:
Perhaps 'tis well *these* all have withered
Round *those* storm clouds have wildly gathered;
—Yet mine have been hours worth some tears—
Hours such as this—in Fifteen Years!

When I have hied me from the din
Of Traffic's tread, and shunn'd the joy,
—Such it was called—of what were sin
Since costly to the outcast boy;
And sought in song that truth to find,—
The harmony that girds the spheres—
I could not meet among mankind;
And half forgot th' oppressor's sneers.
And when I felt my climbing strength
Bear me above the hoofs at length
That trampled on my earliest germs
Of hope or promise, Life *had* charms.—
It may have triumphs too:—that cheers
The vista of next Fifteen Years!

THE FOCUS.

No. III.

I. COOKERY.

We have the highest poetical authority, (even if our own observation did not convince us of the truth of the remark,) for believing that cant prevails to an enormous extent at the present day. There are few modes of canting more disgusting than the cant of abstemiousness, and the outcry against good eating, and attention to Cookery; as if food were not made to be eaten, and reason did not tell us that it is wisdom to possess every thing in its best condition.

In fact nothing more distinguishes Man from other animals than his propensity to have the sustenance dressed which Nature requires for its support, so that all its nutritious qualities may be brought forth, and nothing of its strength or usefulness wasted.—Man is essentially a cooking animal.—His progress in civilization may be estimated by his increasing attention to the preparation of his

food: Savages devour their meat raw; would those who rail against the good things of the table wish to carry us back to that point of taste? If they induce us to approximate at all to it, assuredly we shall likewise retrograde in every thing which distinguishes us from the native of Van Dieman's land, or the inhabitants of Terra del Fuego.—A taste for the delicacies of *l' Art de Cuisine* is the herald and the moving principle of improvement.—What artificial, which are often, by the bye, the most natural, because the most rational wants, does it create! Political Economists have proved that demand gives birth to supply; without it, invention would have no stimulus, and ingenuity no reward. Science would sleep. Would the Smoke-jack or Lazenby's sauce have ever blessed the world but for the delicate taste, attention to the pleasures of the palate causes?

But, seriously, it is surely solemn prosing to impugn attention to what we cannot do without, and must three or four times a day practise.—Good eating ought never to be confounded with gluttony, and a clean and well-dressed meal is not the smallest of sublunary comforts.

II. MUSIC AS AN ART.

Some writers who have aimed at being distinguished, at least by singularity, if not by talent, have broached the notion that, as the fine arts of old were allegorically spoken of as sisters, each of them is not only intimately connected with, but the features of each find corresponding traits in all the others.—Thus, one writer, a German I believe, will have it that each instrument used to produce musical sounds has a colour corresponding: he instances the Trombone as being analogous to deep red; and so on, by a fanciful, but curious comparison, he satisfies himself that colour and the instruments of sound have

so many features in common that one of either can be named as the equivalent of the other.

Though not inclined to assent to all the opinions of this ingenious speculatist, I am clearly of opinion that there is an intimate connexion between Music and Painting; that is, that many of the qualities and developements of mental organization, which go to form a skilful Composer would not be out of place, but on the contrary be conducive to eminence, in Painting; and that first rate productions in both departments often produce effects, similar in nature, and even in degree, upon a sensitive mind and imagination.—Who has ever heard the hailstone chorus of Handel, or seen the last judgment of Michael Angelo, without recoiling back upon himself with pleasing dread and wonder? Can the Hallelujah chorus of the same great man be listened to, or the Transfiguration of Raphael be gazed upon, without the soul being at once elevated and vivified with sublime devotional fervour and admiration? The delicious airs of the Zaüberflöte of Mozart melt every feeling down into luxurious softness, as much as do the Venuses of Titian, or the Bachantes of Gasper Poussin.—The airs of the Don Giovanni of Mozart, and the Garden Fêtes, beneath a smiling moon, of Watteau, breathe alike of the enchantments of Love, of Enjoyment, and Romance! Painting and Sculpture speak a language as universal as that of signs, and as easily understood by all, as the living displays of animation or passion: —so does Music. These never require translation or transfusion.—They address themselves to universally prevailing feelings, and they are understood and relished by the antipodes of the men of the clime in which they were produced.—Space mars not their merit; distance dims not their lustre; nor does travel alter their appearance, or diminish their power. Music is the elder born, but is not gene-

rally allowed to rank with her sister in precedency—and why? Is not as great an effort of imagination brought into play in the conception, and as nice tact of art in the execution, of an oratorio, as of a Scripture painting?—Of an opera, with its completeness as a whole, and its variety in parts, as of a landscape or a mythological scene? To compose an air is surely to do as much for the pleasure and improvement of mankind, as to paint a portrait;—to marry immortal verse to imperishable strains, as to illustrate the Poet by the pallet and the pencil. Music too has more of immortality in its constitution.—It never gets mouldy, like the last supper of Leonarda da Vinci; is never burned like the Cartoons of Michael Angelo, nor plundered like the Transfiguration.—It is not pent up for amateurs and professionalists only in the galleries of the rich; but is treasured in the hearts and memories of thousands of every country, to which its ubiquity has extended. They are twin sisters, and their favourites ought to rank equal in the scale of illustrious remembrance. The genius of Haydn is said to have been similar to that of Tintoretto; of Pergolesi to that of Raphael; that of Mozart to that of Domemchino, and Handel's to Michael Angelo's:—at least these were, to Music, what those mighty spirits were to the sister art of Painting.

III. PROXIMATE CAUSES.

The tracing of Historical events to their proximate causes is an amusing employment, but not so instructive as is commonly imagined,—because in some degree delusive; flattering with the appearance of communicating curious and useful information, while it often misleads and guides into error.

It certainly is worth while knowing that the French war of 1688, was caused, as "proximate" hunters assert,

by one of the windows of the great Trianon Palace, then newly built, being disproportionably small. But it is not worth knowing this—and stopping here; supposing that we have the real proximate cause of that event before us; and forgetting that this "proximate" had a thousand proximates, which went to the production of it, while these again were descended from "proximate causes" as numerous.

It would be instructive, and it is possible, to go through some of the links of the chain. A few of these may be enumerated as a sample of the endless diversity that might be stated, and as a means of enabling one to form a notion, however slight and inadequate, of the thousand heads or fountains from which these had their source:—

1st. The state of vassalage in which the mind and will of the King was held by his minister, whose petulant contradiction of his Sovereign roused that anger, which the war was waged for the purpose of allaying, or for diverting his attention from home affairs.

2d. The cause, from Education or Constitution of the obstinacy of temper, in which the Minister of Louis indulged.

3d. The reason for the slavish terror of the Architect, whose judgment sided with the King; but who durst not contradict the King's servant.

4th. The "proximate" causes of the absolute power which that Minister, and French Ministers in general, possessed in their own Country, and in the Cabinets of Continental Europe, &c.

5th. —— But it is needless to enumerate more.—Enough has been adduced to show the utter impossibility of tracing any great historical event to one sole originating "proximate" cause; since every proximate has its proxi-

mate, and so backward to the unity of all causes antecedent to the birth of Time!

IV. SINGLES OF VIRTUE.

I think it was a French writer, (at least the remark partakes of the smartness, point and superficiality of the maximists of that nation,) who said that "Rudeness of manner was not a *single* vice."—There are, as a masculine intellect and habit of observation would have told the French "*philosophe*," no such things as single vices.—Vice in its very nature is compound. With virtue it is different.—A virtuous action may be the child of but one virtuous feeling, or impulse; but a vicious one, I am inclined to think, must arise from a combination of causes. Take the very slight instance of the Frenchman's apophthegm, Rudeness, and analyze it.—It may spring from a cross temper, or a habit of indulging our propensities; from envy and the desire of gratifying that passion at the expense of another; or from wit, and the desire of showing it, and also with it, our own superiority.—Deliberate Rudeness, and it is only to those vices which arise out of some degree of deliberation that I allude, might, and often does spring from one or other of these combinations;—never from them singly or separate. But the virtuous display of feeling in an act of Charity, for example, may often result from nothing more than pure and unadulterated pity, or the simple obedience to the commands of Him who tells us that we are "Stewards for the poor."

V. ROOT OF REVOLUTIONS.

Financial difficulties in a Government are those which have more than any others, nay more than any other thing, contributed to the progress of liberty and the liberalizing

of States, Kings, Constitutions and Customs. They throw men out of the sphere of the latter by placing their country in a novel situation. They stir the mind by touching the pocket; sharpen the perceptions by untying the purse-strings; kindle patriotism by cooling consequence; and level privilege by elevating industry. The mechanism of power will not work long unsmoothed by the oil of plenty; nor the canal of corruption keep up the communications of tyranny, when the revenue of a country only moisten the channels it should flow through.

VI. PRIDE AND HUMILITY.

Old Ironside, the Guardian, has already admirably painted the degrees of civility, shown by a rich man of etiquette to persons of his acquaintance according to their title and rank, from "My Lord, your devoted servant!" to "Ha, Frank, how are you?" Pride now-a-days displays itself in the same, or perhaps a more offensive manner, than etiquette did in similar circumstances in the time of Queen Anne.

Jack Wilson was a schoolfellow of mine, and we were often engaged in boyish pranks together. I was once beaten for him, rather than tell that he was, and I was not the aggressor; and "Playdays," usually spent together, in Summer, in Birdnesting, and in Winter in reading whatever we could lay our hands on, provided it was nothing "in shape or pressure," at all resembling what we were forced to study during the rest of the week. Well, Jack, being older than me, first left the school, and by good luck or good interest, got a junior Clerk's place in a Merchant's Counting house. He ceased then to invite me *often* to his father's house: in a few months, he ceased to invite me at all. Six months after he left school he gave up taking my arm. In less than a twelvemonth

he shook hands through all the varieties of hearty—joking—kind—damp—cold—and frosty; and by the expiry of that period fairly relinquished shaking mine at all.—His salary rose, and he got a long coat.—He then began to Sir me when we met. When the bunch of seals and white neckcloth were added, he passed with a "How d'ye do," which, as months wore on got to a nod, and came to a jerk, sideways, as if pride stiffened the neck, and memory pulled it awry in spite of him. His eyesight and Memory, though he is but twenty-two, have now, both deserted him.—(Copying letters, and folding samples, I am given to know, is bad for both.) He does not choose to know me,—I scorn to remember him.—Thus Pride and Humility combine to produce the same results in both of us.

STANZAS TO ——

Who that hath gazed upon a form like thine,
Where beauty dwelleth as a part of thee;
And all the mild and witching graces shine,
Could e'er forget it? Ah! to me—to me
Thou art a fountain of dear memory;
A guiding Spirit;—radiant, like a Star,
High beaming o'er me, thro' life's stormy Sea;
A thing to worship, lowly—from afar,—
And hope and wish for ay, however fate debar!—

Thy raven tresses round my heart have twined,
And have become as chords for rapture's thrill;
A chain, deep and devoted love to bind
For ever with thy name! *That* must be still
A talismanic charm to sway my will;
A magic word to make me muse on all
Of worth—of beauty, which the soul can fill
With raptured dreaming:—let the worst befall!—
While Memory is mine,—Fate cannot take, *my all!*

THE ENTHUSIAST'S WISH.

A FRAGMENT, IN THE OLDEN STYLE.

Oh! for a solitude, where ne'er may come,
The din of man when roused by Passion's sting;
Whose loudest sound were but the streamlet's hum,
The stock-dove's plaint, or wild bee on the wing;
Where even at noontide broad branched oaks yfling
A shade around, the light of garish day,
Softening to calmest beauty; where a Spring
Withouten chilness,—Summer sans decay,
Alternated their charms,—and carke bode far away!

Oh! that in this calm wilderness of bliss,
A heart—a fleshly heart, with hopes and fears,
Loves, but nee hates; that fluttered at a kiss,
Though from the lips of one ytried for years;
And having knit to't, by a band that wears
Not to decay, a bright ethereal mind;
Full of high thoughts,—(not such that softness sears
To stoic firmness,—) and all these enshrined,
Within a form so fair—it dreamings left behind!

Not such a form as fits an empire's Queen,
That wins less love than it inspireth awe;
Nee yet a soulless—unimpassioned mien,
But one whose suppliance were more strong than law!
Talk I of Beauty that I ever saw?

Yea—and but saw: She left this earth to dwell
With gentle spirits—pure to pure will draw:—
Yet flow ye tears—thou heaving bosom swell—
The worm is on the brow—cheek—lip of Isabelle!

THE LAMBS.

VERSES WRITTEN ON SEEING A LAMB FEEDING UPON THE TURF OVER AN INFANT'S GRAVE.

> "In beauty's arching neck who shall decide
> Where ends the rounding of the chiselled chin;
> Where 'gins the alabaster throat's proud curve,
> Where heaves the first swell of the bosom's hills?"
>
> Rizzio.

I stood upon the silent shore,
And near a little infant's grave;
There was no sound of ocean's roar,
No curl upon the wave.

It was, in sooth, a placid scene,
Where wisdom's silent language told,
To hearts, where troubled thoughts had been,
Its solemn lessons old.

A little lamb did crop the sod;
A lamb slept calm beneath the mound,
Penned early in the fold of God;
And flowers sprang from the hallowed ground.

'Tis thus, said I, the gentle few,
Are linked together by some ties;
We cannot see, part of the clew,
That binds earth's dweller's to the skies!

THE OATH WAS HEARD IN HEAVEN.

The oath was heard in heaven, my lassie,
The oath was heard in heaven;
The balmy wun,' and beamy sun,
Bore baith our vows to heaven!

They're registered aye there, my lassie,
They're registered in heaven;
A broken oath, a slighted troth,
May never be forgiven.

Think on that plighted faith, then, lassie,
By thee sae freely given:
Sic bands shou'd only break wi' death,
Nor e'er in life be riven.

Come to my waitin' arms, then, lassie,
Come to my langin' arms:
They'll be thy bield frae storm and strife,
While life my bosom warms!

A NEW PROJECT.

COMMUNICATED BY AN IRISH CONTRIBUTOR TO THE REPERTORY OF ARTS.

"Eurika! Eurika!"

ARCHIMEDES.

"Then shall the earth, its primal crimes forgot,
Seem 'mid Creation's spheres the loveliest spot;
Then shall hot Summer, and the Winter's gloom
Forget their rigours in perpetual bloom;
All Sorrows,—Sins, and Tyrants cease to be,
—And Authors get thick slices to their Tea."

THE TELESCOPIAD.

A NEW PROJECT.

Some, who wish to be thought wise in their generation, sneer at Projectors. The thing is easily done, and, occasionally, if well set off, it passes as a sort of bastard wit with those who laugh more than they think; or do nothing at all more than either;—and they are not the most inconsiderable portion or limb of that great nondescript hybrid monster yeleped "The Public."

There are silly projectors of impracticable projects—who doubts it?—but, because there are so, are we to throw cold water upon every thing that bears the titillating title? It would be about as wise to laugh at Religion, because there are hypocrites, or Literature, because blue hose are worn by some ladies who are fond of talking.

In brief, I am, and glory in being a Projector; and, therefore, it is little to be wondered at, that I take up the cudgels against the prevalent propensity to be-devil, that most useful class of the Commonwealth. Useful I say, for pray what worth remembering, or that we take credit for having, was, ever executed without being first "projected?"

We are all able enough to say "Why that is ingenious; or that is cleverly done," after we see any thing finished; but we—no not *we*—the public then, have no tolerance for that very thing while it is yet in embryo.—Plan is Project, and Project is Plan, whether Synonimists say so or not.—Is the Architect of St. Paul's to be sneered at because he only planned it, and the Stone-cutters and sons of the hod, who were employed upon it immortalized, because, forsooth, they executed it!

But enough on this, for any reasoning animal; and as for laughing ones, why they may become corpulent on their facetiousness, for aught I care.

I have a plan which—but before I develope it, let me free myself from the suspicion of being one of the fraternity who beget an incubus in the emptiness of their brain, which they misname a "Project," and then, without suffering much from the pains of parturition, usher, with breathless impetuosity, their bantling, baptized before birth, into the world; generally clothed in Demy printing paper, covered with a garment of brown or blue, and known by the generic name of "Pamphlet." I have no scheme for abolishing Poor Rates, digested after a Parish dinner, and published before breakfast; no method of liquidating the national debt, which struck me in paying my washerwoman; no way for destroying an army, suggested while combing my head, or plan of clearing forests, discovered while I shortened my whiskers. I have thought on *my* project by day, and dreamed of it by night, for the last twenty years.—It is matured—it is perfect—it is—but gentle Reader you'll wish to know, no doubt, WHAT it is?

Well then—it is,—but had I not better say, in the first place, what it is *not;*—then lay down some preliminary axioms, and make some introductory observations, for I love conciseness dearly?

It is not a plan for lighting Ben Lomond and Snowdon with Gas; nor for milking Cows by Steam; nor for repeating prayers in Cathedrals by a horological connexion with the Steeple; nor for saving the wear and tear of bullion by coining causeway stones into a circulating medium.—So much for negation.—Now for the preliminaries. Political Economists, I believe, are at one with all mankind, in the admission, that Poverty is an evil. It is almost the only thing upon which they are agreed among themselves, or coincide in opinion with the world in general. Its truth must therefore be admitted, when mankind are unanimous in believing it. To this axiom a corollary is usually appended, which is equally undeniable in my estimation.—It is that the evils of Penury are felt keenly in proportion to the mental cultivation of the individual sufferer. Men of genius who are not authors, and authors who are men of genius, (*I* have appeared in print before,) are then most to be pitied if they be poor;—and is it not become a very proverb, that that class of Society is generally ranked with the Son of Uz, and the mice of our churches in the descending scale of possession?—This ought not to be;—and my plan will prevent it from being;—which brings me to the statement of it.

By a maxim of our law, all the goods, and chattels, and monies of those who die without heirs, become the property of the King.—Now I am democrat enough to wish these to form the civil list of the Republic of Letters! The King, God bless him! will, I dare say, be among the first to patronise the plan—and I would suggest that Mr. Martin of Galway, or failing him Colonel Wilson of York, or Sir C. Wetherell, now that Sir Frederick Flood is not in the House, should introduce the Bill for the purpose.—Its title might be "An Act for the better enabling authors to live a floor lower, have whole stock-

ings and a joint and pudding on Sundays."—It is needless to object to the plan because there is no scarcity of claimants to intestate property, for I am fully persuaded that hundreds would die without heirs every year for the express purpose of benefitting the fund.

Its division among the objects of its bounty will not be so easily adjusted; but I will have no objections to being appointed president of the board to be named for the purpose.—The hint is worth that surely, though it should bring me a thousand a year. In that case O'Gorman Mahon has already suggested, that it would lighten my duty considerably, if people dying intestate, were to mention in their wills what authors they would wish to be their heirs.

This I have, in, perhaps, fewer words, and clearer language, than ever before clothed a project, developed my original scheme.—If it be adopted, among the collateral consequences that must ensue, will be the abolition of war, the emancipation of the Jews, and the hastening of the millennium; while he who writes epics shall no longer long in vain for a rasher of bacon, nor the heroic tragedian shrink with fear from the sight of his Taylor's bill.—The Muses will come clothed in the guise of Roast Beef; and Castaly will run over with Whitbread's entire and Whisky punch. Eating and Writing will cease to be the antipodes of each other; and a new sonnet and clean shirt will go hand in hand. Put authors in good humour, and you will put the whole world in a similar key. Men will be no more driven to despair by Odes to Madness, nor soil extra handkerchiefs in the perusal of Elegies on buried Hopes; but when they eat a beef steak, we shall have Spenserian Stanzas in its praise, served up with it; and every buttered roll will be accompanied with Distichs in praise of its powers as a Stomachic. In short, this scheme

is at once so simple and so powerful, that its discovery must immortalize—but I dislike any thing like anticipation, or egotism!—Suffice it to say, happy ages, yet in the womb of time will never think of Newton but they will remember

SAM. O'SANGUINE.

SONGS.

SONGS.

THE MILLER'S DAUGHTER.

Beneath the hill where Mary stood,
And saw her banner prostrate laid;
Beside the brook, then red with blood,
That dyed the bosom and the plaid
Within which Loyalty and Love,
Twin passions, pure and proud were swelling;
Now waves the pine and birch tree grove;
And smiles sweet Jessy's sheltered dwelling.

If not so fatal fair as she
—Though Cart hath mirrored few more fair—
Beams not in Jessy's eye young glee,
Unlit by Art—undimmed by Care?
Though round Langside there throng not now,
High chiefs, who poured their blood like water,
Hers is one heart's unbroken vow:—
Who'd be the Queen—or Miller's Daughter?

MARY SHEARER.

She's aff an awa like the lang summer day,
And our hearts and our hills are now lanesome and dreary;
The sun blinks o' June will come back ower the brae,
But lang for blythe Mary fu' mony may weary!
For mair hearts than mine
Kenn'd o' nane that were dearer;
But nane mair will pine
For the sweet Mary Shearer!

She cam wi' the spring—just like ane o' its flowers,
And the Blue Bell and Mary baith blossom'd thegither:—
The bloom o' the mountain again will be ours,
But the Flower o' the valley nae mair will come hither!
Their sweet breath is fled—
Her kind looks still endear her;
For the heart maun be dead
That forgets Mary Shearer!

O' the lowlands o' Fife to the hills o' Argyll,
The Forth to the Clyde—or Kirkaldy to Cowal!
It was naething but love there the lassie could wile;
Sae wha', tho' she's left us, could e'er wish her joe ill?
He's won—let him wear;
We lads ne'er dared to spier her;—
Sae dorty tho' dear
Was to a' Mary Shearer!

Than her brow ne'er a fairer wi' jewels was hung;
An e'e that was brighter ne'er glanced on a lover;

Sounds safter ne'er dropt frae an aye-saying tongue,
Nor mair spotless the white o' her bridal-bed cover.
O! he maun be blessed
Wha's allowed to be near her,
For the fairest and best
O' her kind's Mary Shearer!

But farewell Glenlin, and Dunoon, and Loch Striven,
My country and kin!—since I've sae loved the stranger;
Whar she's been maun be either a pine or a heaven
—Sae across the braid warld for awhile I'm a ranger!
Tho' I try to forget—
In my heart still I'll wear her:—
For mine may be yet,
—Name and a'—Mary Shearer!

THE PROMISE.

When last we parted by the wave,
You said you would return;
Nor let the friends who loved you, have,
In you, The Lost to mourn.
'Twas truly meant, yet half fulfilled
The promise must remain:—
You're blest!—regrettings then are stilled;—
But, shall we meet again?

No!—other loves and other ties,
Another heart and home,
Where Susquehannah's waters rise,
Forbid that you should roam;

But oh! forget not, while apart,
You still dwell in the core
Of many a fond and faithful heart,
Though you return no more!—

The needle ever poleward bends,
But cannot thither fly;
So, from afar, friends turn to friends,
Who ne'er must glad their eye.
'Tis thus, that we who knew you here
Love fonder than before;—
The Past in memory seems more dear,
That it returns no more!

MARY GLEN.

"GUIDESAKE lassie, whar hae ye been,
An' the wun' sae snelly blawin';
The cranreuch white on your hair is seen,
Or else the snaw's been fa'in'?"

"O, mither ye needna flyte sae bauld;
I'm no gaun to bear your scornin';
I'll keep my tryst in spite o' the cauld,
An' I'll bide wi' my joe till mornin';"

"For he praised as he preed my mou, an' said,
He'd marry me spite o' his daddy;
An' a silken scarf for an Ayrshire plaid
Would mak' his sweet lass a leddy!"

"O, dochter dear—ye mak me wae;—
Ye are nae match for ilk ither!—

The Gled may wi' the wee Lintie play,
But, will they e'er mate thegither?"

"He loes me mither!—a bricht wee star,
Just blinkin' thro' the carry then,*
He took to witness, for better for waur
He'd be true to his bonny Mary Glen!"

—Alas! that the guileless are blin' an' bauld!
—She keepit her tryst when she saw the stern; †
But lonely she greets, an' the warl' looks cauld
On Mary Glen, an' her laddie bairn!

GLENFALLOCH.

1

Ae day as I came riding down
The hills aboon the green Glenfalloch,
My nagie threw a pair o' shoon,
And I was far frae Luss or Balloch;
The day was dark—the hills were hid
Wi' mists, an' down the rain was fa'in';
Wha' wadna done as then I did—
Sat down and quite forgot the lawin?‡

2

My heart grew light—my pouch grew toom,
But soon the sun shone out fu' cheery,

* Carry—The cloud-drift. † Stern—Star.
‡ Lawin—the reckoning.

An' in my breast I found some room
To ha'e anither mountain deary;
For there I saw a lass as sweet
As ever stept the Highan heather;
An' I forget baith wind and weet
When sic a ane and I forgather!

3

As onward flew the lightsome hours,
The day grew bright, as I grew happy,
Until, or e'en,* I walked on flowers,
And thocht each parting gill mair nappy.
Then came farewell—nae mair to meet,
And the dreigh† road I took to Balloch;
But ay I thocht, 'mid wind and weet,
O' her, the lass o' green Glenfalloch!

MIDNIGHT MOODS.

"The troubles of this night
Are as, forerunners to ensuing pleasures."
THE HOG HATH LOST ITS PEARL.

THOU fairest, and thou falsest one, another midnight drear,
Finds me stretched upon my lonely couch, with eyes without a tear;
But with burning brow, and parched lip, and fever scorched palm,
In the leaden stillness passion leaves—a quiet, but ah! no calm.

* Or een—before evening. † Dreigh—tedious.

Yet 'twas not always thus with me, for once I watched
for night
To come, and, with soft slumbers, bring protraction of
delight,
In th' echoing those waking thrills which made my life
one dream
Of passion, and of love and bliss:—Thou then wert all
their theme!

Now, pillowed on another's breast, sleep on, serene and
still,
Whilst I wildly rave, and ask of Fate, if anguish cannot
kill.—
Sleep while thou may'st, thine hour will come, an hour of
pain and gloom,
When I'll rest as calm as thou art now—within an early
tomb!

Be't thine to live and laugh;—to love—to love and die be
mine;
Yet,——, I would never wish one hour of anguish thine.
Enough that love like ours hath seared, where it should
only warm,
One heart; 'tis well the other 'scapes unscathed by aught
of harm!

Enough, that on the pyre of Love, one sacrifice was
placed;
Thou wisely deemêd'st another given had been but lavish
waste;
Or was it that so cold was thine, the flame but round it
played,
And that thou cool and calmly viewed'st the havock by
thee made?

—So chymic art oft imps a glow, which seems to all a
flame,
And though it kindles other lights, itself is but a name;
And thou hadst such a magic skill men's hearts to fire and
charm,
Whilst thine, it seemed, gave glow for glow—and yet was
never warm!

THE DEBATING SOCIETY.

A SKETCH, WITH A SAMPLE.

" Very good orators, when they are out, will hem and cough."

As You like it.

" Unto the walls of York the Scots make road!"

Marlow's Edward the Second.

THE DEBATING SOCIETY.

I WAS prevailed upon the other evening to accompany a young friend to a hall where, I was given to understand, the meetings of an Oratorical Society were statedly held. I need hardly mention, since I have alluded to the eagerness of my conductor, that he was a member of the body. I am very far however from wishing it to be inferred, from my saying this, that I either seriously disapprove, or slightingly regard, associations of individuals, more especially of youths, for the purpose of mutual improvement in the Art of Public Speaking. I should be but falling into a very hackneyed and beaten track of cant if grave,—or of facile indifference, if contemptuous, did I do so.

In a free country it is but second in importance to the perfect liberty of writing and printing opinion, to possess the privilege of publicly expressing, whether in fearless and argumentative conversation, or, with more attention to system and at greater length, in oratorical attempts,—sentiments deliberately formed, or of stating important facts by the use of oral language. It is sufficiently obvious then, that to do so with effect may some-

times be of as much general moment, as to be able to use an instrument, or wield a tool, is, in the exercise of any individual vocation. By practice alone can skill in either be obtained.—Natural ability is but the first moving power, to borrow a mechanical illustration;—only experience, however, can sufficiently direct its impulses.

But however deeply impressed with all these weighty and statesmanlike considerations, from a constitutional quickness of perception for the ridiculous, even in its embryo state, I am, among the whole circle of my acquaintances, the most ready to discern, and be diverted with the buddings of the absurd, which ever and anon spring forth in even the best regulated of such assemblages—now, in the shape of imperfectly comprehended facts, and crudely digested views; and again, in flights of magniloquent declamation, whose sound is in a ratio somewhat inverse, both to the sense of the periods, and the dignity of the theme.—But I must proceed with my narration.

The Hall into which I was ushered was large, comfortless, and about as ill adapted for the purpose, to which it was then applied, as could well be imagined. Instead of being compact, well lighted, and with seats amphitheatrically arranged around the faces of the intending speakers, it was long, narrow, dim, and dreary; with a table and a few candles at one end, and a parcel of straggling forms here and there throughout its wearisome extent. A large window which looked, in the twilight given by the chandeliers, like a mourning pall hung over a family gallery in a parish church, filled up one end; and a vast empty orchestra, (for the dismal place was a Ball Room!) like the Corporation pew, stood at the other.

A considerable auditory had however assembled and were seated in diversified groups throughout the room.

The majority of them were ladies, for, as I afterwards was told, and indeed as I could of myself evidently perceive, there were several of the "speaking members" who had made admissibility of the fair sex a *sine qua non* in drawing up the regulations; thinking, perhaps, that, as the ladies had more than their fair share of the talk in other places where they met with them, that it was no more than justice to bring them once a week to a place where they had nothing to do but listen. The actors, or, in other words, the members, began to assume their seats at the table shortly after I had taken mine in an empty corner of the row of forms immediately behind it. I tried to guess, if not at their various styles of speaking, by their respective gaits as they advanced, at least at the prevailing characteristics of their minds and manners, by the airs each of them either assumed or could not get rid of; and I fancied that in those to whom I afterwards listened, I discovered "confirmation strong" of my "foregone conclusions."—One, the young friend whom I accompanied, stepped forward with a strange air made up of equal portions of confidence and timidity, evincing a desire at once to avoid notice, and an assurance that it was unavoidable. He seemed big with his subject—and yet his looks plainly appeared to say that he felt his subject was too big for him. He was to open the discussion. While he placed some volumes for reference upon the table, and, by conversing with those around him, sought to convince them how much he was at his ease, while in reality giving evidence that he was but indifferently so, a smart and snappish pitter patter of feet preluded the approach of a young gentleman, whose countenance was one incessant simper of "nods and becks, and wreathed smiles."—He too was tremulous, but whether from timidity, or the sense of being somewhat imperfect

in his information on the subject of debate, I am not able to say, since neither the one nor the other were evidenced in the glittering Speech with which he followed up the opening harangue; and since it referred to every possible subject of declamation under heaven, and from the time of Cicero,—saving and excepting the question in consideration.—But I am getting personal even when I speak of those who I am sure are amiable, even although they hold themselves to be eloquent.—Besides I really fear I should tire my readers were I to give them a '*Catalogue Raisonné*,' of the members of this body, from the gentleman who seems to melt himself into language, yet, I am told, without becoming "any thinner," so copious were the streams of sound and perspiration and periods which I saw him pour forth,—to a measured Precisian, who gave you time for reflection *betwixt* every sentence—but also gave you *in* each, solid matter for the wholesome exercise. The Chairman having announced the question for debate, on this occasion to be—"Whether has England or Scotland reaped the greater benefit from the union of the two Countries," my young friend rose, and spoke exactly as he had looked a few minutes before.—He had at once too high an opinion of the machinery and management necessary for an Oration, and too little strength and skill to wield what he had constructed.—It was a failure without discredit, because an effort in *itself* commendable. He had possessed me of the fact, on our way to the scene, that for the first time in his life he had written down not merely the track of his argument, his usual plan, but the *ipsissima verba* of his address; and had laboured—how vainly it afterwards appeared—to commit it literally to memory. In five minutes I saw that he had lost his reckoning, and was at sea on the wide ocean of argumentative comparison, through which he struggled, assisted

at one time by his recollection of the facts imbodied in his written speech, and at another puzzled by fruitless attempts to throw himself into the train of its expressions. He had copied it in a small hand, and had placed it on the table, for reference in case of blunder; but an unlucky snatching of his handkerchief whirled it beneath his feet, from whence, he could not possibly stoop while "on his legs," to lift it;—and he forgot to do so when on his—bottom.

This however *I* did, and, his purpose being served, thought it no mighty sin to pocket the MS., which I shall finish this paper by transcribing, as at once a curious specimen of a species of Oratory, which, though it finds many listeners, is yet wholly sealed up from the general public; since, unlike other, and perhaps little better sorts of harangues, it has no Reporters.—My young friend's anger, I think, I shall be able to appease by reminding him that *written* speeches are surely meant to be *read*, the more especially if they have not had the good luck to be very faithfully *delivered;* and that though he always protested, as he alleges, against the ladies being admitted as auditors to the Hall, he cannot but be flattered should they become readers in the volume.

The Debate went on, after the second Speaker's oration, in rather a straggling manner, but, as is the popular belief in Scotland, all on the side of that country being the loser; and but for my picking up the following real bit of nature, curiously illustrative of one of the endless phases of society, I should have wearied, even more than I really did, for the hour of dismissal of the only meeting at which I was present of "The ——— Society of ——.

"Whether has England or Scotland reaped the greater benefit from the union of the two Countries?"

Mr. Chairman,

The limited duration of our meetings, Sir, as well as the multifarious details connected with your question, which it has become my duty to lay before you, demand that short time shall be spent in preliminaries, and few words expended in apologizing for imperfections, which are too obvious to escape your notice, but whose only extenuation is that they do not ambitiously court it.

But while I prefer no claim for undue indulgence, I shall not conceal that I must bespeak your candour, at this time not less necessary to the speaker than to the due consideration of the subject before us; since mine is the task to combat that amiable weakness, which makes selfishness almost a virtue;—that sensitive love of country which o'ermasters, or at least diminishes, the veneration for "Truth severe" in the breasts of those whose hearts are warmer than their heads are clear.

Sir, though National Independence be an object deserving of a patriot's worship, and its security be worth what else is priceless—a patriot's life, yet when the love of it is an impulse of passion, where it ought to be a dictate of reason, it becomes a morbid affection, weakening where it ought to strengthen, and injuring that which it means to defend. True patriotism is lofty as it is ardent, —stern as it is virtuous.—It has nothing akin to the maudlin twaddle of the tear-droppers over rotten, if time-hoary follies, or the animal repugnance of a class of men, whose only objections to changes are as valid and weighty as those in the well known stanza

> "I do not like thee Doctor Fell,
> The reason why—I cannot tell;
> But this I know, and that right well
> I do not like thee Doctor Fell!"

Sir, if we could divest ourselves of every such bias, my task were easy, and my duty brief, since the bare statement of the question would with it carry its appropriate reply.—" Whether has England or Scotland reaped the greater benefit from the union of the two Countries?"—In the nature of things, Sir, by the constitution of Society,—in an union for Security,—in a compact for safety,—in a bond for even equal gain, the strongest *must* reap fewest benefits,—the richest least of profit—the weakest most of both. And where honour is not sacrificed, nor liberty abridged, he is as little of a patriot, as he is of a philosopher, who would oppose such an amicable coalescence, with fanciful anticipations, and vague generalities of speech. Why, Sir, by what means is it that states advance in refinement, and countries in civilization?—By the combination of many small and detached bodies into one compact whole;—by first, the union of families—next of tribes—of clans—of districts, and of Kingdoms.—England has had its heptarchy—Ireland its many co-existent monarchs—Scotland its coeval kings: But mankind soon learn the value of union, and of the division of labour; and petty states join to form nations, who would else have wasted their energies in predatory warfare and perpetual heartburnings.

Yet, true it is, that, like every thing else, this system has its limits, beyond which, if carried, by conquest or crime, its virtues become vices, and its blessings turn to curses.—True it is, that, if nature has strikingly defined the boundaries of a country;—if its Government can well protect the blessings and privileges which its inhabitants *feel* that they enjoy;—if it " seek no change, and least of all such change as wealth can give it," its national integrity is indeed its proudest boast; but if, on the other hand, it be so close to another state that the line of demarcation is a

stride;—if its language and its institutions, its literature and its manners be only different because they have been carried to a less elevated degree of perfection, while in principle they are the same;—above all, if both are swayed by one Sovereign,—and that Sovereign, being human, as such must naturally prefer the interests of the stronger to those of the weaker state;—nay if he or his predecessors (as the Stuarts did) make one nation instrumental in enslaving the other,—it requires no descant on the miseries which a war would occasion, and a national antipathy entail, to carry conviction to every one open to it, as to the best, the *only* way of avoiding the overthrow of the weaker, and the guilty aggrandizement of the stronger power!

Nature, Sir, meant that England and Scotland should be one and incorporate; and History will tell us how soon this was discovered, and how often it was attempted to be achieved. Never did a chance of rationally uniting the two Kingdoms offer, but it was eagerly seized upon, and judged to be of mutual advantage by the wise of both.—And happy would it have been for our country had its Margaret become the wife of England's Second Edward; or its fifth James the spouse of Henry's daughter! At length, however, in the person of James the sixth such junction, in as far as identity of arbitrary rule could make a union, was effected. But, with the departure of Scotland's monarchs, all the advantages of independence fled, while the more solid benefits of incorporation were not received in return.—Nor were they till near a century had elapsed, the blackest and most bloodstained in Scotland's bloody history,—though in 1670 and 1702 it was essayed to win them.

At length, by the wisdom of Somers, and the ripening of events, was consummated the marriage of the States, and Great Britain took its name among nations, unques-

tionably to the peace of both Countries, but you require me to say—Whether more to the general advantage of the one than the other, and to which?—This I have already done, by reference to first principles; but as it is also a question of fact, by facts shall the question be answered. What then was the state and condition of England—what that of Scotland, immediately antecedent to this event; what their condition subsequent to it—what their aspect now? Need I tell you, Sir, that England was then in its most "high and palmy state;"—that the effervescence of its glorious revolution had subsided, but that the pure and invigorating principles of it were still in healthful play and circulation through the state; that its intellect was roused, as were its liberties, refreshed from their long slumber; that its revenue was growing; its commerce giving rich promise of its after grandeur; its people contented; and its wealth increased? Or need I remind you that the glories of Blenheim and of Ramilies were then in their first lustre? Why, Sir, this was the era of Somers and of Godolphin,—of Addison and of Pope,—of Swift and Steel,—of Peterborough and of Churchill! Well indeed might a Scottish Lord,—Belhaven—exclaim—"England is a great and glorious nation. Its armies are numerous, powerful and victorious; its trophies splendid and memorable. She disposes of the fate of Kingdoms. Her Navy is the terror of Europe. Her trade and commerce encircle the Globe, and her capital is the emporium of the universe!" Such then was England—free and happy, rich and powerful England; but "Look on that picture and on this—the counterfeit presentment of two brothers!"—Oh! my beloved country, Pride but half o'erpowers regret when I know what thou art; but must show what thou hast been! It is the same painter that draws the picture of both; and Belhaven uttered but the truth when he then

said "but we are a poor and obscure people, in a remote corner of the world, without name, without alliances, and without fortune."—Then, without a present name, and existing but on the recollection of the past. Indeed nothing could be more wretched than the condition of the Scottish people. A Revolution following a Restoration had left the minds of men in a feverish and unsettled state, and the tyranny of factions and rival nobles, who sought to perpetuate that worst of forms of Government, an oligarchical aristocracy, and to revivify the expiring embers of the feudal fire which clanship cherished, was but one remove from the bloody oppressions of Charles' time, and the troubles of his successors' reigns.—Athol might summon to arms, and maintain 10,000 men beneath his private banners, and Hamilton and Queensberry keep the retinues of rival princes; but the body of the people were poverty-stricken; and we have the able Fletcher of Saltoun's high authority for believing that almost every sixth man in Scotland was a public beggar!—Indeed, from the accession of James to the English throne, our trade had decayed, and our capital, like our court, had emigrated to securer haunts. Famine overspread the land; —Agriculture was at a stand, and our Trade was too inconsiderable to yield a revenue adequate to the necessities of the state. What little did accrue was the prey of rapacious statesmen, and those, their minions, to whom it had been improvidently farmed. The flag of Scotland floated above no rich Galleons.—Dutch vessels it was that entered our harbours, and even fished upon our coasts. We had no peculiar native product for exchanging; nothing that we held not in common with more powerful rivals, save our cattle and our wool,—and these England refused to receive; whilst her colonies were as much shut against our citizens, as against the French or Dutch; nay,

M'Pherson's Annals of Commerce show that from the 17th year preceding the union, the interchange of commodities had fallen off from £124,000 in value annually to one-seventh part of that sum!

It is idle to oppose to this statement, the convulsive efforts which our expiring commercial energies made to establish the colony at Darien.—These but emphatically confirm their truth; while their history recalls the humiliating remembrance of indignities which we were too weak to resent, and encroachments which we had not power to resist. It reminds us that in our single state that colony, the *all* of Scotland's wealth, was sacrificed to Spain, while the murder of a Scottish merchantman's crew and captain was only discovered by an accident, and punished upon a threat of rebellion;—that our Seamen were pressed into the English *State* service as subjects, but excluded from the *Merchant's* as foreigners; and even an English ship made liable to seizure if one-third of its crew were Scotsmen;—that those liable to this Shibboleth were declared aliens by Act of Parliament, and, as such, excluded from entering any of the colonies and plantations of our sister country, while arms were even put into the hands of the inhabitants of the six Northern Counties of England to overawe us; and twenty-four armed vessels were fitted out, utterly to drive us from the highway of nations:—yet had we not the power to vindicate our rights or avenge these wrongs! Whence was this weakness—this national atrophy? Poverty produced—Misgovernment prolonged it. In this situation of our country—the neighbour of a rich and powerful rival, to become its servant was inevitable, if we refused to be its friend, and to accept the community of interests which it proffered. Anarchy and injustice are the natural concomitants of weakness and misrule,—and the Parliament of Scotland,

the Council of State, and the bench of Justice, were then alike corrupt and hideous. The legislative assembly was a heterogeneous mass of Peers—a majority of whom could at any time be procured by Royal creation—and of pensioned commoners, Jacobites and Republicans; of such extremes as Athol and Fletcher—Marchmont and Queensberry. These were never assembled, except to grant supplies; and unity of purpose, or consistency of measures, was as little to be expected from them, as purity of principle, when, after the memorable "Secession," only about thirty members, calling themselves "The Squadron," even presumed at independence, or affected disdain for bribery, during the fourteen years which had been the term of their sittings; nor was dignity and firmness, to be looked for when the English act of Settlement, so important to every man in the realm, had been merely intimated to them as matter of courtesy and trivial interest. Yet, though too weak effectually to revenge these insults, we had still pride to feel an exasperation at them, which would shortly have hurried us into excesses that must have ended in making our country either a province of England, or of France, had not wiser counsels prevailed and the language of reason, and the doctrines of enlarged philosophy, and extended expediency, superseded the poetry of virtuous sentiment, as well as the cabal of Jacobite intrigue. Rebellion, or at least, civil war, with its attendant horrors, was truly within call when our Act of Security was passed, and every fencible man in the Kingdom was summoned to arms; when the animosity of a mob could only be allayed by the sacrifice of three Englishmen, who, if not innocent, had not been proved to be guilty; and when Athol had planned a rising, in which he was to be another Albemarle, and Hooke, a Jesuit priest, openly exhibited his credentials as ambassador from the exiled James!—But the

work of uniting the two nations—a triumph, before which all other glories of the reign of Anne fade and grow dim, —begun on the 16th April, terminated in part on the 23d July 1706, and was finally consummated on the 1st of May in the year following.

It is not for me, Sir, in this place, to detail its history, or to particularize every one of its provisions; far less to descant upon the irritation which marked its progress; and the proud and noble, but mistaken and misguided resistance, which followed it to its close. These are matters of history, whose province it too often is to show,—

> "How nations sink, by darling schemes oppress,
> When Rulers listen to the fool's request."—

But to some of its articles it is necessary I should advert, and upon its general consequences that I should enlarge. And, first, I will address myself to the consideration of what it deprived us, before I enter upon the statements of the acquirements which it made ours. Of what then did it denude us? Of a name—and of a Parliament,— and of a Council. Of a name, I will admit, hallowed to us by a thousand kindling recollections, but not more so than that of England, to its sons, which was also merged into the now prouder appellation of this Island—Great Britain; Of a Legislature—whose corruptions made it a curse; Of a Council—whose tyranny would have become intolerable; while it transferred a portion of the Scottish intellect and hereditary dignity to an arena where the noblest battles of freedom had been fought, and where the proudest triumphs of mind and eloquence had been achieved. But I will be told that this transfer was inadequate and a mockery, and that the rights of Scotland were juggled with and sold.—Sir, I broadly deny that the transfer was then inadequate, and I assert that, if it di-

minished the number of our legislators, it enhanced their dignity, by extending the sphere of their influence, and widening the field of their deliberations and exertions.—That golden means were taken to influence some, I do not mean to contradict; but it has little to do with the question, and though it had, we should remember that those who *could* be so corrupted would have been even more ready, for a higher price, to have sown discord than promote union in a state. It is to the end, rather than to the means, that we must often look in state affairs.—Taking the medium between the scales of the then population and taxation as bases of representation, we shall find that both in the Commons' and Lords' houses of the united Parliament, Scotland had what was at that time its fair proportion of influence assigned, even so much so as to occasion protests in the latter as to its undue preponderance, and to have considerably exceeded Cromwell's allowed ratio of $\frac{1}{13}$th in the legislature. So much for the grievances of the contract; let us now look to the evils it removed. I have said it denuded us of but our Name—our Council and our Parliament: but, Sir, it stripped us of more—of our National Debt—of our Feudal system, mediately of our heritable jurisdictions, and immediately of our court of final resort and appeal. And will any man say these were not services, or at this time of day regret, that we must go to an unbiassed, because not local bench, for final decisions; and that we cannot be hanged or banished by the chiefs of our Clan, or head of our patronymic? In which of these advantages, let me ask, did England participate? and of which of those that did accrue to her, by the measure,—as security, unity of government, &c.—did not Scotland equally share? Where then is even the arithmetical balance of gain? But I have only adverted to the evils which it has removed,

a word or two on the positive benefits which it has conferred,—benefits too obvious to require to be dwelt upon, and I have done.

The activity which distinguishes our national character, and which led us to threaten rebellion when irritated and unemployed, and made us turbulent when prosperous, it instantly turned into useful channels and to better purposes, and soon substituted Security for Violence; Industry for Idleness; and Wealth for Poverty:—Security, by, in the very year of its completion, sheltering us from a French invasion, through the protection of what had then become *our* united, and, even at that period, irresistible naval power and pretensions: Industry, by opening up spheres of employment for the energies of Scotsmen, who, within a year of its date, spread themselves, and, it is our boast, with themselves spread habits of diligence and principles of unbending integrity, over every Country and in every clime that owned the British sway, and which had before been shut up and unapproachable to them;—Ay, spreading, says a plain Chronicler in one branch even to the amount of not less than 2500 of Scottish pedlars, who distributed themselves over England, and each of whose 'packs' was calculated to be worth a hundred pounds; Industry, by the introduction of new Capital, that mainspring of prosperity, and consequently of civilization, and of freedom, with which the swamps of Holland became Gardens, and without which the Gardens of Spain run to deserts; and by permitting even foreign built ships, if belonging to Scottish subjects to share the advantages of the English navigation laws:—Wealth, by procuring for us the mighty boon that, to use its own words,* "All the sub-

* Defoe's History, p. 198.

jects of the united kingdom of Great Britain shall, from and after the Union, have full freedom and intercourse of trade and navigation, to and from any port or place within the said united kingdom, and the dominions and plantations thereunto belonging; and that there be a communication of all other rights, privileges and advantages, which do, or may belong to the subjects of either kingdom, and that all ships belonging to her Majesty's subjects of Scotland, at the time of signing this treaty for the Union of the two kingdoms, though foreign built, shall be deemed and pass as ships of the build of Great Britain." —Wealth, for in five years after it our shipping had risen from 215 vessels of, in all, 14,485 Tons—to 1,123 vessels of 50,232 Tons; the towns on the west coast, or those which could more immediately benefit by the new colonial trade, being the first to increase in industry and riches.

But its loftiest triumphs—its more enduring trophies—its "*greater advantages*" were of a higher kind, and ought to be estimated far above an Indian commerce, a Cotton Trade, or an improved Agriculture, and a meliorated soil, worthy as these are of being prized.—Sir, it secured our Religious Liberty.—Sir, it preserved our form of Church Government.—Sir, it conservated the parochial institutions of our Country, whether educational or ecclesiastical. Is there any one who will say that these would have survived anarchy, or weathered the storms of invasion and civil war? Is there, Sir, a Scotsman here whose heart throbs not with love and veneration for our pure—because poor and republican church? Is there one who is insensible of what we owe it, or dead to the recognition of its inestimable worth? There is not—there cannot be!—But, Sir, would this fabric—would even our Fathers' faith, upon which it is built as on a rock, have been our hope in evil, and defence in peril; our instructor

in youth—our comforter in age—our refuge in the hour of dissolution; been ours to boast of—ours to sustain—ours *at all*, had the Protestant succession not been established;—which God long preserve!—had the Stuarts reascended the throne, and had a Henry the IXth worn the crown of our country, instead of the red hat of a Cardinal? Or, Sir, is there one who can for a moment believe that but for the union such *might* have been the case—that, but for that unanimity, it would at least have been again and again attempted to be brought about, and the country deluged with its children's blood in settling a disputed succession?—Mr. Chairman, by the Union our religious liberty was secured, and our civil liberty was made permanent!

With security and liberty, their handmaidens—Refinement, Science, and the Arts have come. England could receive no refinement from us,—no literary glory from the nation which had only produced in Letters a Burnet during a century; but, once a graft upon the British oak, —having once acquired a part in the glory of our sister—in the paternal pride of the country of Milton and of Shakespeare—of Bacon and Newton; and in the recollections of Cressy and Ramilies—Poictiers and Blenheim, we shook off the lethargy of misrule and the chill of poverty; and ours have been a Thomson, a Burns, and a Scott—a Simson and a Reid—a Smith and a Stewart—a Hume, and that Robertson, who eloquently, but not more eloquently than truly, says "At length the union having incorporated the two nations, and rendered them one people, the distinctions which had subsisted for so many ages, have gradually worn away; peculiarities have disappeared; and the same manners prevail in both parts of the island; the same authors are read and admired; the same entertainments are frequented by the elegant and the polite;

and the same standard of taste and purity of language is established. The Scots, after being placed, during a whole century, in a situation no less fatal to the liberty than to the genius of the nation, are now enjoying the possession of privileges, much more valuable than those which their ancestors ever enjoyed; and every obstruction which retarded their pursuits, or prevented their acquisition of literary fame, is effectually removed."—And surely, Sir, "It would be worth their while," as Defoe, the historian of this event, has remarked, "for those who opposed this union, and still refuse to own the advantage of it, to look back upon the years of blood, and the terrible devastations these two sister nations suffered in the days of their Separation; and let them examine the history of the past ages, let them inquire there for the particulars of three hundred and fourteen battles, and calculate the value of the blood of a million of the bravest men in Europe, lost in the senseless feuds of these two nations; and let them view the spoils of the borders, the monuments of the slain, the demolished fortifications, and the depopulated towns; and let them look back upon the days of cruelty and persecution, when the gaols were filled with their citizens, and the places of execution covered with the blood of their ministers; when their church was trampled under foot, and they had no liberty to worship God according to their own consciences!"

Sir, If triumphs were, of old, allotted to him who spread devastation in a country, and conquered tranquillity by the sword, what ought to be their meed, who win such peace—perpetual peace, without shedding one drop of gore; who heal wounds that for centuries had bled,—and whose victories are the prevention of wars?

ON THE DEATH OF A GIRL.

Sickness and Pain are past—their work is done;
Life and its agony have left the frame
Of the sweet sufferer. Rest was cheaply won,
Paid by the shatter'd remnant which we name
Life, even when all which gives to that its bloom,
We see beneath Disease's blight consume!

Oh! it was mournful to contrast her moan,
The hollow eye and the pain-withered look
She showed, with the clear voice, and sweet, crisp tone,—
The smiling glance,—the laugh which sparkles shook
From either eye, and health's fresh mingled hues,
Blanched now beneath infection's poison dews!

Now all is still and tranquil on that face,
Where lately swept the hurricane of pain;
The eyes are closed, but yet a marble grace
And hueless beauty lingeringly remain.
Here yet we note no trace of withering death—
'Tis but a beauteous frame, from which hath fled the breath!

Oh! never slept in such a holy rest,
The form that guilt had tenanted in life,
Such peace alone the clay of the pure blest
Shows in decay; for ay the print of strife
Sinks on the wrinkles even of the cold brow.
—No stamp of such *she* wears—she is a seraph now!

THE JUNCTURE;

VERSES WRITTEN WHEN IN DIFFICULTIES AND DESPONDENCY.

> ———" I know the lute; oft have I sung to thee!
> We both are out of time and out of tune."
>
> THOMAS HEYWOOD.

OH! where art thou gone, thou bright spirit of youth,
That once cheered me on to dare deeds of renown?
That fire I thought quenchless—that proud love of truth,
Which dared to do nobly,—oh! where are they flown?

Where are ye, ye heaven-dew'd laurels that bound,
In my Fancy's wild dreamings my warm throbbing brow?
—The cypress and yew of Regret twine around,
And the palsy of Idlesse enervates me now!

The harp—the dear harp of my boyhood's unstrung,
And decayed, ere I called forth its one noblest tone;
Its echo reproachfully asks what I've sung
To its breathings,—what deed of high emprise I've done?

Ask me not—ask me not:—the lamp's flame hath decayed;
My mind was not vestal to it and alone;
The world and its cares my fond hopings betrayed—
—And each morsel before I have eaten I've won!

Yea—toiled with the seared hand of labour, but ne'er—
No—No! I have ne'er been untrue in my soul,
To the noblest aims of the Bard; and if e'er
I seemed else—I but bowed to a sterner control.

Roll around then ye clouds of Forgetfulness—roll!
Thicken o'er me ye horrors of mindless, dull life;
Extinguish the lurid cold light that my soul
Yet illumines!——'Tis past—and now closes the strife,—

And I am a worldling!—I've struggled—ah! could
I have struggled more fiercely—perchance I'd have won;
But regrets are as vain as my life. That word "*should*"
With me—nay with all—what a contrast to—"*done!*"

MY LIFE IS ALL ONE DREAM OF THEE.

My life is all one dream of thee,
Sweetest one and dearest!—
Sleeping—waking—still to me
Ever-ever nearest!—
But to see thee, sleep I'd never;
But to dream, I'd slumber ever!
There's not a thought, that flows along
The channels of my soul,
Or steals in silence or in song,
But on to thee will roll;
The fount streams forth without a line—
The bright sky makes the waters blue!

THE GENTLE WIDOW.

——" With him 'twas otherwise:
The steps of circumstance along Fate's tracks,
Seemed but the active comment on past thought,
Rather than thought the herbage that upgrew
Behind *its* footprints."

THE DOOMED ONE.

Proem.

ALAS! that deeds of blessedness,
By gentlest spirits done,
Should oft be seeds of wretchedness,
Which ripen one by one;
Their fruitage here—Woe, Want, and Strife,
Whose harvest ends but with our life;
Or, bright themselves,—as streams that glide
O'er precious ores yet tainted be,—
They tinge life's current till its tide,
Roll but one long adversity,
Unrippled by a joy;—each wave,
Ebbing for ever—to the Grave!

'Tis even so!—and all seems dim,
Or wrapt in cloud-robed mystery;
And Providence is veiled to him,
Who, pondering o'er Man's history,
Seeks in *each* page of that to scan,
The unity GOD only can;—

He cannot turn the mystic leaf
On which RELATION large is writ;
He cannot,—life is all too brief,
Ken onward to the Just and Fit;
The mighty music of the spheres,
Is jarring discord to his ears!

Yet will he—impious!—dare arraign
The symmetry he cannot see;
And deem each print of Fate a stain;
The syllables of destiny—
Which but the meek and lowly read—
The jargon of a mystic creed!
The volume—TIME—on which they're penn'd,
Hath many a dim and solemn page,
But none than this, on which there blend,
More of dark doubts, Man's heritage!

——— *

The Widow White her humble hostel kept
Beside the crowded Quay,
Where Clyde in trade-dyed ripples swept,
On to th' expectant sea.

And many a weary mariner would there,
Beside her cheerful fire,
Forget his stormy life and scanty fare;
Yet boasting these, ne'er tire!

* It may be needful, to account for the extreme simplicity aimed at in the style of this Ballad, to state, that it renders almost literally into rhyme, the rude but touching narrative given to the author by a person in humble life.

She was a Mother to the Cabin boy,
Whose home was far away;
And she had ay a pleasure and a joy
In deeds, no coin can pay.

And sweat-bathed labour from the creaking crane,
Athirst, to her would hie;—
For still, to many a one, the veriest pain
In life, is to be dry;—

And in her ale the cordial drop diffuse,
Which Scotsmen love so well;
And gossip joy-snatched moments o'er the news,
All love to hear or tell.

But never riot rude, or drunken brawl,
Disturbed her quiet dome,
And she was ever first, when wives would call,
To urge the husband home.

And those who, labour's sons themselves, had not
Reared sons again to toil,
She made amends to, for their houseless lot,
By many a meal and smile.

One of these friendless tuggers at life's oar,
With only pause to sleep,
One day, when labouring on the crowded shore,
Received a wound, not deep,

But rather like a scratch;—yet ere the day
On which 'twas done had sped,
The sufferer on his ragged pallet lay,
With pain, he said, half dead.

For, with the wound the copper gave, its rust
Had left a poison-sting;
And thus it is, Death to our mortal dust
The merest touch may bring!

The widow saw his plight; as wont, then sought
To do the utmost good;
She had him to her own clean hostel brought,
And by his bedside stood;

Till cooling draughts, by skill prescribed, had quelled
The fever in his veins;
And still, by gentle charity impelled,
When hot and wrenching pains

At midnight shot athwart his purpled arm,
She came with tender hand—
—A woman's gentle touch will often charm,
As once the Prophet's wand!—

And bathed the wound, and, by another day,
For blessings on her head,
She heard the healed one lowly try to pray—
And he was heard indeed!—

For Heaven the gentle Widow to itself
Soon took, and made her blest:
—The poison at a scratch from some small "skelf"*
Had onwards spread its pest

Thro' all her veins. She had some days of pain,
Borne like a saint, without a tear;—

* Anglice—Splinter.

And, near her husband, Widow White hath lain,
Yet unforgotten, for a passing year!

STANZAS.—MY PORTRAIT.

O' Shaughnessy.—" A mighty pretty dialogue that,
Where one has all the talk!"—
THE RED BRANCH.

Is this my likeness? Let me on it gaze,
Since I ne'er saw before my counterfeit!
These lines are then my features, this my face—
My second self—with which this Art would cheat
Me with its lights and shades, and thereon trace
My very look, and tell me, " thus thou art,"
When every moment's wing is changing some small part!

Away vain skill!—'tis thine alone to show
Some fixed look, that's cold enough to sit
An hour upon the eye;—thou art too slow
To catch the moment's gleam upon it lit,
Whose whole bright life is in one sparkle!—No!
That which is essence, thou canst never bind
Down to thy purpos'd fixedness!—Paint me then the Mind!

Let it, in words and thoughts that breed their kind,
Live, and be noted or remembered;—all
That else is of me, perisheth; the wind
That whirls my dust, will have respect but small
For its external features,—the poor rind
That cased the fruit,—worthless, but that it held
The spirit, that to noble thoughts or deeds impelled!

Thus I have looked, ye say:—well, and how long?
Once—or again; when—why—and shall I e'er
Seem thus—all thus?—No answer:—am I wrong,
Then, when I call thee cheat?—O! passing air,
The breath of vapour, or the sound of song
Were record surer than thy lines and hues;
—And yet men name thy Art, child of another muse!—

—Paint me no portrait of myself!—if o'er
My likeness any gaze, when I am gone,
In aught but my mind's thoughts,—it sure were more
To me, to have it live in flesh than stone,
Canvass, or metal, leaving the world my own,
Again to leave behind his own; and thus to give
To far posterity the proof that we did live!

—Thus I have thought, perhaps should always think;
Yet human vanity—thy mother meet!—
Even at the eye, delights the draught to drink
Of flattery, which self-love makes always sweet:
Not Caliban would at a mirror wink;
And every pimpled chin looks less unruly
On canvass placed, in truth,—than it doth truly!—

Yes, I will own't, I pant to have that name
Which makes the hearers of its sound desire
To know, if that its owner's brow's the same
As other foreheads; or if some strange fire
Is in the eye that sees, where all seems tame,
Light, life, and beauty; and I happier hold
Those who in brass and marble live, than they who roll in gold!

THE FOCUS.

No. IV.

I. THE COMPENSATING PRINCIPLE.

THERE is a beautiful and consolatory tendency in many dispositions, and indeed visible throughout the whole frame of Society, to erect of the very ruined fragments of our disappointed hopings, fabrics as pleasing and substantial, if less gay and glittering, as those air built ones, the overthrow of which we yet cannot help deploring.—The cottages of many families in humble life, raised on some green hill side, or by some murmuring burn, are constructed of the mouldering stones that once lent their strength towards the security of the proud Baronial keep that crowns some neighbouring height. Thus placed these seldom fail to shelter more real happiness and comfort within their now humble bounds, than they ever did when the halls which they girded were tenanted by the rich, the valiant, and the powerful. So universal is this compensating principle—this re-action of anticipation, that

I can hardly doubt but that it is an inherent quality of our nature, thrown in as a kind of make weight, which causes the balance between happiness and misery in life to preponderate in favour of the former. It prevails not less morally and mentally than in substantial, physical reality: Hughes tells us, in his Travels through Sicily, that the delightful City of Catania has suffered more from the eruptions of Etna than any other place in the island; but the inhabitants turn the very instrument of their destruction into a benefit, and pave their streets, build their houses, and even fashion ornaments, of lava.—Ask there of what substance almost any thing is formed, and the answer will be "*Lava, Signor, tutta lava!*"

II. ORIGIN OF THE ALPHABET.

What want was it that gave birth to the *invention* of the alphabet? Want it must assuredly have been; for never was there any plan of importance formed, or sytem framed, the purpose of which was convenience, unless the urgent and frequent calls of a want awakened ingennity and prompted contrivance. With *discovery* it is different. Many, nay the majority of those aids to the weaknesses or imperfections of mere Nature, which are referrible to that source, are the children of chance; invention, indeed, often bringing up the rear with a train of improvements and an addition of power, like the branches of the Banyan tree of Hindostan, which in their turn become parent trunks, and act as bulwarks and supporters to the aged root from whence they sprung. What want required the aid of a written language? It could be none of the physical ones: of the intellectual, it could not be for purposes of disquisition or of speculation. Narration, then, only remains. In those early ages, all narration was impassioned, and often metrical poetry: to preserve,

then, not merely the chronological details and facts of occurrences, and thus render the imperfections of a national memory of little importance, and to secure to posterity the knowledge of manners and occurrences as they actually were, without the chance of the dubiety, and frequent contradiction in interpretation, to which symbolical and hieroglyphic chronicles were liable; and also to hand down the bold figures, touching details and inspiring flights of the bard, who was also the historian,—*the Alphabet was invented.*—In its rude state, there can be little doubt, it was the achievement of some highly gifted and popular minstrel, who, animated by that noble thirst for fame, to which the world owes, and must continue to owe so much, sought to spread a knowledge of his own powers beyond the sphere of his personal presence;—and to preserve it when that presence should no more be seen, the lyre of the master unstrung, and the hand that touched it cold! To poetry then do we owe the Alphabet; and it is not the least of those numerous blessings which it has given mankind,—cheering and animating and sustaining!

III. FEUDAL VIRTUES.

Feudal times are those of gigantic vices, and of no less colossal virtues. Great wrongs are then committed; but great examples of benevolence are, perhaps, from that very circumstance, as common. They present a picture in which the figures are bold and the expression forcible, if the colouring be not harmonious, nor the design possessed of chasteness and unity. The lights are scattered, yet vigorous and dazzling and intense; but the shadowing is proportionably gloomy and sombre, though not unpicturesque: Like the Baronial mansions, the relics of these ages, which still brave, in sullen, hoar magnificence, the destructive ravages of time, and the sacrilegious hand of

"Improvement," they frown, from the lofty height of Antiquity, upon the smiling, but comparatively tame landscape presented by the aspect of modern manners, as contrasted with their barbaric grandeur. Comfort was not then understood. Security was the paramount object of desire. All the modifications of society and manners, and all the gradations of rank, were coloured by this feeling—this wish and aim. The wind might whistle through the dreary hall unheeded, if the crannies by which it entered were impervious to a foe; and the exhalations of the Castle ditch, how pestilential soever, were unnoticed, if that moat was broad and deep enough to set besiegers at defiance. Still, with all their inconveniences, to these ages the imagination turns with fondness:—they were rude;—but they were poetical!

IV. TASTE AND PLEASURE.

The attainment of pleasure, under whatever guise, is the object and pursuit of all, however they may differ in their definition and conception of that in which it consists. The gratification of the animal appetites, with one class, is held as the only means of attaining that end. Intellectual acquirements and studies are esteemed capable of conferring it by another, but unfortunately smaller portion of mankind. It has become proverbial the remark, that the pleasures of one man would assume the shape of pains if inflicted on another; for pleasure is more variable than taste, though in an intimate degree it depends upon it,—having, in many instances, its rise from the gratification administered to that mental perspicacity and standard of feeling so named. It is more variable, or, in other words, less defined or established by rules than taste, because the latter may be to a certain degree gratified without a sensation being created sufficiently vivid to deserve the for-

mer appellation.—Pleasure is to Taste, what poetry is to language, its fullest—almost its exaggerated developement; its warm-blooded and enthusiastic display when under high excitement. This excitement seldom is found in solitude—Tranquillity, piety and contentment are the offspring of that state. Pleasure is social, and, in its most vivid sense, I should almost be inclined to say convivial in its nature. The child of communion with our fellow mortals, how much of the pleasure of life lives but in the act of pleasing and arises from seeing others pleased!—This puts in a beautiful point of view one of the links of the unseen chain which binds Society together.

V. CIVILIZATION.

What is Civilization? Is it a relish for Learning; a Taste for the Fine Arts; a more refined humanity, or a knowledge of vastly more extended limits to varied enjoyments than uncivilized life admits of?—It is all these; for all these are but component parts of the great aggregate of wants and acquirements, which we dignify by the name of Civilization. A definition to be either clear, striking, or correct must, however, be no less comprehensive than the above series, but also much more forcible, because much more brief.—Let us try to arrive at one for the term in question.

What then contra-distinguishes an early from an advanced stage of Society; or, in other words, a savage and a civilized period in the history of nations? The substitution of the energy of the mind for the vigour of the body; mental strength for that which is purely corporeal; thought for power, argument for force.—But the intellectual capabilities of foresight, memory, imagination and cunning, or arrangement of plan, are often found developed, in a state of semi-barbarism, in a great, or even greater degree of vigour

than we find them ever able to attain under the culture of experience, and the care of study.—True :—But let us look to the *application* of these powers, granting that they are sometimes possessed in equal strength in either state of Society, or that they are inherent in our nature, and only ask for circumstances of developement. Amusement is the pursuit of all.—The desire for it can only be reckoned second to the physical appetites of our frame.—"Good, ease, content, whate'er its name," it is the ultimate object at which all aim; for pleasure is but the sensation we receive from amusement. This, then, is our standard of character—the only infallible, because the only *universal* one. The human sacrifice—the captive's torments—an annihilating warfare waged against the brute creation, and perpetual hostilities and deadly combats, are the amusements of uncivilized or savage life—the *only* ones. Of those of a state of civilization, the latter form but a part: The gratification of taste—the refinement of intellect, the more tranquil excitation of the senses speaking to the mind, are the predominating ones. Literature—Philosophy—Science, though ostensibly pursued from different motives, and cultivated for different ends, yet ultimately verge to this centre, from which they had radiated, for they only furnish, through the medium of *utility*, the means of enjoying pleasure, or, in other words, *Amusement:* Civilization is, then, it appears to me, best measured by the modifications of our amusements.—It is —A taste for refinement in Pleasure.

VI. ORIGIN AND USE OF SCULPTURE.

It is fitting that Sculpture should be that one of the fine Arts to which Grief and Affection resort most frequently, for the purpose of perpetuating the display and securing the remembrance of the sensations of mind and

heart to which those names are given. It must have been monumental in its origin, and it is still most appropriately connected with sepulchral associations. None of the fine arts, even in their sweetest and most touching exhibition, possess the same tranquillizing and soothing powers. The "dying fall" of Music itself does not transcend, even if it equals it; since Music can only give birth to tranquillity, through the medium of *emotion, progressively attenuated;* while Sculpture, with the voice of silence, says to every gazer—"Peace—be still!" Who ever heard the Requiem of Mozart, and felt not the thrill of quiet at its close taking the place of the gentle throbbings of a placid sorrow? Who hath ever gazed on Titian's Venus—pure—lofty though it be, as a work of Art, and its very transcendent excellencies, elevating it above grossness, without the commingling of fleshly passion with his admiration?—colouring always producing that effect. But has any one ever seated himself beside the "Mother" of Flaxman, or the "Children" of Chantry, without seeming to become for the moment as pulselessly still as the pure marble itself on which he gazed? Oh! Sculpture is profaned, when 'tis fashioned to the fiery form of some still breathing man of war and blood!

VII. GENIUS AND CRITICISM.

Criticism never flourished so much, nor was so generally studied and looked up to as at the present day.—Another fact presents itself at the same moment to our notice. Perhaps at no period in our literature, if we except only the age of Elizabeth, as it is called, was there so much of that quality, named *genius*, displayed, as at the present moment.* I do not now speak of the production

* Written during Byron's lifetime, and when Scott was producing Ivanhoe, &c.

of that inspiration; of its developement or of its application; but of its actual *seen* existence; and not of its nature and qualities. With regard to the latter, differences of opinion may and do exist: on the former proposition I believe all are agreed. These premises being admitted, are we to suppose that they stand to each other in the relation of cause and consequence, or that they are mutually connected, though not in that precise manner? They certainly are in one or other of these circumstances. Common or popular modes of thinking would assign to criticism the dignified station of cause, while the existing amount of genius was marked down as its effect. With this opinion I cannot agree. Criticism had originally, and always must have its origin from the productions of genius. These are what create it, what give birth to it, and what supply it with nutriment.—The flower sheds its fragrant perfumes on the air, and spreads its petals to the sunbeam, before the bee or the wasp require or are fit to seek there for nourishment or store.—Aristotle lived after Homer. Longinus succeeded Virgil, and Quintilian followed Cicero—at an awful distance.

Real genius has in itself a knowledge and high conviction of its powers. Aristocratical and Patrician in its self-modes of thought, however philanthropic in its cosmopolitism, it disdains to prop itself on the foundations of another; or to model its superstructure by another's plan. Shakespeare, which is but another name for imbodied genius—genius in all its grandeur—power—beauty, variety, eccentricity, and, if you will, absurdity;—Shakespeare, though I had never read a word of his life, but had judged simply from the perusal of his works, I should hold never for a moment troubled himself with what "*The Critics would say.*" Criticism had no hand in his creation; but his death, like that of a noble animal, has given birth and sustenance to

myriads who prey upon his remains—revel on his beauties, or batten, maggot like, upon his errors. Criticism has poured its copious streams, its incense and its scorn upon the works of Byron, but with equal results.—Conscious of his own mighty powers, he is alike superior to its censure and its praise.—The former could not bridle him in his young career: the latter has not spurred him on in his glorious course. The very rules and examples of the critic-art have been, and always must be, drawn from the previously ever-flowing fountain of genius.

TO ——

And thou art cold!—then 'tis for me
To quench the fast expiring flame;
To-morrow—and my love shall be
Without an aim!
It hath too long been slave to thee,—
To thee and shame!

But not from me reproach shall come,
To stir thine apathy to ire;
Mine eye be dark, my tongue be dumb;
My heart a pyre,
Though all its ashes in their sum
Have now no fire!

Thy stoic calmness I shall brook,
Perchance may learn to copy too;
Tho' but a sigh of thine hath shook
My spirit through—
Nerved or unmanned by but a look
From you!

No bond is rent!—the ties that might
Have held me gently many a day,
But sternly worn—in wrong and right
Are in decay;
They need not even their wasted weight
To fall away!

Farewell, then! it is mine to learn,
The last sad lesson thus from thee—
Forgetfulness.—None shall discern
A grief in me,
If there lurk one—sad—silent—stern—
But *one* 'twill be—
That thou shouldst have been first
To tell me *we* were free!

ON ONE WHO PRONOUNCED
WEAR AND WERE—AS WERE.

Says Rattlebrain—"Slipshod, your language you say
Is new and genteel—but 'tis just 'tother way;
Your tongue's secondhand, Man!"—"How?"—"Why all who hear
You allow that it is much the worse for the *were!*"

DESULTORY REMARKS

ON SOME OF

THE PROPERTIES OF THOUGHT.

"To fly from, need not be to hate mankind;
Nor is it discontent to keep the mind
Deep in its fountain, lest it overboil."

CHILDE HAROLD. CANTO III.

DESULTORY REMARKS, &c.

The ideas and reflections which present themselves to us, when in Solitude, are never mirthful;—nay, they are seldom even soothing, unless we are constitutionally imaginative, and given to day dreams, and air-castle building. They are almost always abstract; frequently painfully intense, but, in the majority of cases, they are also truly beneficial;—for, by inducing self-examination, they throw us back upon, and increase our intimacy with ourselves; Now, contemplation is, in its very nature, stilly and solemn, especially when it is directed inwardly, and towards our capacities, whether moral or physical; for we are "fearfully and wonderfully fashioned."—Does this property of thought, then, proceed, as a consequence from our natural habits; or, in other words, is man inherently averse to mirth and hilarity; and is a sombre sedateness his natural state of existence? Far from it. Naturalists have found few more striking distinctions between man and his fellow animals, than that Man laughs, and Brutes do not:—they can weep, however, and, if wisdom is the offspring of cogitation, there is a class of the fourfooted creation, who must far surpass man in their philosophical

attainments; for, by way of pre-eminence, they have been denominated "*ruminating;*" which is but another name for *thinking* animals,—upon their skill in which art the *elite* of mankind are found so highly, and with reference to their comparative powers in *that* way, to those of the mass of their fellow mortals, so justly to plume themselves. I should presume, from this circumstance that Mirth, nay often Cheerfulness itself, is the joint offspring of two contributors; at least, we cannot ourselves, and by our solitary will, create it. It is the child of companionship; and often the spark elicited by the clashing of habits and opinions. Its existence does not indeed require the actual presence of plurality, in proper person; but if the spirit of another holds communion with us through the medium of his—writings I was about to say, but that limitation would have been incorrect,—through the medium of his works, then, the productions of his pen, his pencil, his graver, or his chisel; the recollection of his voice or face, —he is as much before us, if we enter into *their* spirit, as if he sat by us. In contributing to the generation of mirthful ideas, he, by his representatives, possesses far more power than he would probably display were he actually before us; for many mirthful writers fail in becoming cheering companions; and even those who delight alike by their conversation and their works, are not always masters of themselves: they cannot wear a smile at command, or be facetious at a moment's notice. In men indeed whose writings display great humour and wit, fits of deep, painful, and abstracted melancholy are of frequent occurrence. Sterne is an example in point. An Italian Buffo performer, whose mirth was separated from his own individuality as much as if it had been written, came to consult a celebrated Physician on a constitutionally melancholic habit. His person was unknown, and

the prescription he received was,—to attend his own performances!

Written wit, humour, and mirthfulness, are, however, always in themselves alike and unchangeable. We may be in a mood of mind which renders us unfit for properly appreciating their merit; or the allusions may be so personal, so local, or so antiquated, as to prevent us from participating in the pleasantries;—yet, notwithstanding, its *nature* remains unchanged—Humour once,—humour it must always be, however much its power of stirring up our fancies may evaporate. The ore of wit is not oxidized by time, nor its nature changed by any chronological chymistry. The ashes of Cervantes are impalpable, yet was any one so happy in his company as when alone with the "Adventures" of the immortal knight of La Mancha! Smollett's dust is mingled with its kindred earth, in the land of the stranger, and even beneath the glowing sun of Italy, it is cold; but is Strap less warmly recollected, Commodore Trunnion forgotten; or have Matthew Bramble and Tabitha passed away from our remembrance? Do we yet cease to think of Tom Pipes with an inward chuckle of delight? Or are the living pages of Fielding unread because he died fifty years ago? These very men, however, whose spirits are yet potent, and who have made laughing hereditary with their names, were often, (I may safely say, when alone,—always,) pensive and sedate.

They had, and we all have, in such moments, the memories of boyish years and youthful pleasures crowding around, with all the charm of distance, and regretful interest in the thought that they are fled for ever. These writers had in their solitude, and all who have lived long have the remembrance of their youthful friends and loves, from whom they were parted by distance, death, or the

decay of those very feelings which once knit them together, but now repel them from each other, like that property of the electric fluid, which now attracts, and now repels with an equal force.

Friendship and sociality, then, are the principal fountains from which the cheering streams of mirth and gladness have their rise. Those latter states of mind give a beautiful variety to the picture of life; but solitude and meditation, in other words, the presence of sedate, and it may be, perhaps, of painful reflections, are as necessary to the beauty and harmony of that complicated design—that mazy plan—the present life, as shadows in a scenic work of art. Relieving the heart, and refreshing the energies, as they truly do, they also, like these tints, make the other hues appear more brilliant; and the bright groupings by their means stand out in pleasing prominency.—Such moments are the resting places of the spirit.—There indeed if it labours, yet it gathers strength from its toil, and adds wealth to its stores by the very act of expenditure.

There is a position which I have long held as established, and which has some relation to the premises which I laid down at my outset.—I have not the means of knowing from those, who are professionally informed on the point in question, whether or not my opinion is sanctioned by experience. Plausibility is at least on its side.—It is this—that it is much easier to delineate in the person, by a look, attitude, or gesticulation, the poetical or tragic emotions of the heart, than it is to do those of a nature precisely opposed to them; more particularly when the representation is professional—of course often repeated, and hence has become mechanical. We can affect with ease a sadness foreign to the heart even in moments of the greatest mirth; but he must

indeed be a master of countenance, who can dress his visage in the gay garb of smiles, while his bosom is racked with griefs, or his frame under the influence of thrilling pain.—If he *acts*, his delineations, the state of his mind being such as above described, cannot be flowing or natural, for they are not effected with ease; and if he does not *act*, by which I mean, if he can give room in his breast, at the same moment, to emotions of such contrariety of nature,—they cannot, either of them, possess much vigour, or have the power greatly to please even himself. In such a case, it is impossible rationally to wish for such versatility of power.—These remarks, I doubt not, some may imagine are in opposition to the fact of which few deny the existence, namely, that the finer emotions are seldom, and but faintly felt, by the great mass of mankind; and that, therefore, to imitate the more exalted forms of grief and melancholy will *generally*, by which standard all rules must be judged, be an achievement incomparably more difficult than to personify mirth or cheerfulness, which, they say, can be, or at least are only felt in their unsophisticated and genuine force among the simple and inartificially mannered people of the inferior walks of life.—Now in answer to such, I would urge, (and it is but their own objection thrown back upon themselves), that however much mirth may be an inmate of the Peasant's cottage, the polished, refined and elegant expression of it, is unknown to, and unstudied by, its rude inhabitant.—The boisterous display of such is, indeed, by a vast number, confounded, and, to their view, inseparably interwoven with the feeling itself; the roaring laugh, with the titillating occasion of it. Yet touching grief is often best, and most naturally pourtrayed by the homely peasant, although, to gracefulness in his expressions of joy, he can have no pretensions.—But it is almost idle to argue a point, when per-

sonal experience can best, and, most easily decide it.—Let any one, when plunged in sadness, attempt by an effort to be gay, and then let him, when cheerful or joyous, essay to appear oppressed with a load of woe, and, I am content, that the case should stand on the result of his feelings,—on the comparative ease or difficulty of the assumption of certain characters, opposite to the prevailing mental impressions of the moment.

In conclusion then, if melancholy be not the natural or level state of man's disposition, as little title has mirth to that distinction. The one may be the exaltation of the mind and heart, which is so easily compressed and acted upon by external circumstances; and the other, the ebbing reflux of those feelings. The first, the mountainous and airy region, and the last, the murky dell or sunken hollow; but there is a *mid* tide of feeling—or a level valley of thought, in which alone equanimity of happiness can be obtained. Frequent solitude is a more necessary means for attaining that end than its opposite; for never can we fully know our tempers, or aught of the nature of the intelligence that framed us, without turning in upon ourselves, and glassing the mind in the reflection of its own workings.—That heart is but ill constituted where its own impulses are either dull or bad companions. Without such a knowledge so obtained, gladness may be airy, but it will also be fleeting, and unsubstantial: and joy will be as rapid in its flight as the oriental moralists pictured, when they represented it as but a passing sunbeam, yet leaving on our path of life a long and melancholy shadow, —cast back by the roughness of the road, and magnified by the very light which contrasts with, while it shows it!— He who dreads to be alone is either weak or unworthy. If the former, he resembles the patriarch who prayed to be shadowed from the dazzling splendour of the face of

the Most High; and if the latter, he is incapable of enjoying the true pleasures of the loftiest and purest of companionship.

"To sit on rocks, to muse o'er flood and fell,
To slowly trace the forest's shady scene,
Where things that own not man's communion, dwell,
And mortal foot hath ne'er, or rarely been;
To climb the trackless mountain all unseen,
With the wild flock that never needs a fold;
Alone o'er steeps and foaming falls to lean;
This is not solitude; 'tis but to hold
Converse with Nature's charms, and view her stores unroll'd."

THE MYSTIC THREE,

OR

AGNESS—ANNE—AND ISABELLE.

Agness—Anne—and Isabelle!
Names each in turn a potent spell;
Are ye but names? Ye once were more
Than mere inscriptions on the core
Of this lone heart, whose ruins speak
Of ire that wasted love doth wreak
Upon its dwelling, like the hall
Scorched by some blazing festival!
Your syllables—deep graved—though broken;
There a sad tale but half express;
Yet, shattered thus, they well betoken
Tadmor—'mid the heart's wilderness!

Isabella—Agness—Anne!
Stripling—Boy—Youth—passioned-Man,
I've been as each the willing thrall
To one of you;—and now to all—
Aye, *all!* Through memory's regent sway
I the deep homage willing pay
Of loyalty, whose deedless faith
Is all its broken fortunes hath!

I could have served, with truth unshrinking
The liege ones of my boyish heart;
Had trodden with a trust unthinking
Unto believing's utmost part!

And Anna's—Bella's—Agness' name
Have in them still that touching claim
Which treasured notes of music wild,
Heard 'mid our dreams, or when a child
Have, when we hear them once again,
Amid some else unnoticed strain.—
The written page—the spoken line—
The hymned notes—the rites divine,—
All—all to me are more awaking,
If these dear symbols of the past
Be there. Graved deep on it while breaking,
My heart will show them there at last! *

THE PROUD LOVER'S REMONSTRANCE.

Nay, dry those tears!—thy flashing eyes
For weeping look too proud,
That regal breast is not for sighs,
Or sighs that breathe aloud!
There's sobbing for the trembling heart
That sheds in drops its woe;—
There's wailings for the Feeble's part
But none for thee, love—No!
Thy dauntless soul—though woman's still,
Should not in tears its sorrow spill!

* Queen Anne said something like this of Dunkirk.

"I am the cause"—Well! spare my pride
The humbling—hated thought,
That I can only stir the tide
Whence woman's tears are brought,
Till it flow—but to ebb again;
Yet have no power to print
Regret's deep stamp, where Love's grown pain.—
By heaven there's madness in't!
I'd rather quail beneath thy rage
Than thus a woman's grief assuage!

I will not weep that thou art cold,
For that hath frozen all
The founts whence burning drops are doled,
And only these should fall
From eyes, whose fire hath flash'd to thine
Responsive, look for look;
The heart can bend not to repine
To crave which will not brook!
There is for it no choice of states,
It fiercely loves—or deeply hates!

Which shall it be? The love thou know'st,
The hate thou ne'er shalt see;—
'Twill live—but, aye, it is my boast!
'Twill only live for me.
As charnel droppings wear the tomb;
But cannot reach the dead,
So will it slow my heart consume
But ne'er fall on thy head!
Then weep no more—'twas Love I sought;—
I was a fool—and thou wert not!

ADELAIDE AND ROLAND.

A GERMAN LEGEND.

—— " A sad and piteous history,
As e'er was writ, of mischief-making love,
Which breaks more true hearts than it ever bound,
And digs more graves than it makes bridal beds,
When was it loyal to the bosom's peace?"

OLD PLAY—THE TRUE MEDICAMENT.

ADELAIDE AND ROLAND.

The banks of the Rhine form a succession of scenes more romantic, in the sense of the term that I am fondest of, than can be equalled in any of the countries, it has been my fortune to wander through. Every hill, valley, stream and rock has its wild, old and interesting tradition, embalmed in the memories of the aged, who received them from their progenitors, and the hearts of the young, who will hand them down to their successors. Fairy legends, and tales of goblin, sprite and fay, are generally connected with the natural curiosities, and remarkable, or beautiful landscapes of the neighbourhood; but deeds of chivalry or outrage, and stories of feuds, loves and combats, are presented to the recollection of the peasantry of the district, by the ruined abbey, decayed church, and mouldering keep, or hoary castle, still terrible in age and desolation, of which there are such numbers on the brink of that river, especially in the neighbourhood of Bonn.

Near that City, the remains of three of these ancient Baronial residences, are yet discernible, standing at a short distance from each other. They were built, in the fifteenth century, by three German brothers, of a daring and turbulent disposition, who determined to distinguish themselves and families, with a total disregard of the honour or

the legality of the means, too characteristic of their barbarous age and country. They formed the resolution of establishing themselves in three separate but neighbouring fortresses, from which they could mutually, and with ease, sally forth, and violently seize upon whatever they were in want of, or that excited their rapacity—the property of the dwellers in the surrounding country. The three fortresses were placed in the midst of a rocky ridge of almost inaccessible hills, called Sieben Bergen, or the seven mountains. They received, from their builders, names, in themselves, well calculated to strike the superstitious, and the weak with awe and terror.—One was called Drachenfels, or the Dragon's Rock—another, Wolkenberg—the Cloudy Castle;—and the third Lowenberg—literally The Lion's Mountain.

Tradition reports that each of them was, not only guarded with strong towers and outworks, but was also rendered more secure by having a number of secret accesses and outlets, communicating respectively with each other, and the opposite bank of the river, and known only to their owners.

By their good fortune and bravery, at the end of seven years, from their possessing these places of security, the Brother Warriors, as they styled themselves, had amassed so much plunder as, not only enriched them, but had made their names feared and renowned throughout the whole Empire. These three feudal chieftains had an only sister, called Adelaide, who was as remarkable for her gentleness and virtue, tenderness and beauty, as her brothers were for their reckless courage and hardihood, and daring spirit of enterprise. Their parents being dead she was under their guardianship; and, rude though their manners were, and steeled as their hearts had been by deeds of outrage, they, yet, all equally and tenderly

loved and treated her with the greatest respect; for we often find the charities of life possessing a nook of the heart where they were least to be expected, as the most beautiful and sweet scented flowerets, are sometimes seen sheltering themselves from the storm beneath the leaves of the hemlock, and the deadly nightshade, or the ruder, but less baneful, gorse and heath.

There was on the opposite shore of the Rhine, another castle, very romantically situated, no vestige of which now remains, but then inhabited by a young, valiant, generous and handsome knight, named Roland; one of those who, imbued with a high and chivalrous spirit, make even the darkest ages of European history, in some respects, dear to the noble and warm-hearted of more polished times. In a Joust, held at the castle of a neighbouring Baron, he had the good, or bad fortune,—at least the present happiness of meeting with Adelaide of Drachenfels. She could not be seen, without being admired, nor long known, without being loved; and his noble presence, gallant mien, and courteous address, were irresistible, even with the most volatile of the female sex.—How powerful then must they have been in making an impression on the susceptible heart of Adelaide, even by their very contrast with the boisterous, though to her affectionate, demeanour of her kinsmen! The love of this pair became, at the same instant, equally fervid and mutual. Many were their stolen interviews in the clear moonlight, near the walls of Roland's castle, when the brothers of Adelaide were absent on their predatory excursions;—many the vows they plighted of enduring faith, maiden love, and knightly constancy; and many the sweet and bitter tears they shed on the cheeks of each other, when the hour of parting came, with a speed all unlooked for, and almost unaccountable. Adelaide had

held these interviews with her lover in secret, from no other motive than an undefined dread, which weak and gentle minds often have of strong or coarse ones, "that it *might* offend her brothers." During one of these, when Sir Roland pressed his suit with all the ardour of a young and enthusiastic lover, and besought her to become his own for ever, she referred him to her brothers, whose consent obtained, her hand should be his, as was her heart already. She thought he would have accepted of this permission with transport; but, instead of showing any signs of satisfaction at her words, Roland fell into a pensive mood; and, after some minutes of silence, broke out into the exclamation, "Ah! had mine eyes never gazed on thy fatal beauty, or had my sire or thine been but an humble peasant, rather than a belted knight!" He then communicated to his mistress what he had never had courage of heart enough to mention before.—A deadly feud had subsisted for many years between the families of Roland and Adelaide; and had only of late ceased to produce actual warfare, from the more profitable occupation the warrior brothers had chosen, of plundering the weak in place of fighting with the strong. "Your rich and proud brothers, lady," said the young knight, "will never consent that you should wed the son of their ancient and hereditary foe.—But will this, which gives us an opportunity of trying the strength of our love, only present a proof of its weakness—Must we never meet again?"

Adelaide replied to him in words and with a manner which most pleasantly and gracefully united the expression of devoted, virtuous, maiden love, and that firmness which even the weaker sex possessed in those days of warlike prowess. She assured him that she deemed it her duty—a duty due to the memory of her revered parents—to consult her brothers,—but only to *consult* them; and if

they withheld their consent, then her love would demand the sacrifice of her fraternal affection—and if needful it should be made. This noble proffer overcame the doubts of Roland; he threw himself at her feet, and swore, in any case, never—never to wed another. Adelaide recompensed his faith by reciprocating the vow.

Young Roland, the very next day, demanded admittance to her three brothers, on the plea that he had something of importance to communicate; and an audience was immediately accorded to him. He entered the frowning gates of the castle, where the meeting was appointed to be held, with a not unknightly fear. He would, without a craven thought, have dared to storm its battlements in the hour of warfare; but the trembling which agitated his frame,—in spite of himself, and the recollection of many deeds of heroic valour by him achieved,—as he crossed the moat, and heard the sullen clank of the chains connected with the drawbridge while it was elevated behind him, arose from doubt, but not from cowardice, though the sensation would be undiscriminatingly called fear by many. The brothers of Adelaide awaited the arrival of Roland, in the large oak-panelled hall where the boisterous festivities of their rude followers and retainers, were usually celebrated. On the brow of each of them there was a predetermined scoff, in spite of the stately air of politeness which the rules of knighthood, not altogether forgotten even by them, required every one to assume on the entrance of a guest, although that guest should be a hereditary enemy.—"Let Roland of Schwartzenberg be seated near us," said the oldest of the brothers coldly, as the young lover gave a bow of haughty recognition.—But recollecting that he came as a suitor, the latter did what in him lay to dismiss from his brow and curled lip any traces of the scorn and feeling which, before his love for Adelaide,

were hatred of the brothers. He seated himself, and, in a brief, but interesting manner, and with a gallant bearing, avowed to them the love he felt for their beautiful sister, and asked their consent to his immediate union with her. They were startled at the proposal, and wondered how Roland ever had obtained opportunities of becoming the lover of the secluded Adelaide. After a prolonged, and to all parties, disagreeable audience, Roland took his leave, being only able to extract from the guardians of his mistress, a promise to consult together with themselves and their charge, on the propriety and expediency of granting the request.

Adelaide from her chamber window had eagerly watched for, and listened, with something more exciting than pleasure, to the clang of his massive sword, the only weapon he wore on the visit, as it rang in touching the tesselated floor of the hall.—With what breathless earnestness she watched the advance of the sunbeam across her casement; and how tedious did she that day think its career, as she sat in the solitary indulgence of what was a joy, though less vivid than the hope, that Roland's suit would be successful—that the interview would be happily and speedily concluded, and that she should either be called down to attend her brothers' pleasure in the hall, or that they would be desirous that after meeting them, Roland should be admitted to her presence. With this half-defined wish in view, she had,—she *afterwards* tried to assure herself, that it was unconsciously—donned her in her best attire at the morning hour. She wore on that day the pale and beautiful blue robe of silk that Roland had first beheld, and still most admired her in. A rare Gem, twined round with what was of more value to her than all the gems the argosies of Venice ever bore from the east —a lock of Roland's golden hued and Saxon hair,—was

not wholly hid in the most heavenly of shelters—her fond and palpitating bosom. But no messenger knocked at her chamber door, which was ready to bound open at the very touch of a breath from the outside. It remained unmoved.—Roland's steed was brought to the outerside of the moat;—his step was heard in the hall—the echo of the departing and coldly formal courtesies, rung, like the wail of broken hopes, up to the turret;—*He* appeared at the gate—looked upwards—sighed, and departed! A dreary interval of several days elapsed before the brothers of Adelaide betrayed, in her presence, either by their speech or demeanour, their knowledge of the mutual affection subsisting between their sister and Roland. They thought thus haughtily to mark their scorn of what they deemed a dereliction from the honourable pride of hatred, which their house had long entertained against the line of chiefs, hereditary possessors of Schwartzenberg. At length when the time approached at which they were to give an answer to the suitor of Adelaide,—who, by-the-bye, they had so strictly watched, that no intermediate interview had taken place between him and her,—they condescended to open their minds upon the subject to their sister. This they did when one day she was permitted, and in spirits, to be their companion at their board, after they were able to withdraw themselves from the ruder companionship of their vassals. Their words were all reproachful, even in the very tone of their delivery, and in the expression of countenance which accompanied them. They were also few and bitter. But love armed the soul of the gentle Adelaide, and gave her a courage and an eloquence, totally new and surprising to herself. It seemed to have awakened, or indeed given birth to energies, the possession of which she had never dreamed of; and such was her winning fervour, and the impressive beauty of

her language and her looks, that even the obdurate hearts of her brothers were softened.—They were made of sterner stuff than to be melted. All that they could consent to was that Roland might cherish hope of obtaining their countenance to the marriage, after distinguishing himself and gaining an honourable name, by feats of arms under the banners of our blessed Lord in Palestine. Beyond this point they were inflexible.

This resolution they communicated to Roland, when, accompanied by a gallant train—for his pride had been piqued by the coldness and formality of his first reception, and the supposed negligence of Adelaide in her failing to resort on the moonlit evenings to the old oak, bordering the domains of Schwartzenberg;—when I say escorted by a gallant company he waited upon them to demand their answer. That answer, though behind his wishes, was beyond his hopes. He adored Adelaide—but he also, though less devotedly, loved martial glory; so that he felt a sensation he was inclined to stifle as inconsistent with his vows, and almost ashamed to own to himself, as akin to satisfaction—when he heard that the two passions which possessed his bosom might be gratified—nay, the one be the means of forwarding the aimings of the other. Fatal self-deceit! Unhappy delusion! Love must have unreserved and undivided sway, else dreadful is the vengeance it exacts.—The incense offered on its shrine must be to it alone.—The homage paid in its temple, the heart, must be shared by no other passion deified! The parting of Adelaide and Roland was the bitterest moment of their lives. Though he was in all the gallant trim of a young and noble knight, and high in hope and anticipations of glory, they fearfully—and ah! not falsely, looked forward to the ills the future would give birth to. They kissed and sighed till the dewy lips of Adelaide seemed to grow

to those of Roland, and vowed—oh how they vowed—undying constancy! At length Roland gave one fervid embrace—pressed the hand of her he had the presentiment he was never to see again.—And the last echo of the bugles of his train, as that faded in the distance from the straining eyes of Adelaide, awoke her from the reverie, into which she had fallen from the undefinable feeling of loneliness she felt, when the hand of Roland ceased its fond hold of hers.

Roland sped him on. When he bade adieu to the dear and majestic stream that bounds his native country, upon whose beautiful banks he had in boyhood disported himself, and in youth so devotedly loved;—when he recollected that his fatherland was behind him, and his mistress far away, the gaudy dreams of martial glory, rainbow-like, seemed to him only to be the accompaniment of deep and throbbing sorrow; and their illusive splendour was at times totally overshadowed by the dense melancholy of the forebodings which rather rested heavily on his soul than flitted moodily across it. But this state of mind did not—could not long continue. He reached the seaport from whence he was to sail for Palestine; and, with increase of distance from the gentle and all unforgetting Adelaide, was the sharp edge of his sorrow blunted, and the unavailing poignancy of regret deadened within him.

Roland and his train joined themselves to other warriors of the Cross. There were among them the young and the old—the noble and the mean; men who fought for the honour of their faith—but for it in conjunction with the peerless fame of their mistress; and men who were stirred up to the daring of the enterprise by the meaner promptings of a thirst for worldly possession, which they longed to slake in the fertile and well stored plains of Syria, and among the wealthy believers of the

arch impostor Mahomet. The generous purpose and the noble sentiments of Roland did not allow him to hesitate in choosing to which of these orders of the army of God he should attach himself; for he found on his arrival in the holy land, as were his companions on the voyage, so were his comrades in the camp. The colours of Adelaide shewed in the plume of Roland's helmet,—and in the van of the Christian battle array. The lock of her raven hair, which he wore next his heart, entwined round the likeness of its former possessor, parted with a portion of itself to wreath with the ribbon streamers that waved over his mailed shoulder.—" God—the Cross, and my Adelaide!" was the war-cry most frequently heard, and ay most dreaded in the paynim ranks, and in the tents of the unholy infidel; for it was ever but the prelude of the fiercest onset from the keenest tempered steel; the most undaunted courage, yea and with that courage, of the most knightly courtesy, and the blooming look of a fairer manly beauty than ever the daughters of the east had before beheld. Many were the onslaughts which Roland led, and as many were the victorious conquests he achieved. The trophies of his prowess were numerous—but he never thought them enow for the lonely dweller on the far distant shores of the Rhine. To her, as they were won, they were sent by such messengers as accidentally offered themselves; for his gallant followers were too few and too fearless to be permitted, or, as they would have said themselves, to be compelled to leave the warfare of Religion and Renown, and not be allowed to share the laurels of their beloved master. But, alas! these tokens of an affection, still fresh and green, never reached the Lady of his love, to whose withering and pining heart they would have been like the pure and weltering stream to the pilgrim, who is athirst and weary in the desert. The Brothers of

Drachenfells knew why. Did a pilgrim seek charity in the name of Christ and the Holy Mother, and by the scars he bore from wounds received in warring with infidels; and by the scallop shell and the cross he wore, beseech them for shelter and succour—he was driven from the precincts of the churls, and for ever after, it may be supposed shunned their inhospitable gates. Did a stranger inquire for their sister—he was either bribed to silent departure and unreturning absence, or driven by force from their neighbourhood. No tidings of her, as she thought, false and forgetting lover ever reached Adelaide.

Seven years had drearily and heavily gone on, and were passed—yet Roland returned not! Many, many were the ancient Nobles—the valiant Knights, and even the wealthy Burghers, for dearly did her brothers value riches, that sought to woo and win the maiden, whose charms were widely known, and often sung, despite the jealous watchfulness of her fraternal guardians! But the first look of Adelaide, when the beams of morning raised her from her sleepless couch, feverish slumbers or desponding dreams, was to where that morning sun arose—the *East*. The last looks from her chamber window in the twilight of eve, however, were not to where, in excess of monarch like magnificence, it set; for there was not the earthly god of her vows and her heart—the beautiful, though clay formed, temple of her hopes and wishes. The name and the image of Roland were ever present in her thoughts; and time but deeper graved them on the tablets of the heart, and imprinted them on the viewless records of undecaying memory.

What, it will perchance be asked, could stir up brothers to such cruelty, and strip their stoney hearts of all the garments of brotherly tenderness, yea, and even of the common clothing of humanity, that they so created—so prolonged

their sister's pine?—It were better, and more merciful, to have at once deprived her of the life their common parents gave. Gentle one, if that it be a lady that inquireth, it was the spirit of Revenge, and the triumph of the evil principle which, we may often see, do freeze up the blood-currents of affection, and make the heart of man like unto the iron,—hard as it is cold, or burning in its softness.—It was from hate of Roland and despisal of her who could love him. Art thou a man—aye and of the world too, who askest me? I will whisper thee then, 'twas Interest also; for Adelaide, if she lived to the age of five and twenty, became sole inheritor of the woods and lawns; the fair Castle and the wealth of her Mother's brother: such was his expiring wish. These wide domains, and that powerful Barony, the Brothers wished to have for their own exclusive use.—Thus passionate hate is often but a garment wherewith is covered interested love.

At length the seven years of Roland's absence had passed away—at length Adelaide approached the blooming age of five and twenty. The schemes of the Brothers were completed; and their triumph was at hand and matured.

One day, (it was a dismal and gloomy one,) Adelaide was called down from her solitary chamber to attend her brothers in the Castle hall.—She did not credit her ears nor her senses, when she heard the attendant add, "A stranger hath been closeted with your brothers, lady, and he looks like one of the men who have fought in the holy land."—Hastily, yet feebly, she tottered down the steep staircase—for never had she obeyed a summons with more—pleasure I had almost said,—but that were wrong;—with less reluctance then,—since the day of the departure of Roland. She dared not hope that the stranger was her love, but she believed that it would be one who knew of him, and bore some message for her. "Why so pale, sister? This

palmer is the bearer of some news for you, which, I guess, will not improve your complexion!" Adelaide looked not even a reproach, but gently addressing the pilgrim said, "Valiant and holy stranger, if you have aught for my own peculiar ear, my brothers will retire to a distance; but if thy message demands not privacy, for the love of the holy Mary, do not delay to tell it me!" "It will be well enough known an hour hence, lady, so I need no secrecy, and the tale is too heavy to make me haste in the telling," gruffly answered the stranger, and then went on with an unfaltering and savage apathy, only varied by occasional attempts at being pathetic or jocose, to tell that he had fought along with Roland—seen him fall—received his last breath, and was requested by him to be the bearer of a box, which he threw on the table, and with it a ring, as tokens of his love and his death, for Adelaide, the sister of the lords of Drachenfells.—"Yes! It is mine!" cried Adelaide;—she could no more.—The breath forsook the snowy bosom which had but a moment before heaved to the music of hope;—colour fled the cheek it had tinted with the long forgotten hue of joy;—and she sunk on the hard marble pavement of the Hall, which was yet softer than the bosoms of her brothers. Life returned—the stranger still remained, and Adelaide looked—she could not articulate—fond questions, which he was, alas! too ready to answer. "We were comrades in the fight—but who was Roland's peer in the combat? It was during the hottest of the bloody strife that I saw him fall, after I had witnessed prodigies of his valour. In company with his page, though also grievously wounded, we bore him to his tent; but life ebbed swiftly through the gashes of the Saracenic scymitars, and a wound near the heart, given by the arrow of an infidel. But his last words lady were of

you!" At this moment the palmer almost faltered, despite of himself, at the picture he had sketched. "Take," said he, "this casquet to my Adelaide, and tell her that my latest sigh was towards her—my last thought regarded her, and my expiring prayer was for her welfare." He then gave up the ghost, and, lady, I am here, and have fulfilled my promise!" Yea, he had—but not to Roland—for he never had made one. He earned the gold of Drachenfells' lords;—but with it bought a worm that gnaweth hearts, and never—never dies! The false traitor's tale was untrue, yet Adelaide—could she else? firmly believed it; and from that moment devoted herself to the memory of her lover, and to sorrow. Her suitors, and many were they, and noble, and generous, and gallant and gay, increased;—but she mildly told her tale. Her heart, she said, was in a Syrian grave, and now her body should be Heaven's, for the works of God and charity, before that it was Death's. She associated with the nuns of a neighbouring Carmelite Convent that, built on a small island in the Rhine, was overlooked by the Castle of her brothers, and the ancestral domains of Roland. Hope's flame that, even unknown to herself, had still fitfully twinkled in its socket, at last for a moment brightly flashed—and died away—for ever! She took the veil. The day, and but the day after that event, which not even fate, all mighty as it reigns over what is yet to be, can ever recall, the sound of Roland's triumphant bugle rang through the woods of Drachenfells, as with his valiant train he approached the Castle of the Brothers to demand the fulfilment of their promise and the hand, (he knew not that the heart ought then to have been heaven's,—) of Adelaide. The notes danced o'er the Rhine, and hung lingeringly round the turrets of the Convent. Adelaide knew them! The per-

fidy of her brothers—the brothers to whom she had yielded her estate—that moment flashed across her mind! The longed for, and now replenished cup of happiness was at the same instant dashed from the thirsty lips of Roland. He cursed his fate—he almost cursed his God! He prayed that the earth—his *native* earth—would ope and swallow him up, since all the perils of War he had escaped—but to find that his Mistress had forgotten *him*, although she had not loved another—for so was he told, and such was his belief. But yet he cursed not her. He prepared to return to Palestine, but before his departure, was prevailed upon to seek his still beloved—adored Adelaide. By special favour they met, but the never opening gate of the Convent was betwixt them;—yet it excluded not the truth. He learned the baseness of the brothers of his Mistress, gave to her tears and prayers the mightiest boon he ever could dispense—his forgiveness;—pressed the hand of Adelaide—and was severed from her for ever!

Speedily did the gentle frame of Adelaide sink under this event. It had crushed her heart and withered her spirit:—was it to be wished its tenement should still remain—though in ruins? She died—and the name of her Roland and of her God hung on her lips, breathed together in the deep devotion of her latest hour. Before her decease, Roland had taken up his abode in a chapel on a rock which overlooked the Rhine, and the windows of the Convent. To these windows were his eyes ceaselessly directed. He again saw—but only saw Adelaide. She recognised him,—for love is far sighted; and, at her calm departure, her eyes were turned toward the chapel. Roland was permitted to attend her remains to the tomb. He took no *monastic* vow;—for he had deeply pledged a holier one—that of *love;*—and he kept it sacred. Sixteen

years Roland survived his Adelaide; but he never left his chapel on the Rhine—never wished to gaze on aught but the convent where she had died—the grave where she was buried—(for he could see it); and never, never, even in thought, was he another's!

STANZAS.

WRITTEN ON FIRST OBSERVING THAT THE MOTTO ON A SEAL IN MY POSSESSION WAS,

"TO LIVE AND DIE FOR THOSE I LOVE."

> "The voyager through untracked billows,
> Who havens for a day in some sweet isle,
> Such as his storm-rock'd dreamings showed,—doth look
> The fonder on it, that 'tis like to them."
>
> CHATELARD—A PLAY.

THERE is, there is a mystic truth
In things we deem the freaks of Chance;
Which sheds its lustre o'er our youth,
In blending with the Real,—Romance!
Yes!—henceforth, Prescience, I'll believe
In thee!—Unfold then what's to be;
Not chance alone, a web could weave,
Whose threads are Wish and Destiny.
This is indeed my Horoscope,
The past's Recòrd, the future's Hope;
O Joy! all other joys above—
"To live and die for those I love!"

For those I've loved, I've lived alone;
Let me for Love and loving die,

And they may weep, when I am gone;
Whose Will became my Destiny.
A happier lot, which I resign,
It may be, colder hearts may have:—
Enough!—such triumph fond be mine,
As soars above the lowliest grave!
Stamped on my soul, as on my seal;
Badge of the faith to which I kneel;
Boast of the heart, all boasts above,
"To live and die for those I love!"

Proud hopes of fame! the heart love-broke
You cannot rouse nor thrill again;
Dreams of delight! from you awoke,
The real is but one lengthened pain.—
Prophetic symbol of my life,
Ah! but mine Epitaph become;
And with thy mystic words, its strife
Of thrilling joys and sorrows sum!
O'er my cold dust no tablet rear;
Enough, if wet with friendship's tear,
—The holiest dew!—one flower above,
Like me shall "live and die for love!"

THE LOVER'S LOAN.

Long years have gone over—
I come to the spot
Where first the boy-lover
Gave breath to the thought
That burned, as from lip
Unto lip it was given,

And hath left two fond bosoms
All blighted and riven!
Now noontide is shining
In lustre and light,
Then the star-light was pining;
But yet, oh how bright!
Was the blue sky above me,
The ravine beneath,
When "Yes, I do love thee,"
He ventured to breathe!
But the radiance of rapture that, halo-like, shone
Round the form that I doated on—where is it gone?

Oh! quenched—and for ever,
And dim as that ray,
Whose brightness may never
Again light my way—
That from forth a blue eye
Sent such flashes of love,
As to me made the bright sky
Look darkened above!
That eye lacks its lustre,
Its glancings are dim;—
But my bosom must burst ere
My tongue shall taint him!
Let him march to the glory
That waits on his name;
Not a tear for my story
Shall e'er blot his fame.
And perhaps when I rest, where the weary are gone,
He may come, as I came, to this dark Lover's Loan.

Then will he remember
The thrill of that hour,

When the gloom of November
Grew bright in the power,
Which his words of devotion,
So ardent and fond,
Could rouse to emotion,
And Love yet beyond!
—Who could deem that 'twas haunted
This dark Lover's Loan,
While the sunny leaves flaunted
With June's freshness on;
Who will guess as the glowing
Of soul lights his eye;
Of the sad mem'ries throwing
Their deep shadows nigh?
Yet, oh! never may he, as I now do, atone
For that one hour of rapture in this Lover's Loan!

It seems, though long years have
Since then passed away,
That my Rivers of tears have
Washed out every day;
And I stand as the morrow
That chased that dear night,
I stood, half in sorrow,
Yet all in delight,
And gazed on the green boughs
That waved overhead,
As he breathed forth the deep vows
That like these—are dead!
On my heart once again is
His little hand pressed;
His fond clasp yet the chain is
That hangs on my breast!—

Poor dreamer, that voice which I thought was his own,
Is but Echo reproachfully bidding—begone!

When a month had gone over,
What mound marked the spot,
Where first that fond lover
Gave voice to the thought,
That burned as from lip
Unto lip it was given,
And left two fond bosoms
All blighted and riven?
Though the noontide be shining
In lustre and light,
Mark the lithe willow pining
O'er the turf, that is bright
With the verdure that's springing
From a bosom now cold;
And, more sinned on than sinning,
That hides in its fold.

She sleeps where she fell—and the place needs no stone,
For her heart long was there—in the dark Lover's Loan:—
But when Mercy from earth every sorrow hath driven,
From this spot—pure again shall she wing her to Heaven!

IMPROVVISING.

Pinto.—" A Maravedi to a Ducat that he lies:
My life on't!—'tis so simply spoken out!
Luiz.—Truth is not always of a family likeness."—
THE LUSITANIAN MARINER.

DR. BOWRING, in his fine sketches of, and vivid remarks upon the Romances of the Spanish nation, observes, that there is hardly a language in the world, in which it is so easy to write Verse with elegance as the Castilian; arising from a peculiar construction of their musical rhythm, and the great license allowed in their assonant terminations. We do not know how to reconcile this fact with the circumstance of there never having appeared a Spanish Improvvisatore or Improvvisatrice, unless it be that the national gravity of the Spaniards prevents them from exhibiting in public an accomplishment, in which it must be as easy for them to excel, as it is for the Italians, who, if they have a softer language, follow more closely the ancient authors in their severer use of it.—The exhibition of that most extraordinary woman, Le Tiranna, (the original of Maturin's Madame Dalmatiana,) as described in Richard Cumberland's auto-biography, can hardly be said to be an exception to the truth of our remark.

After all, however, Improvvising is no such difficult matter, when sufficient excitement offers, as will be evinced in some degree, by the two "copies of verses" subjoined. —They were written with almost as great rapidity as they could have been spoken, to support an assertion then made; the difference indeed being only that of the speed of the fingers, as compared with that of the tongue, while

there was the drawback—or advantage, as it may be held, of inventing the story as the writer went along; and they are now printed, strictly in the original state, as a specimen of what may be attempted, even in our own language, Teutonic though it be.

The first speaks for itself. The subject of the second is an eastern painting, representing a woman in a semi-oriental costume, with whom is a boy, in a Turkish dress, gazing on a plant blooming in a flower-pot, beside which, a Gardener, also attired in the eastern fashion, is placed.

THE LEGEND OF THE LID.

AN ATTEMPT AT ENGLISH IMPROVVISO.—THE SUBJECT, AN ORIENTAL SKETCH ON THE LID OF A WORKBOX.

Who sits serene beneath yon leafy palm,
Glad as the sunshine—as the twilight calm;

Who, where the Acacia spreads its tender leaves,
Holds maiden state? No angry passion heaves
That gentle breast, nor beams on yon mild eye.—
Is that still bliss, the child of Melody,
Which, from the Zel's sweet strings, and Leila's touch,
Steals o'er the ear? The power of sound is such,
When Music, soothing Music, round the heart
Twines its soft folds with more than Magic art.—
In such a scene—in such a tranquil hour—
Ah! *then* 'tis, Melody we own thy power!—
Yet 'mid these palms in Cashmere's garden bowers,
Sleeps not the heart,—*it* hath its passion'd hours:
For, see where Azim—he who lute or sword
Alike doth use and love, and the soft word
Which best, he knows, the female ear can win—
Points to the cool retreat, half hid within,
Which, to her listening mistress, Leila plays
The touching airs of other lands and days;
And seems to say to Zara, "See the bliss
Thy friend Zuleika, in an hour like this
Alone possesses. Then, what joy were *ours*,
Together seated in these tranquil bowers?
There may be bliss in solitude, 'tis true;
But rapture is communion, if when two,
Loving and lov'd—as, Zara, we do now—
Sit, and are bless'd in gazing on the brow
Of each; and, marking in the others eye,
Their own resemblance pictur'd.—Then a sigh
Is aught but grief's sad descant!—Come, my Love;
The turtle murmurs gladness, and above,
The gayer birds wing their glad heavenward flight.
Here, let us sit, and watch the stealing night,

Which, from the prophet's* tomb, in starless cloud,
Comes sailing on, black as the Kaaba's† shroud.—
Yet let it come—thine eyes will make it blaze
To me, with more than sunshine's brightest rays!"

THE ROMANCE OF THE FLOWER.

IMPROMPTU ON AN EASTERN SKETCH, COMPANION TO THE ABOVE.

"LADY! see thy favourite blossom,
In our hot and fervid clime;
Place its first flower in thy bosom
It may mind thee of the time
When thy western Father-land
Thou hadst not left for foreign strand!

"Lady! for thy gentle sorrow
I have nursed this plant with care—
Watch'd it fondly eve and morrow—
Turned it to the Sun, and air;
I thought, an Exile's my own doom,
'Twould please thee thus to see it bloom."

"Stranger! one of Europe's daughters,
Thanks thee with a moisten'd eye;
That floweret fair, o'er western waters,
Blooms 'mong my kindred silently:

* Mussulmans always turn to the east for Mecca.
† The interior of the Temple at Mecca, hung with black cloth.

But *here* it speaks, and every leaf,
Bids ne'er to cease a captive's grief!—

Yet tells that woe is joy's near kindred,
Since, here, a captive of the heart;
I would not, though no lovings hindered,
From my fond Paynim brothers part:
My turban'd Boy, though half a Frank,
Would pine in England's breezes dank.

But, though I learned to love the chieftain,
Whose scymitar redeemed my life,
And in his fondness wrapp'd my grief, when
Him had I taught to love *one* wife—
Yet, thine, my Edward, who for me
Fought—fell—was my soul's constancy;—

And thine is half my widow'd heart, still!"
—What means the stranger's joyous cry?
Quick! see him doff his masquèd part, till
Fond recognition fires her eye.—
—One moment, and, within his arms,
Her Edward folds his Mary's charms!

THE GRACES.—AN APOLOGUE.

INSCRIBED TO MARY.

SOME eighteen summers since, 'tis said, the Graces
When tired of Heaven, longed much to change their places.
They gained permission o'er the Earth to rove,
And, for their guide, a blind one, took young Love.—
This done, thro' earth they passed with eager haste,
Like modern tourists;—and like them, their Taste
Was hard to please. They found no fixed abode,
Indeed how should they, when the wicked God,
Where'er he wandered, blinded people's eyes,
And whispered pleasing—yet most roguish lies?—
Where'er the ladies wished a while to lodge,
The "Natives" called them sluts, and bade them budge,
Averring that, for many years before,
The Graces dwelt in an adjoining door,
Centered in Molly's form, or Bridget's face:—
In short, no soul would shelter even *one* Grace
He's thinking each their Mistress—*She's* themselves
Had long ago possessed the heathen elves.
Tired of their journey and their playful guide,
Who, they at last found out, with feigning, tried
While they were absent, to fill up their place,
And made men fancy he could show each Grace;
They turned him off;—the boy to Heaven up flew,
The Graces then, my Mary, heard of you—
A lovely child in beauty's budding time;
Took you in charge, and found a genial clime,

At last on earth. With you they've dwelt, since then
And, while you shelter them, they'll ne'er agen
Think of returning.—Should they quit thy mien,
I wonder where their vestige could be seen!
But they'll abide, nor wish to soar above—
Ah! then make room within your heart for Love.
Love and the Graces should be friends again,
And you, dear Mary, would the four retain;
Rule o'er them, potent, as you reign o'er hearts,
And, where you listed, point the urchin's darts;
Which, ere you sent them from your dimpled face,
Their barbs you'd polish with the prettiest Grace;
And, taught at length, no more your heart to smother,
Find Mercy to be Graces' elder Brother!

LOVE'S PAINS.

—"This mixed health and disease;—the servitude above freedom; the gentle mind's religion; the liberal superstition."

CHARLES LAMB.

To sit and watch the beaming eye,
That never turns to thee;
To mark the smile, to note the sigh
Another wins, and that one nigh.
Ah! this is misery.

To feel the once bright spirit quenched,
And hope's last glimmer die;
To know thy cheek is wan and blenched,
And that 'tis seen thy heart is wrenched.—
This, this is agony!

To try to smile, to hide thy woes,
  Yet feel you try in vain,—
In form to seek to clothe the throes
Which but a burning bosom knows.—
  Ah! this is more than pain!

To pant, to kneel, and bare thy heart,
  Even to its inmost core,
To One who knows not what thou art,
Yet, Pride to act the tyrant's part,—
  Ah! this than grief is more!—

To wither 'neath a look of scorn,
  Or complaisance so chill,
That proud contempt were easier born,
Or hatred's stigma lighter worn.
  Be thus—and what will kill!

To envy, though you cannot hate,
  A proud, but manly foe,
Who knows his triumph, and, elate,
Keeps haughty and condoling state;
  And what remains in woe!

To tender, but to see declined,
  The slightest homage-deed;
To feel the heart infect the mind,
Till Reason's holds their links unbind,
  And what will make thee bleed!

To be all thus while she is near,
  Yet pine more when alone;
'Mid crowds to feel recluse and drear,
Till torment by her, even is dear,—
  Then wish thee turned to stone!

THE FOCUS.

No. V.

I. METEOROLOGY.

The public seldom rank Meteorology among the number of the exact sciences.—It is not easy rationally, to say why. As well might medicine be contemned, because the profession of it is overrun by miserable quacks and pretenders, as the failure of the foolish prognostications of Almanack makers be taken as a proof that no system of the weather can ever be formed, or that the phenomena of the atmosphere are not regulated by laws as wise and as immutable as those which have been ascertained to rule the combinations of gases, or the germination of plants. A Newton, a Cavendish, and a Davy, are wanting to do away this reproach, though, perhaps, patient observation is more necessary towards the elucidation of the Science, than brilliant genius or hazardous speculation. Yet it will hardly be asserted, even although we grant that it is naturally surrounded with almost insurmountable barriers against *actual experiment*, that it is less within the

scope of human observation than the revolutions and movements of the Suns of other systems, so far apart from our globe that, though numbers can grasp at and enunciate the eternity-like distance, thought can scarcely follow them or expand itself to the comprehension of the statement. Yes; Meteorology *is* a Science, though man is yet but a tyro even in its rudiments! Let him patiently initiate himself into its interesting Arcana by experimental observations—prolonged through generations and ages;—and from these let maxims be drawn and ripened into generalities and axioms, whilst he calls in to aid him in his deductions, the powerful assistance of the sciences of Astronomy, Electricity, Magnetism and Chemistry, with which it is so intimately connected.

In usefulness it yields to none of these; by usefulness meaning its power of adding to the comfort, security, pleasure and duration of life.—Even in its present imperfect state, its importance is intuitively indicated by thousands who have never heard of its name: we talk of the Weather at the first moment of meeting and the last of departure; think of it oftener than perhaps any thing else, and express our good will by wishing that each other may have "A Good Day."

II. GREEK AND ROMAN CUSTOMS.

The Greeks were conquered by the Romans, whose empire flourished long, long after Attica became but a province under their colossal sway; yet at the present time the modern Grecians, often as they have been triumphed over;—trampled upon as they have been, and degraded as they are, exhibit in their tastes, manners, habits and physiognomies a much greater resemblance to their illustrious ancestors, than the modern Italians do to their precedent denizens of the "Immortal City."—

This is so palpable that it can hardly be denied.—The Marriages are conducted at the present day in the Morea with little variation of the ceremonial from the time of Pericles.—The child is received into the community on its birth, and the man mourned over at his death with the same formalities as in that Golden Age of Greece.—The gossip-feast and the burial-banquet, have survived in their peculiarities,—and with them all the intermediate ceremonies which occupy in these countries so much of the life of man—the strength and duration of even the codes under which they were nurtured; the manners and mythology under which they had their rise; the splendid fabrics within which many of these were celebrated, and all but the memories of the Poets who satirized or illustrated, the philosophers who disdained, and the patriots who with them defended the rights, privileges and freedom with which they were, perhaps, inseparably interwoven.

It is not easy to account for this singular immortality of custom,—in itself considered, for who can use the same language respecting other nations as ancient and as much oppressed? But it becomes a still more difficult problem to solve, when we consider this perpetuity, as it were, of manners in reference to the fleeting nature of the usages of the Romans, whose mythology was the same, while their power and conquests, and consequently their exemplary and recollected force, were infinitely greater. It surely cannot be that the phenomenon is owing to the natural, national, and consequently permanent, nature of the ceremonies, and manners themselves? Or can it be referred to their harmonizing and amalgamating with the peculiarities of the conquerors who have succeeded each other in the possession of the country? Winkelman and others have asserted the influence of climate on the arts:—we all know it gives a fashion to manners, and naturally

creates habits ;—has it a *preservative* effect even upon those which seem least to depend upon its influence?

Admitting the influence of one, or all of these causes in union, would they not have acted even with greater effect in the conservation of the manners of ancient Rome? Climate may influence and perpetuate physiognomical peculiarities :—well,—is the air of the Grecian peninsula less changed than the climate of Italy? By no means.—Are the Turks more civilized or mild in their government than were the Goths and Huns of Attila? No! Nor can it be said that the customs of the Romans were less natural than those of the Greeks.—Indeed *customs* seldom are natural, or in accordance and harmony with unsophisticated impulse, though *habits* may be so.—Like language they are often purely conventional.

Perhaps the following considerations which I rather indicate than detail, may solve, or assist in solving, the problem. The Romans, as a matter of policy, imitated and adopted the customs, and even the creeds and Deities of whatever nation they had conquered.—All its free subjects were then deemed citizens ; and, under the Emperors, the Eternal City was peopled from every clime, between Dacia and the Pillars of Hercules, and even beyond them.—Again—the Romans were a military people, and military habits are too unnatural and boisterous to be permanent ;—the body of them were supremely unintellectual, and reckless of reason, which embalms, through national pride, as many customs as it destroys. All know how different matters were in Greece.—The Grecians were too much disunited to be conquerors—too proud to be adopters or imitators ; and even the poorest of them too much imbued with the self-sufficiency of demi-information to concede their own customs, or to adopt those of others.

III. SPEAKING IN GENERAL AND VARIETIES OF IMAGINATION.

Nothing is more common than talking in general; and vagueness is tolerated in every quarter and in every circumstance, as if vastness and extension were a compensation for precision and detail. No mode of talking in generals is more in use, or more to be deprecated than the way in which we confound, as it were the order, the genera and species of things together, as if they were, though of the same nature, of the same importance and comprehension.—For example, we say this author is a man of Imagination, and that one peculiar for his possession of Fancy.—What sort of imagination—what sort of Fancy? There are as many of each as button patterns on a Bagman's show card! There is the obscure imagination and the distinct one,—the sombre and the lively; the imagination which revels in vastness, and that which dwells on the fillings up of the pictures which it presents to the mind, and to kindred feelings. There is the flowery fancy —the roving—the settled—the minute—the sprightly and the witty. It has its satirical and its laudatory moods, or rather its caustic and its soothing varieties.—Few unite in their writings all the styles of fancy—Moore crowds a number in every page of his Poems; but nobody in *one* work, has ever combined the different species of emotion which go to the formation of the meaning of the comprehensive term, Imagination.—Shakespeare was "of Imagination all compact," and displays more of its varieties in his writings than any other author; but the plays of Lear and Macbeth are as different from Hamlet, as that is from The Tempest and the Midsummer Night's Dream. All of these are monuments of glorious Imagining; but will any one say that they are all alike in their nature and expression, because one generic term is used for signifying

the particular character of the inspiration which gave them birth? Imagination is like the term Colour—in itself, merely a name combining varieties, which require, for precision and clearness, specific appellations of their own.

Illustrations more striking and more important might easily be mentioned as bearing upon the assertion with which I set out. But it is precisely because they are so striking as to challenge notice that I have sought for one showing the more remote and abstract, but still pernicious influence of the habit of "speaking in general."

IV. NATURE ENDLESS—ART LIMITED.

Familiarity with the finest works of art, or the most stupendous monuments of ingenuity or power, *at length* dulls the edge of our admiration, and we cease to admire with the same fervour as we did while their contour, &c. was comparatively new to us.

It is not so with objects named sublime or beautiful in the Natural Landscape, nor even when the powers of art are judiciously brought into combination, with the great and permanent features of a scene.—This may be in part accounted for by the large comparative extent of the thing in contemplation, which must, proportionably to its size, take a longer familiarity with its features to produce satiety.

The associations connected with natural scenery, are perhaps more powerful than those which spring from any other material object; but I will take the case of an individual, unconnected with it by any ties or feelings, visiting with frequency a landscape remarkable for natural beauty —beauty only, and not sublimity,—and in this country, feeling as much delight in the contemplation of it at the last visit as he did at the first; while any other specimen of material beauty would have palled upon him.—The

occasion of this, in a great degree I hold to be that in a climate like ours, the atmospherical phenomena are hardly ever two hours alike.—Every view at every visit is seen through a new, medium, in different hues, and under different aspects.—It is never, in what must always be a material feature of a landscape, twice the same,—and the succession of novelty seldom tires. Beneath Italian skies the reason may not hold.—These are ever brilliant and unclouded:—ours alternates, as we sometimes know to our cost, with great rapidity, "from grave to gay, from lively to severe!"

V. INFLUENCE OF MEMORY:—PLAGIARISM.

A more close connexion, than many will allow, I am of opinion subsists between memory and thought, recollection and conception.—After the lapse of a period, varying according to the different degrees of vigour in the mnemonic powers of different individuals, the ideas of others which have forcibly impressed us, and on which we have meditated often and deeply, become a part of our own mental capital.—The original thought is lost sight of amid the long train of reflexions to which it has given birth; and the nucleus is hid by the debris of associations which have gathered round it. This view may in some degree serve to shield authors from the charges of plagiarism so frequently brought against them by plodding industry, and a kind of book-worm mediocrity that, incapable of observing the mental process by which the position, opinion, or phrase that their research enables them to detect as having been before given to the world, has been incorporated and insensibly interwoven with the mind of its modern producer, immediately, raise the hue and cry of literary theft, and endeavour to convict the hapless writer of a larceny of which he was equally un-

conscious and incapable; thus leaving authors and readers of the present age perpetually to lament with the Hibernian * candidate for poetic fame, "That these fellows, the ancients, had stolen all our best thoughts!"

VI. PREFACES.

It is a practice, too prevalent, with many, and especially with female readers, to pass over the Preface, Advertisement, and other preliminary matter of any work they intend to peruse, and to plunge at once into the unexplained narrative of the detail of argument and fact; which, from being ignorant of the preliminaries, they often labour in vain to understand. Of all the pages of a book, I am fondest of those that are filled with the Preface; not so much for the information I receive concerning what I am to expect in the body of the work, as for the insight immediately acquired into the personal character, private thoughts, domestic habits, and varied motives of the writer. In reading a Preface, when written, not with the imposing dignity of Johnson, whose magnificent periods, like a Counsel's opinion, were at the disposal of every one who gave the required fee, but with the evident desire of conciliating "*the candid reader*," and penned by the author himself, I am immediately introduced, as it were, to his real thoughts, and made a confidential depósitory of his purposes. The curtain is raised and I am admitted behind the scenes. If the book be of an imaginative cast it is however hurtful to the full enjoyment of its beauties to be permitted too narrowly to inspect the wires that give the puppets motion; yet even in poetical works how touching are the occasional breaks of the author, and allusions to his

* More correctly, it was Donatus the grammarian who said this; perhaps it is even earlier than his time.

personal and engrossing emotions! Southey's exquisite domestic introduction to the "Poet's Pilgrimage," is one of the most affecting and beautiful displays of home feeling and family affection that I have ever read; and the line with which Byron commences his third Canto of Childe Harold, unites the abrupt sublimity peculiarly characteristic of that singular poem with a stroke of truly beautiful and simple affection, all too seldom met with in the pages of that wonderful writer.

"Is thy face like thy Mother's, my fair child?"

VII. WOMAN'S KNOWLEDGE OF CHARACTER.

Women appear to me to have a much greater talent for appreciating character and acquiring a circumspect, if not a Philosophical knowledge of its various modes of developement, than men. This is the more surprising, as in the polite circles of polished society the mask of etiquette is more perseveringly worn in their presence; and a command of the passions and countenance more studiously preserved than men feel inclined to aim at in the company of merely their own sex.—The cheek of him who approaches them is too often dressed in borrowed smiles; and the language of flattery is perpetually substituted for the unpleasant roughness of sincerity.—Yet in works of fiction—in Novels, Comedies, &c., females, though they have less pretensions to wit, have generally surpassed the male authors of the same walks in the adjustment of the plot, when its denoument is made to hang upon certain peculiarities, whether personal or mental, of any of the dramatis personæ; in *tact*, and in the nice discrimination and display of various and coalescing shades of character.—How then is this faculty acquired? Many answers may be given, but I would refer its origin to the same source from which it is said their bashful timidity has its rise—Intuition. But

though springing from the same source as modesty, it is often found to be most dexterously exercised by such as have denuded themselves of that loveliest ornament of their sex: Women of Pleasure are practical experimenters on human passions, and the knowledge of their nature, and skill in their excitement, which they often display is truly wonderful.—Even the abandoned wretches, who are perpetually found prowling about the purlieus of a great city, though frequently repulsive by their hardihood in sin, yet often endeavour to attract by minute and skilful touches and appeals to the passions, which would do credit to the greatest masters of Human nature.

THE POET'S FAREWELL TO HIS BOOKS.

IN THE STYLE OF THE 17TH CENTURY.

> " One of those gently syllabled adieus,
> We mutter—but to make next meeting sweeter,
> As evening's softness comes 'twixt noon and morn."

Dull Tomes, with joy I close
Your moth-mark'd musty pages;
No longer one of those
Whose grief *your* lore assuages!
There once was such a tranquil time—
Alas! that calm were now a crime,

For I'm in love, and who
That passion ever cherish'd,
One moment after knew
The peace that by it perish'd?
It doth usurp the bosom's throne,
And if it reigns, must reign alone.—

Go henceforth then, ye tomes,
That erst were all my treasures;
My soul's attention roams
Far from your sober pleasures!
With you my heart's love dwells no moe,
Then Maro—Tully—Plato—Go!

My study shall be love,
At morn and evening hour;
My dreams at night shall prove,
O'er sleep the young god's power:—
But, yet alas! I *sigh* farewell,
Friends of my youth, to your dear spell!

—That past, now turn will I
To her, mine only book;
To the poetry in her eye,
The volumes in her look;
Find in her Nature, Virtue—Truth
Oft vainly sought 'mong books, in sooth!

No! henceforth, and for aye,
To thee my study's due;
Thy charms my living library,
Where beauties ever-new
Will glad my weary print-worn eyes,
Like Livy's new-found Histories!

Thy brow's as nobly grand,
As Homer's Epic strain;
They smile as gently bland,
And, anon, as bright again,
As aught Catullus sang of old,
Or dreamings of the age of gold!

Is Ovid's love-penn'd page,
More balmy than thy cheek;
Was the Stagyrite more sage
Than the words I've heard thee speak,
When thy gentle tones on passion's flame,
Like cooling dews descending came?

Hath the Teian's sun-like song,
Though redolent of wine,
Than thy ripe lip, or thy tongue,
A witch'ry more divine;
Or the lines of Horace, though of wit
All pregnant, more than thou of it?

—In me 'twere sin to doubt,
But I cannot, if I wish'd,
For love makes those without
All these charms, seem with them blest.—
Though the worldling find not these in thee,
What boots it,—if they live for me?

THE DYING WISH.*

"Still there was one regret, one deep regret,
Which haunted his young spirit; 'twas that he,
The unown'd breathings of whose soul had wrought
Favour with those who knew him not, should speed
To his eternal home, nor leave behind
A wreath of sweet remembrance for his name."

A. A. Watts.

Oh! for a something that may slake this thirst,—
This burning agony for after-fame,—
This soul-felt seeking to be with the first
Among the ranks of those who win a name!
Oh! for a wing—a spirit that could soar
To th' empyrean height!—Oh! for a flame,
Though it should scorch my young heart's inmost core,
That I may leave behind the cold and tame!—
Pythiac agony, and Delphic dream,
Be mine—be mine, if but one glorious theme,

* Written during a dangerous and lingering illness.

Instinct with life, and Phœbus' thrilling fire,
Swell from the rude strings of my boyish lyre.
The crawling earth-worm sneers;—I see him laugh
At this young madness!—Be it so:—I'll quaff
The draught of scorn the worldlings may compound—
Aye, to the dregs—so that there there be found
One jewelled charm, its poison nor dissolve
Nor dim may ever.—Oh! the high resolve
Lives on itself—the world but gazes on;—
Created in the mind, 'tis there it dwells—alone!
Or else enthroned in bright companionship
With noble thoughts, that scorn may never clip
To the dwarfed standard of the puny tribe,
Skilled in the whisper, leer, and leprous jibe.—

What though mine eye looks dimly from its cell,—
What though this clammy moisture bathes my brow;—
What though this flush now tints my cheek, and now
Fades like the memory of a waking dream?—
These herald death, I know,—I know it well!
Yet, let them stride their sweeping charnel course!—
They leave, unclouded, the clear radiant source
Of inward thought, which gladdens with its beam
What had been else uncheered by one bright gleam
Of aught in hue more lively than the gloom—
Thick, darksome, palpable—that girds the tomb!

Come, Death!—'tis welcome, if it bring me fame.
Life!—Oh! what is it to an after-name!
I ask not Heaven for half a Patriarch's age,
For who would wish, with weakened arm, to wage
War with decay, which, e'er one's given to dust,
Dims the soul's brightness with corroding rust?
No!—in green youth, or manhood's fresh full prime,
Let me, with courage, bid adieu to Time;

Plunge in the gulf etern,—if but behind
For me survive regrets and memories kind,—
And that for which alone I live and sigh—
A name—that will not with this frail frame die!
  Be it forgotten, that the thrill of Pain
Wasted my frame,—that Want with heavy chain
Weighed, leaden-wise, upon a soaring will,
And palsied energies, and blunted skill;
That Slavery's fetters festered in the soul,
Which dared aspire to near the laurelled goal;
That Toil—yea, years of groaning toil for hire—
Seared the young hand that might have woke the lyre;
That Poverty and Woe depressed and chilled
A daring all intrepid, if unskilled:—
Which, but for these, might have proud trophies wrought,
Reared noble fabrics of seraphic thought!—
Be it forgotten that I placed a trust
On love, that crumbled in my grasp to dust;
Leaned on a friendship weaker than a reed,
Yet, trusted to, could make my heart-strings bleed,—
IF BUT MY NAME, IN SOME SUCCEEDING AGE,
LIVE GREEN IN SONG, IN BUT ONE DEATHLESS PAGE!

THE RETURN OF THE MUSE.

Pale Study lit its midnight lamp;
  Within his lonely bower,
And on his brow was set the stamp,
  Of many a pensive hour.

IT is not midnight yet, nor do I feel
The balmy languidness of slumber steal,
With syren softness, o'er my frame, and close
The half-reluctant lids to still repose:

Yet sure I dream; for nothing half so sweet,
Save when I dreamt, it hath been mine to meet,
For months—sad months, amid the jostling throng
Of cares and toils, which chill the love of song,
As that old feeling, lov'd because 'tis old,
And once, more valued than earth's sordid gold,
Now, from long absence, coming with new charms,
And panting, like young beauty, in my arms;—
The hallow'd love of numbers and the lyre;
The thrill, believed of inspiration's fire!
O thou ideal being! airy born;
Thou fond consoler of the else forlorn;
Benignant soother of my heaviest woes,
Yet the dear cause of half my bosom's throes;
Thou Impulse, men personify, and name
The MUSE,—and do I find thee still the same?
And can it be, that thou hast all forgiven
The iron coldness, which, when from me driven
By noisy duties, I wrapt round my soul
'Gainst thy return; and now, with soft controul,
Comest to resume thine empire o'er my heart,
And be again my lov'd and better part?
Welcome—ah! welcome to my truant arms,
More—more than ever do I prize thy charms!
My soul hath pass'd the sordid ordeal through,
And, still unsear'd it "fondly turns to you."
Oh! I will cling to thee with quenchless love,
For ever now, and prize thee far above
All glittering vanities, all paltry joy,
The heaped-up coffer, and the gilded toy,
And we will never part, till time shall wear
The edge from feeling, and my hoary hair,
And closing eye, and faltering voice, shall tell
That to all thoughts, save one, a last farewell,

And an unlingering one, must then be given;
Yet even then—thyself a thing of Heaven—
The aspirations that 'twas thine to teach,
Will my devotions elevate, to reach,
With less of earth in't, th' Eternal's throne:
Thy voice will tune my tongue to praise's tone!
Ah! from me turn'd with fix'd resolve away,—
A tribute, Duty, I was loth to pay,—
What hath recall'd thee—what thy scorn allayed,
That thou should'st now, in all thy charms arrayed,
Revisit thus a shrine was once profaned,
And with the taint of worldly worship stained;
Again descend, with thy celestial fire,
Upon an altar, where a broken lyre
Hangs idly now; from whence no incense wreathes
On which no sacrifice or offering breathes?
What hath recall'd thee! ah! I feel the spell
Potent o'er all that wooed thee from thy cell!
Love sways all passions, rules all powers, and even,
At its behest, the Muse must leave its heaven,
To tenant clay, its fire refines and warms:—
Who ever lov'd that hath not sung Love's charms?
Or, it may be, the heart, though waxing cold
And striving to be prematurely old,
Which yet, though steeled, in vain essayed to still,
The throbbings of a love that baffled will,
Thou could'st not scorn, though it had driven thee from
Its youthful core—thy lov'd and cherish'd home.—
Welcome—ah! welcome—it is all thine own,
Thine be its worship—thine and thine alone;
For now thou wear'st *her* graceful form—art she?
Who's Inspiration—Mistress—Muse to me!
Thy fire shall now on thine own altar blaze,
Thyself shall tune my lyre to thine own praise!

Now will I cling to thee with quenchless love,
For ever—ever; prize thee far above
All glittering vanities—all sordid joys,
The heap'd-up coffer, and the world's poor toys!

THE LUTE'S DECAY.

I'ʟʟ not unloose—but thus I break
My Lute!—the last of all thy chords,
Which is not passionless and weak,
But throbs too fierce to sound with words!—

Thou'rt moist—and can it be with tears?
—Yea, tears that fell on thee like rain;
But burned the lids,—as Lightning sears—
No gentler grief may dew again!

And dost thou cling with softened hold,
—The stronger that thou bendest too!
—Like Woman's love, in days of old,
But ah! unlike the love I knew!—

But thus I wrench thee from thy clasp,
As that deep love was wildly torn;—
Now thou art crashing in my grasp;—
And now that passion is my scorn!

Thou wert the sole and sacred string,
That ne'er for meaner theme was rung,
Than her—who yet on thee could fling
The light taint of an idle tongue!

Thou wert her own:—for thee—for thee
I touched no brother chord for long;
They're all unstrung, and as for me,
I've but one sense—one thought—one song!

The wire that might have pealed the notes
That heave the pulses even of slaves;
And echoed back the sound of thoughts
That almost stir the World of Graves—

Is tuneless—voiceless—idle now;
And, more,—the hand that should have swept
Along its trembling length—oh how
Hath it its earliest lesson kept!—

It cannot touch, with even the skill
It once had mastered, each stern string,
That asks a nerved and lofty will,
To lays that giant men might sing.—

It hath with one poor cadence played
In dallying mood so fond and long,
It cannot grasp a Freeman's blade—
It cannot wake a Freeman's song;

But only trills some lay of Love,
Still harping on the one worn string,
While even Ambition will not move,
But cowers, with clipped and weary wing!

At times, indeed, another chord
Gives sadly forth a deep-toned sigh;—
—Regret for many an idle word,
And *more*—for wasted hours gone bye;

While Echo backward peals the knell,
That *once* woke other sense than shame,
"Think each hour snatch'd from Pleasure's spell
An onward stride to coming Fame!" *

—Enough—enough!—that nerves anew
My hand at least, now that 'tis free,
To break—if not to nobly do:—
—This is its last lay, LOVE, for thee!

SPECIMEN OF "A TOUR."

LIKE every body else, I never set out on an excursion, but I resolved to write down the observations which occurred to me, when what was either new or striking in character or scenery presented itself. Like every body else, I never fully fulfilled these laudable intentions. I have beside me as many half-filled and wholly soiled memorandum-books, as I have taken journeys in my lifetime. The first page is always very completely crammed, and carefully written. It comprises the date and hour of my departure,—and a resolution to employ all its successors to equal advantage. The second is more sparse; and only one-half of the third is obscured with pencilling. Neither the fourth nor fifth usually have a word upon them, but about the tenth I scribble some verses, resolving to fill up the preceding blanks with sober prose detail—at the *very first* leisure moment; a period of time which, rapidly as time proceeds, has never yet arrived. I have just been looking over the *disjecta membra* of my latest journal,—and here is a sample.

* The very words of a more than fatherly counsel, tendered to the writer of this, when yet but a boy and a stranger to him, by the most illustrious of living authors.

July —, 18—.—A good horse beneath me, a cloak buckled before, and a *valise* behind,—a pleasant companion at my side, and ominous appearances of rain above me—off I set. In an hour I am very comfortably wet through. My route lies by Dumbarton. From the inn at Bowling to that at Dumbarton is the longest space, called two miles, on this side of the Equator. Literature is at Death's door at Dumbarton. The public library is cheek-by-jowl with the churchyard. The bridge is a fine example of building in the style of the first letter of the alphabet. The nephew of the King of France, who crossed it the other day, thought of the famous exploit of his ancestor, who was known to

"March up a hill—and then march down again."

Found a tollman whose faith was great; for, failing his copper currency, he had not brass to ask credit for the balance—but *gave* it! Smollett is a name delighted in everywhere but at Renton. The pillar that was reared to his memory, is no longer a monument to him—but *of* his descendants. Their taste for ruins surpasses Lord Elgin's. But they are not friends to *Letters*. Champollion, or Dr. Browne, must visit and decipher the inscription. The air of Bonhill is injurious to marble everywhere, but in the *hearts* of landholders. However, a monument, which, like its late county member, stands up, but says nothing, is, like him,—shelved. It will make capital gate-posts. Rain again. At Bellevue no prospect. At Belle-retiro no shelter. Luss in the dark, but lightened by a kind welcome. Memorandum—Marry and acquire children, and send them hither to climb the braes, and get the first branches of education—no place better. Luss water is perilously strong. Headache. Inveruglas—a pattern glen. The roads here become less ambitious, and more convenient. Surveyors have discovered that hills, like

fat landladies, are "as broad as they are long." The name of the point of Firkin might suggest ideas of herring-barrels to a Scotch Cockney. The road goes round it like a hoop;—we went with a halloo! Stockgown—a spot for a poet! May its possessor live as long as he likes, and leave it to me afterwards! Many a sheep's eye I've thrown at it. Coincident taste with the Lord Advocate, who longs for it too. Pleasing, but provoking. Fifty to one on him against me! Meanwhile, let me express myself thus:

'Tis ever thus!—Let me but dream a hope,
  And sleep flies frighten'd ere the glimpse of day;
  Whate'er I dare to wish for fades away
Like snow-flakes on the mountain's lofty slope,
But tinged, while melting, with a roseate ray,
As is the cloudlet, sunn'd into decay;
Or it survives the rapture of its birth,
  To live an alien—gladdening not its home!
—There is a sunny spot upon the earth,
  Where I had hoped in manhood's prime to come,
And lay my brow upon the lap of Peace;—
  'Twill be another's, ere that noontide hour!
But let all sorrow for *his* fortune cease—
  'Tis pride to love like *him*—lord of his soul's high
    power!

Tarbet—English grooms unrivalled in rubbing down and swearing up. Work as fast as they talk though, and astonish honest Donald, by taking as much care of a horse as a baby, and washing it more than ever was done to "wee Duncay." Glencoe—"Rest and be thankful" removed from its site. There we can neither rest nor be thankful now. A shoe and two hours lost. Highland

road-menders exhibit the march of mind in the waggon they now pig snugly in, in place of sleeping on the heather. Sixteen go into very small space. Cairndow—Drunken blacksmith, choleric little landlord, with glimpses of pretty nieces through a window, and of a dinner—two hours off. Job. Farther draughts on patience dishonoured. "No effects" in the stomach. Short landlord and long complaints. Good dinner after all.—Enter Inverary like Sterne's Slawkenbergius, with arms akimbo, and noses lengthened out—by our cigars. The natives deem the fiery points, as seen through the gloom, ominous of an additional consumpt of herrings next morning. Second sight right for once. Dalmally.—A strive between the rain and our horses which should pelt fastest. Every body at church—even the hostler.—The horses left behind, though; and, as Philpotts once said at Durham, "Not a stall to be had."—"Every man his own groom." A torrent of eloquence and rain. Highlanders' hearts more easily penetrated than their plaids. Service over, but spiritual consolation in great request. The dinner such only as Pyle and Dalmally could furnish. Salmon firm as a rock, and flaky as snow; and mutton melting in the mouth, like —Heaven knows what! Ride to Bunaw—finest in the world—site of the "Highland Widow's" cottage. Blessings of the new act for churches. Good taste of their designs. Manses excellent. Sleep in one. Silent thanks to the absent and excellent owner. Connel Ferry—Scylla and Charybdis, and Corrievreckan.—Berigonium. Get poetical.—*See Sonnet perpetrated on the spot.*

Lochnell—lately made a ten hours' ride from Edinburgh—bet gained and leather lost. Spa at Durar—the whisky preferable. Highland baronet resorting to it for a sea-bathing place—five miles inland. French wanderers in these wilds—a tune on the hurdy-gurdy. Malbrook

in Appin!—Portnacroish—terrible breakfast—Appin House—the bird that drew me thither flown!—Ballachelish.—Good fortune, kind friends—distinguished guests—venerable prelate in full canonicals—scientific field officer—and myself in a white coatee! Thank Heaven, however, here a man's fitness is not measured any longer by the length of his tail! Loch Leven—Steam-boats penetrating now to the remotest wilds, wherever water can carry them, or lowland comforts have penetrated. Why is there not one on Lochawe? Gigantic or Cyclopean slate quarries, where the earth turns itself outside in. "Glencoe Inn!"—Time hath wrought strange alterations! But even yet, to enquire after the site of the massacre, makes the lonely dweller in the glen walk more erect in the consciousness of having inherited a wrong, and that is about the same as being heir to an honour. The road up the valley—disappointed till near the summit of the ascent. *There*, it is all that imagination could picture, or Martin copy. King's House—not a blush on the sky, but enough on the landlord's face—Bardolph outdone.—The day grew sunny in the light of his countenance. Inveruran—a forest without trees—or trees like Witherington "in doleful dumps"—fighting with time "upon their stumps." Tyndrum—before which, fifty waterfalls, that would any one of them make the Vauxhall men's fortune.—A good inn, and surpassing mutton chops.

Route by Glenfalloch to Tarbet.—Ride down the Gare Loch, an epitome of Highland scenery. Helensburgh.—Check shirts ominous of a regatta—likely to be some sailing *matches* of more kinds than one; and probably a *row* or two—Gigs and giggling—picked up some knowledge of signals, and—— * * * Cætera Desunt.

RETROSPECTIVE ODE.

1

No! I'll no more essay to sing:—
It is in vain!—
I cannot plume my broken wing
Again!—
The bird whose pinions have been clipped
Anew may soar;
The flower whose buddings have been nipped,
May bloom once more,
But the fine sense that prompts and guides to song
Never returns—if dulled by cold neglect or wrong!

2

Oh! to have never felt the glow,—
Or never chilled!—
But it is agony to know,
That stilled
Ere I had taught my hand to tell
My Spirit's dreams,
Was the best music of that spell
The Poet deems
The radiant bond which links with Heaven his fame,
And bringeth down the fire, we Inspiration name!

3

Never to feel within this clod,
Or ne'er to quell
The flame that leapeth up in Song to God,
Were well:
But to have used the Altar's fire
Of my young heart
Only to light a victim-pyre,
Was ill my part—
On which to place my Lute—my Love—my Lays,
And barter for a meal my heritage of praise!

4

Better have begged the daily bread
I've earned in pain;
Bleached in the desert my uncovered head,
Whose rain
Would not more coldly on my brow
Have trickling dropped,
Than freezes in my Spirit now
All I had hoped
Would stamp my name on hearts, with words, whose spell
Breathes all that Souls can feel—yet lack the power to tell!

5

Yet 'twas not idly I compelled
The Spirit hence!—
Want would its fearlessness have quelled
—Or quench'd:—

Rather than see it on a tainted shrine
In flattery burn
Oh! be it ne'er again in vision mine,
Even to spurn!
—I buried in the earth a priceless gem
Lest I should let it deck some tyrant's garment hem!

6

If—Independence!—thou and Song
I could not hold,
I did my soul the lesser wrong
By Gold,
Earned with heart-sweat, of blood and tears
To win the *one*
Than nurse my passion through the years
For ever gone—
And with them gone—(Ah! *there* is hid the sting!)
All of the tone—the power of high imagining!—

7

One boon alone from human thing
I ever had—
Life—or the poor flesh-covering
With which 'tis clad!
This hand and head have won the rest,
With Pride to aid,—
Drawn from a noble Mother's breast:
—This homage paid,
I'm soul-free—yet not toil-free:—but 'twill come!
When Inspiration—if e'er mine—may be no longer dumb!

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